THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

MARCH, 1916

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Tercentenary

WE give fair warning, those who look to the April BOOKMAN with the idea that it is to be a Shakespeare number will be disappointed. In the first place we have an idea that by the time the twenty-fifth of March arrives most readers will be surfeited with Shakespeareana. In the second place we hold that the only use for a centenary, or a bicentenary, or a tercentenary is that occasionally it gives an excuse for writing about someone who has been rather unfairly neglected. That is certainly not the case with Shakespeare. Then, in the vast amount of material that will be printed next month there is likely to be very little, if anything new. We forget how many tens of thousands of books and articles have been written about Shakespeare; how many thousands about the play of *Hamlet* alone. Every phase, real or imaginary, of the life, work, and genius of the great poet and the comparatively great playwright has been covered over and over again. Also it must not be forgotten that April 23d is the tercentenary, not of Shakespeare's birth, but of his death. The three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth came in April, 1914, and was unnoticed. Of course, there is always a measure of uncertainty about the exact date. but April 23, 1564 is near enough for all practical purposes.

David Grayson

David Grayson, the author of *Adventures in Friendship, Adventures in Contentment, The Friendly Road,* and *Hempfield,* is in reality Mr. Ray Stannard Baker. Mr. Baker was born in Lansing, Michigan, in April, 1870. He studied at the Michigan Agricultural College and later at the University of Michigan. For five years, from 1892 to 1897, he was connected with the Chicago *Record.* Then for a year he was managing editor of the McClure Syndicate, and afterward, for six years, he was associate

"BOTH HANDS UP." DAVID GRAYSON SURRENDERS HIS ANONYMITY

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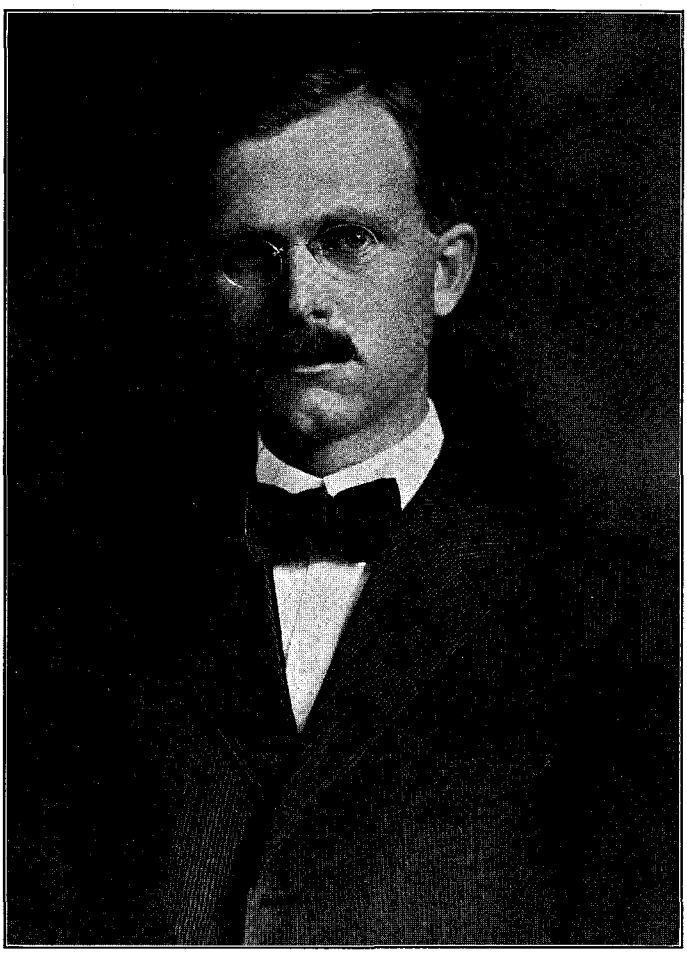

RAY STANNARD BAKER (DAVID GRAYSON)

editor of *McClure's Magazine*. Since 1906 he has been one of the editors of the *American Magazine*. Over his own name he has published *The Boy's Book of Inventions, Our New Prosperity, Seen in Germany, The Second Boy's Book of Inventions, Following the Colour Line, New Ideals in Healing,* and *The Spiritual Unrest.*

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For some time we have been urging Mr. Baker to allow us to use his name in connection with the David Grayson books. For one reason there have been stories of persons in various parts of the country claiming to be the real David Grayson. One man in the west married under that name, although he already had a wife living and undivorced, and complacently accepted all tributes based on the supposition that he was the author of the *Adventures in Contentment* and the rest. When discovery came he calmly said that it was his neighbours and not himself who had insisted upon the authorship and that he had not wished to disappoint them by too strenuous a denial. Then in Atlanta, Georgia, there is a very estimable gentleman, a lawyer, whose name happens really to be David Grayson. Nothing that he can say seems to convince peo-

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THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF ELEANOR H. PORTER

ple that he has nothing whatever to do with the books. Finally we pointed out to Mr. Baker that in certain quarters at least the secret of identity was really a *secret de Polichenelle,* and that in the Detroit Public Library the David Grayson books are openly credited on the cards to Ray Stannard Baker. Thereupon Mr. Baker capitulated. "Both hands up!" he began. "I suppose it is absurd to try to maintain this 'secret' any longer. And it is indeed getting me into all sorts of complications and explanations. I had a letter from David Gray (he of *Gallops*) the other day saying that people had been writing to him on the supposition that he was David Grayson and wanting to know what I'd do if he signed his stories Ray Stannard Bakerson! But make it as easy as you can."

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A propos of the latest David Grayson book, *Hempfield,* there is a story. There is a town in Long Island known as Hempstead. Hempstead became greatly excited at the publication of *Hempfield.* Everyone in the town read the book and

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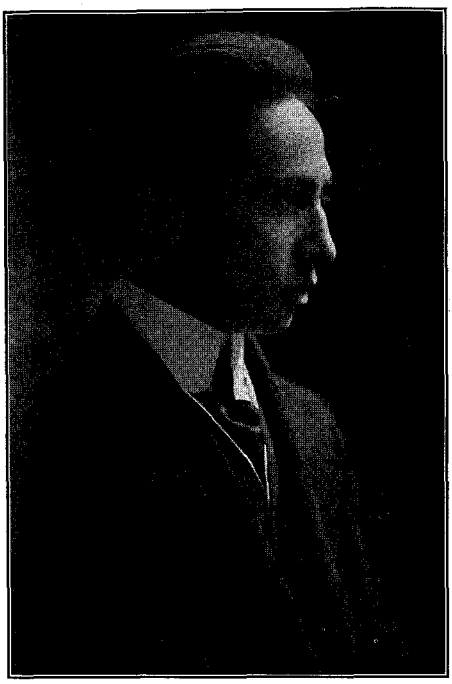
everyone attempted to identify the scenes and the characters. It happened that there were many little points of resemblance between the town of the tale and the town of reality. There were three local papers, any one of which might have served for the model of the Hempfield *Star*. A number of the inhabitants of Hempstead were suspected of being



BENJAMIN ROSENBLATT, THE AUTHOR OF "ZELIG," WHICH, APPEARING IN THE "BELLMAN" OF MINNEAPOLIS, WAS SELECTED BY MR. EDWARD J. O'BRIEN IN HIS SURVEY IN THE BOSTON "EVENING TRANSCRIPT" AS THE BEST SHORT STORY OF 1915. MR. ROSENBLATT IS STILL A UNIVERSITY STUDENT. "ZELIG" WAS A FIRST STORY AND WAS REWRITTEN THREE TIMES BEFORE BEING SUBMITTED FOR PUBLICATION

David Grayson, only to be eliminated one by one, until it was generally agreed that *Hempfield* was written by Walter A. Dyer, the author of *The Lure of the Antique* and *The Richer Life,* who happens to live in Hempstead. Mr. Dyer denied tearfully, but his protests failed to convince. As a matter of fact Mr. Baker had never been to Hempstead and possessed no knowledge whatever of the town.

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It is almost impossible to over-estimate the appeal that these David Grayson books have had in certain sections of the United States. The Graysonian philosophy has been accepted at its face value and, as has already been recorded in THE BOOKMAN, in Florida there has come into existence a club known as The Graysonians. The ideals of this organisation are summed up as follows: "A true Graysonian will stop and retrace his steps to help an unknown brother, find a lost bolt, and then drive out of his way to take this unknown brother home; he will stop when he sees the tired-looking man walking in front and have him put in the buggy the heavy bundle that weighs him down, saying: 'Get in. Pull up the lap robe and be comfortable'; he will give a hearty handshake when introduced to a stranger instead of a lift, lifeless touch; he will smile into the face of the sorrowing one with a smile of sympathy and understanding; in other words, he or she will travel the Friendly Road."

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More War Books

Many Americans have been puzzled since the beginning of the war as to the origin of the term "Boches," applied by the French to their German enemies. According to George B. McClellan, in his *The Heel of War* (G. W. Dillingham Company), the term is a contraction of "Alboches," the corruption of "Allemand" by which the Germans have been known for years in the extreme north of France. We have no wish to quarrel with Mr. McClellan, but we must regard *The Heel of War* as an astonishing book, callous and in exceedingly bad taste. To be pro-German as much as he pleases is his right. Whether this sentiment has been inspired, as has been hinted, by the desire on his part to be appointed the American Ambassador to Berlin, is none of our business. But when he writes, almost with a sneer, of

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anguished Louvain, and of the sufferings of Belgium, ruthlessly invaded, it rather grates upon the nerves. Then some of his statements are so absurd that it is waste of time to consider them seriously. In one page he argues that the Belgians are content and happy under the yoke of their conquerors. In another he describes how he and his party, being taken for Germans, were everywhere, when out of sight of the police, greeted with hoots of "Sales Allemands"! He pictures the lot of the prisoners of war in Germany as a happy one. Horace Green in *The Log of a Non-Combatant* (Houghton Mifflin Company), refers to the story of the English prisoners bound to the detention camp. Sixty were captured and only five brought home alive. The soldiers guarding them said with a laugh, "But they were tired, so we had to shoot the rest;" and the officer added with a wink, "What happens to English prisoners need never be reported." To sum up the utter absurdity of Mr. McClellan's book it is necessary only to quote him to the effect that "The only real hatred of the Germans that seems to exist in France is among the members of the American colony in Paris."

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Apologists for Germany's part in the war have ascribed it to various jealousies and economic conditions. But there are certain facts, plain as fires on the hills, that they wish us utterly to ignore. It was England that brought about the conflict, is their contention. Yet they make no attempt to explain the avowed German amazement when, some days after the Teutonic invasion of France and Belgium had begun Britain decided to throw in her lot with the Allies. The preposterous and humiliating note sent by Austria to Servia, the violating of Belgium's integrity which Germany had sworn to preserve, the destruction of Louvain and the bombardment of Our Lady of Rheims, the sinking of the *Lusitania*—"murder of American women and children on the high seas," is what Theodore Roosevelt calls that in his new book, *Fear God and Take Your Own Part* (George H. Doran Company)—these are trivialities to be dismissed as such or forgotten entirely. All we are told to remember is that Germany had reached a state of prosperity and Kultur envied by her neighbours, that Great Britain had committed political crimes in the past, that France still cherished hopes of some day regaining Lorraine and Alsace, and that curious story, revived every now and then as perhaps the only one in the German arsenal of argument, to the effect that French aviators, before the outbreak of hostilities had dropped shells on Nuremberg. The next time you hear that tale look at a map of Europe, see where Nuremberg is, and realise its absurdity. Owen Johnson in *The Spirit of France* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company) tells of having referred to that story in the presence of a high French government official. The official simply

JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE NOTE BOOK OF A NEUTRAL"

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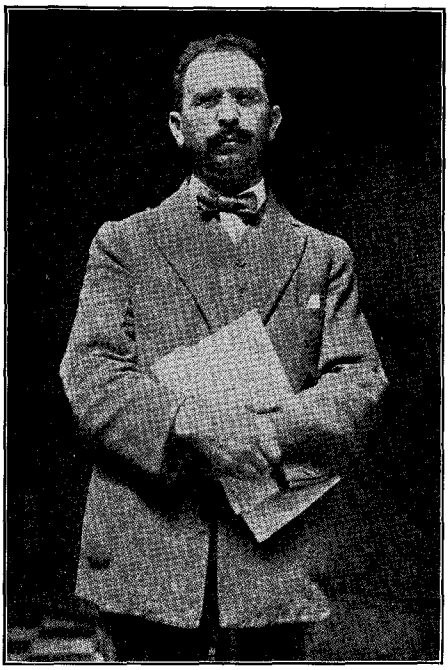

I. T. T. LINCOLN, WHOSE "REVELATIONS OF AN INTERNATIONAL SPY" SOMEHOW FAILS TO INSPIRE PERFECT CONFIDENCE

pointed out that not France nor any other country possessed aeroplanes capable of travelling from French territory to Nuremberg and back. Furthermore, there is a very distinguished American architect living at 1 Lexington Avenue, New York City, who with his wife was in Nuremberg for two weeks before the war and remained there for ten days after the declaration of hostilities. Neither he nor his wife nor any one else in the city with whom he came in contact ever heard of the presence of the French aeroplanes.

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Reference has been made to Mr. Johnson's *The Spirit of France,* which is a frank and enthusiastic brief for the French people in their hour of trial. In company with Walter Hale, the artist, whose *Notes of an Artist at the Front* is soon to be published by the Century Company, Mr. Johnson crossed the Atlantic last June by the *Espagne,* running between New York and Bordeaux, studied under new conditions the Paris with which he had long been acquainted, saw much of the fighting and trench life at various points along the front and was one of the few fortunate enough to obtain personal interviews with General Joseph Joffre, who reminded him in many ways of the late Grover Cleveland. *The Spirit of France* is inspired and written with a fine swing and vigour. He tells of the heroism which animates the nation and above all of the fortitude of the women, ready to bear any burden and sacrifice. He quotes from the letter shown him from a mother whose sons had been withdrawn from the front in order that their services might be used in the munition factory with which the family's fortunes had been associated in previous years of peace.

I have just learned that you have asked the Superintendent to keep my sons away from the most dangerous experiments in the charging of the shells. I can't tell you how offensive this demand is to me. I consider

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART, WHO TELLS OF THE WAR IN "KINGS, QUEENS AND PAWNS"

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that my sons should go where there is the most danger to be incurred.

They should do so, first, because they are the nephews of one of the owners. Their duty is to give an example of courage to the employees who may be haunted by the memory of the terrible catastrophes which have taken place lately, which were the result of the inexperience and imprudence of those who were directing the operations. They should assist in all such experiments, even were they more dangerous than they are in reality, because my sons are soldiers.

You know that I only consented to advise their leaving the front because you assured me that their presence in the factories would be more important than in the trenches, and that there would be certain dangers to be met. The first accident that occurred at the factory decided me to grant your request. I beg of you not to change now in any way the duties of my sons.

When war was declared I foresaw clearly all the sorrows which would visit us, and I promised myself that I would give my children an example of courage. My daughters will not see me overwhelmed by misfortunes; my sons know with what pride I have seen them and wish to see them face the worst dangers.

Sorrows has visited both you and me already in its cruelest form. Do not let us ask for pity. Let us go to the end of the Calvary without flinching.

"I will not give the signature," adds Mr. Johnson, "for in justice, if I gave it, it should be signed—

"ANY MOTHER IN FRANCE."

EDWARD D. TOLAND, WHO, IN "THE AFTERMATH OF BATTLE," TELLS OF THE EXPERIENCES OF A YOUNG AMERICAN WITH THE RED CROSS IN FRANCE

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GEORGE B. MC CLELLAN, FROM WHOSE "THE HEEL OF WAR" WE MIGHT DERIVE THE IMPRESSION THAT THE GERMANS ARE REALLY POPULAR IN BELGIUM AND FRANCE

E. Alexander Powell's *Vive la France!* (Charles Scribner's Sons) is such an entertaining book that we wish it had not been spoiled somewhat by certain manifestations of egotism that provoke at once annoyance and skepticism. For example, he tells how on one occasion a French colonel of artillery staged a performance for his benefit, the purpose of which was to impress him with the accuracy and precision of the French gunnery. Six shots were fired and then six more, all of which took dreadful effect in the middle of the German trenches four miles away. Mr. Powell acknowledged that the performance was marvellous. "But," he records, "all the time I was wondering

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how many lives had been snuffed out for my benefit that morning on the distant hillside, how many men with whom I had no quarrel had been maimed for life, how many women had been left husbandless, how many children fatherless." We are inclined to believe that the author, in writing this, was indulging in a little play of the imagination. Otherwise that colonel should have been promptly court-martialled. But perhaps, after all, those shots were fired for the defense of France and not, as Mr. Powell apparently thought, for his own particular spectacle and amusement. Mr. Powell has much to say of the fighting in the air. Though definite information regarding the French air service is extremely difficult to obtain, he thinks there is no doubt that on December first, 1915, France had more than three thousand aeroplanes in commission (incidentally, Americans, what are the latest figures of the air equipment of the United States service?) and this number is being steadily increased. Here is an anecdote told by Mr. Powell worth more to the German cause than twenty books like the one written by Mr. McClellan. The famous French aviator, Pegoud, was killed during a reconnaissance in Alsace. The next day a German aeroplane, flying at a great height, appeared over Chavannes, an Alsacian village on the old frontier where Pegoud was buried, and dropped a wreath which bore the inscription: "To Pegoud, who died like a hero, from his adversary."

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Here are two books from English sources and bearing distinguished names, Rudyard Kipling's *The Fringes of the Fleet* (Doubleday, Page and Company) and Arnold Bennett's *Over There* (George H. Doran Company). We don't wish to be impolite, but we must say that we find them exceedingly disappointing. How poorly the British observers of the war have been writing in comparison with the Americans! From time to time we have heard the magazine and newspaper articles written by American correspondents in Europe referred to rather contemptuously. "Why don't they send us over something that is really worth while?" That is not the impression we have derived from a great deal of reading. We could pick out a dozen books of American authorship dealing with the great war that we consider not merely good, but brilliant, in part, at least. Frederick Palmer's *My Year of the Great War* was one; Richard Harding Davis's *With the Allies* was another. In contrast the books of the Englishmen seem to lack spirit. Take, for example, Arnold Bennett's *Over There*. Mr. Bennett covered practically the same ground that was covered by Mr. Johnson and Mr. Walter Hale, and much of the time in their company. It was Mr. Johnson's first experience as a war correspondent, and Mr. Hale does not profess to be a writing man, although some years ago, in the capacity of an artist, he visited Venezuela during one of the revolutions. Yet Mr. Bennett's book is far and away less interesting than *The Spirit of France* or *Notes of an Artist at the Front*. As for Rudyard Kipling, well, we would not give ten lines of "Drums of the Fore and Aft" for a five foot shelf full of such volumes as *The Fringes of the Fleet*.

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The international spy as he is revealed in the pages of fiction is a fascinating figure. As he has appeared in the various books of personal revelations that have been published since the beginning of the war he is, any way you look at him, an unpleasant, egotistical, and suspicious personage. There was the author of *The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns*. Some time in the early autumn of 1914, he was foretelling that to his certain knowledge, within a few weeks Russia would be ranged on the side of the Teutonic allies. It was not a surmise, but a fact stated and emphasised with sly and knowing winks. Imagination, and all rather discredible imagination. Now we have *Revelations of an International Spy*, by I. T. T. Lincoln. We know nothing about the

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rights of the forgery charge brought through the British Consulate of New York against Lincoln in the summer of 1914. But after dipping into his book we feel that if we ever did employ Mr. Lincoln for the purpose of international espionage, we should not rely too implicitly upon his reported discoveries. At one time Mr. Lincoln was Liberal Member of the British Parliament for Darlington and had the honour of once being pictorially lampooned in London *Punch*. We don't say that these revelations are not true, but we reserve the right to regard them as the object of very reasonable suspicion.

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It was not English gold, nor the desire for Trent and Trieste, records Robert Herrick in *The World Decision* (Houghton Mifflin Company) that brought Italy into the conflict and stirred the cry "Vive Italia!" The Roman piazza, the people of Italy, reacted to the crime against Belgium, to the atrocities committed on priests and women and children, to the murders of the *Lusitania*,—all these of that ancient enemy whose barbarism had now reappeared, after centuries, under an intellectual and sophisticated mask with a blasphemous perversion of religious sanction. The moving voice of Italy was the voice of Gabrielle d'Annunzio. The Latin soul of Italy cursed its politician and thrilled at the words of its poet.

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There have been a thousand and one stories of the Battle of the Marne and of the events that led up to it. Ralph Pulitzer, in *Over the Front in an Aeroplane* (Harper and Brothers), tells what is to us a new one. Mr. Pulitzer was dining in company with several French officers near the front. He asked why Von Kluck did not march on Paris when he had the chance. He was told that in the 1913 "Kriegsspiel" (great manœuvers) in Germany the theoretical invasion of France by the attacking armies was precisely the same advance as in actual fact they made the following year. In the manœuvers Von Kluck commanded the right wing precisely as he did in the actual invasion. In these manœuvers he came to a point in his advance where he had to choose between attacking Paris and swinging past Paris in pursuit of the enemy. He decided to attack Paris. The verdict of the board of generals who were judging the manœuvers contained the severest kind of arraignment of Von Kluck for having violated the cardinal principle of German military strategy by allowing a mere geographical point to divert him from the one paramount object of German generalship—the enemy's army. The French were actually in possession of a copy of this official reprimand. When, a year later, Von Kluck in actual warfare came face to face with exactly the same choice of alternatives, with the previous year's censure still stingingly fresh in mind, he ignored Paris and followed the enemy army.

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It was General Joffre who planned the Battle of the Marne. But it was the army under General Foch that turned the tide in that stupendous conflict and dealt the blow that sent the German hordes reeling in disorderly retreat back to the trenches along the line of the Aisne. It was Foch who, when, at a critical point in the struggle, approached by one of his officers with the information that the men were worn out, replied: "So are the Germans. Attack!" Referring to him as "The Man of Ypres," Mary Roberts Rinehart presents a picture of General Foch in *Kings, Queens and Pawns* (George H. Doran Company). When Mrs. Rinehart reached the General's headquarters he was not there. He had gone to church, and she had a glimpse of him kneeling alone in prayer. Later she was presented to him, not at headquarters, but at the house in which he was living. She describes him as "erect, and of distinguished appearance, a man rather past middle life, with heavy iron grey hair, rather bushy grey eyebrows, and a moustache. His eyes are grey and

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extremely direct. His speech incisive and rather rapid." Although some of the staff had on the new French uniform of gray blue the General wore the old uniform, navy blue, the only thing denoting his rank being the three dull steel stars on the embroidered sleeve of his tunic. From his lips Mrs. Rinehart heard certain details of the Battle of the Marne. All through August of 1914 the Allies fell back before the onward rush of the Germans. But during all that strategic retreat plans were being made for resuming the offensive again. This necessitated an orderly retreat, not a rout, with constant counter engagements to keep the invaders occupied. It necessitated also a fixed point of retreat, to be reached by the different allied armies simultaneously. When, on September fifth, the order for assuming the offensive was given, the extreme limits of the retreat had not yet been reached. But the audacity of the German march had placed it in a position favorable for attack, and at the same time extremely dangerous for the Allies and Paris if it were not checked. On the evening of September fifth General Joffre sent this message to all the commanders of armies: "The hour has come to advance at all costs, and do or die where you stand rather than give way." Paris was saved after a colossal battle, in which more than two million men were engaged. The army commanded by General Foch was at one time driven back by overwhelming odds, but immediately resumed the offensive, and making a flank attack, forced the Germans to retreat.

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Strange manifestations of the effect of war are recorded in Robert Crozier Long's *Colours of War* (Charles Scribner's Sons). He tells how the outnumbered Austrians in the first Lemberg battles expressed joy when rifle ammunition failed; they could sleep; shells killed sleepers; a soldier fell asleep on his bayonet and died. At Warsaw he saw Siberians who had walked fifty miles in two days and looked well. The nerves of soldiers are shaken by privations and battles; but few men go mad. A field surgeon told him that soldier minds stand war strain better than the minds of civilians. Among prisoners the chance of mental derangement is high. Success in battle fosters mental health. Trench life, affecting physical health, reacts unfavorably. Insanity is seldom traced to war excitement. He heard of a soldier who lost his reason through the tameness of war. He was a nervous, imaginative man, spoiled by reading war histories. A Pole went mad through loving Germans. He began by hating them. He was in charge of prisoners, mostly inoffensive, soft youths; this caused a reaction. He fed the prisoners, gave them tobacco, began to like them, and talked only of them. His comrades nicknamed him "the Kaiser's groom." He put on a prisoner's helmet and ran about. In the dusk he was taken for a fugitive and was shot dead.

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Then there is Edward D. Toland's *The Aftermath of Battle* (Macmillan), narrating the experiences of a young American with the Red Cross in France. There is an introduction to the book by Owen Wister in which is told how Mr. Toland, in the war hospitals of France, from September, 1914, into February, 1915, with other young volunteers, many of them Americans also, served the wounded Germans and Allies. Since leaving Princeton in 1908 Mr. Toland had had four years of engineering, and two years in the banking business. When the war commenced and the banking business shut down temporarily, he found himself with nothing to do, and made up his mind to go to Paris. A year before Bishop Brent of the Philippine Islands had given him a description of a trip taken in the steerage. So the author crossed the Atlantic in the steerage of the *Laconia*. The most pathetic of the many pathetic pictures which *The Aftermath of Battle* naturally presents is that of the wounded Germans. One group for whom Mr.

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Toland worked contained two boys of about seventeen. The author took two big heavy blankets and wrapped them around the bare legs of one of the men. The man took his hand and kissed it. It was in a chateau in the north of France. A month before the Germans had held it, the men sleeping on the kitchen floor. When the officer came to wake them up, he just walked in and kicked them. Mr. Toland learned that when Von Kluck's army marched along the road in front of the chateau, which they did for fourteen hours, an officer walked behind the lines and hit the men on the heads with a little stick if they were out of line. One fellow had gotten out of step. A close cropped officer ran up and spat in his face. "Poor fellows," the author comments, "they are like a lot of ill-treated animals, not knowing whether to expect a kind word or a kick."

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There is no uncertainty about the sentiment of Colonel Roosevelt (*Fear God and Take Your Own Part*—George H. Doran Company). "The insolence with which the German government browbeats the timid folk at Washngton is matched by the extreme cynicism of its brutality. It coerces wretched Belgians to make munitions with which to kill their own countrymen and protests against Americans making munitions to rescue Belgium from the murderers. And there are Americans so base as to advocate yielding to such threats and protests, while Mr. Henry Ford takes some of his fellow pacificists on a peace junket to Europe, in the effort to bring about a peace more degrading to humanity than the worst war—a peace which would consecrate successful wrong, and trample righteousness in the dust." Again. "Safety first! This is the motto on which in a shipwreck those men act who crowd into the life boats ahead of the women and children—although they do not afterward deserve a button to commemorate this feat." And again. "It is sickening to have to recapitulate the dreadful deeds that have been done during the last year and a quarter, while the United States sat tamely by. Miss Cavell was killed for deeds such as were committed by literally thousands of women, north and south, during the Civil War in this country, and if either Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis had ever dreamed of putting any of these women to death, a deafening roar of execration would have gone up from the men of both sides."

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The Mythical Englishman

In the course of the past year we have been approached, in a number of different ways, for information about a certain book. In most cases questioners have forgotten the name of the book, but retained a vivid though vague idea of the nature of its contents. The book in question is *An Englishman in Paris,* published more than twenty years ago, and long since out of print. From the late nineties of the last century until a year ago there has never been any perceptible curiosity about the work, and for that reason this sudden revival of interest is all the more puzzling. When Sir Richard Wallace died about fifteen years ago, and the Wallace Collection passed into the possession of the British Government, there were some allusions to *An Englishman in Paris* because Wallace, for a short time, was supposed to have been its author. How its real author was a Dutch journalist by the name of Albert Dresden Vandam, who described as an eye witness events that took place before he was born, how Vandam afterwards wrote two or three volumes that were perfectly correct on the score of authenticity and were comparatively dreary reading, how *An Englishman in Paris* was simply a gigantic "fake," in the building of which the Dutchman drew from all kinds of sources, have been told in recent issues of THE BOOKMAN. We now propose to say something of the book itself, to glance swiftly at the broad panorama it presented of Paris from the time of the Revolution of 1830, through the

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reign of Louis-Philippe, the Second Empire down to the siege, the surrender, and the ensuing Commune.

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Louis-Philippe, King of the French and his family, the Prince-President, afterwards the Emperor, Mademoiselle de Montijo, the Duc de Morny, and Count Waleski, statesmen and generals, painters and sculptors, poets, novelists, historians, composers, musicians, the men and women of the stage, adventurers and mountebanks of all lands pass in review. To them the reader is presented on terms of the greatest intimacy. Here is the evidence of a chronicler who has apparently been everywhere, known everybody, who was as familiar with the Imperial household at Compiegne and as much at home there as he was at the particular table in the Café de Paris where Eugene Sue posed, and the elder Dumas gobbled, and Balzac came for relaxation in his occasional periods of inactivity. First of all there was a description of the Latin Quarter of the thirties, its narrow, tortuous streets, and ill-constructed tenements, and of the pranks of the inmates of a certain rickety structure known as the "Childebert." Then there was the tale of a nose, the nose of one Bouginier, a nose of strange contour and enormous proportions. One morning a sketch of that nose appeared upon the walls of Paris. In less than a fortnight there was not a wall in the city and its outskirts without a Bouginier on its surface. The work was the work of the Childebertians. Finally an adventurous band set out on a journey following the direction of that nose. Outside of the city gates a magnificent Bouginier pointed to the Fontainbleau Road. Other Bouginiers were followed as far as Marseilles. There, chalked on a wall was the nose and over it the word "Malta." The band took ship and at Malta found the nose directing them to Alexandria. Thence the Odyssey led them to the Pyramids, to the ruins of Thebes, and to Suez.

There are pictures of Eugene Sue, the author of a long line of sea stories in his youth, stories that have been forgotten, and of the famous *Mysteries of Paris* and *The Wandering Jew*. The mythical Englishman professed a strong dislike for Sue. He found his dandyism offensive. Yet there was a time when he was regarded as a novelist of the first order, ranked with Dumas and Balzac, perhaps a little higher than the latter. *The Mysteries of Paris* was planned merely as a rousing tale, yet when it was interpreted by the working classes as an expression for social regeneration Sue complacently accepted the tribute. He and the poet Beranger paid each other stately visits and assumed a joint protectorship over the children of toil. The sensation caused by the serial publication of Sue's two big books is a matter of literary history. When they were appearing in the *Débats* it was nearly impossible to buy copies of the paper. They were rented at ten sous the half hour, the time required to read the daily instalment. Of course the story was in the newspaper office for weeks in advance. But for purposes of exploitation the impression was given that the author was writing from "hand to mouth," so to speak, and on certain days no instalment would appear, but in its place a note explaining that M. Sue was suffering from a slight illness, and that readers must wait for his recovery for the further adventures of Rodolphe and of Fleur-de-Marie. Of *The Wandering Jew* Georges Sand once said, "It is very amusing indeed, but there are too many animals. I hope we shall soon get out of this menagerie." Nevertheless, she frankly admitted that she would not like to miss an instalment for ever so much. Sue's constant posing was distasteful to many men. He was dropped by the French Jockey Club on a mere pretext. After his dinner at the Café de Paris, he would gravely stand on the steps smoking his cigar and listening to the conversation with an air of superiority without attempting to take part in it. His mind was supposed

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to be far away, devising schemes for the social and moral improvement of his fellow creatures. He rarely appeared without spurs to his boots, and he would no more have done without a new pair of white kid gloves every evening than without his dinner. He averred that the smell of cleaning the gloves made him ill. Once Alfred de Musset commented impudently: "After all, my friend, they do not smell worse than the dens that you describe for us. Would you never go there?"

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An amiable picture is that which the mythical Englishman presented of the elder Dumas. Dumas was always particularly agreeable to Englishmen. He explained that he considered it his duty as part of the debt he owed to Shakespeare and Walter Scott. Dumas possessed the happy faculty of disarming an adversary with an epigram and without hurting him. One evening a provincial professor was dining at the Café de Paris. He wore a magnificent cameo breast pin which Dumas pronounced to be a portrait of Julius Cæsar. "Are you an archeologist?" asked the professor. "I," replied Dumas, "I am absolutely nothing." "Still," insisted the visitor, "you perceived at once that it was a portrait of Julius Cæsar." "That is not very wonderful, Cæsar is essentially a Roman type; and, besides, I know Cæsar as well as most people, and perhaps better." "In what capacity?" asked the professor. "In the capacity of Cæsar's historian," said Dumas, whose eyes were twinkling with mischief. "You have written a history of Cæsar?" asked the learned man. "Yes; why not?" "Well, you won't mind my being frank with you: it is because it has never been mentioned in the world of *savans*." "The world of *savans* never mentions me." "Still, a history of Cæsar ought to make something of a sensation." "Mine has not made any. People read it, and that was all. It is the books which it is impossible to read that make a sensation; they are like the dinners one cannot digest; the dinners one digests are not as much as thought of next morning."

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Proud as Dumas was of his literary achievement he was far prouder of his cooking. As the mythical Englishman expressed it, he took a greater pride in concocting a stew than in constructing a novel or a play. There were few who questioned his literary genius; among the many who suspected his culinary abilities was Dr. Véron, the director of the Paris Opera and the founder of the *Revue de Paris*. Véron had a cook, Sophie by name, who had sown the seeds of suspicion. One day the doctor returned home after a dinner at the table of Dumas with the tale of a wonderful carp that had been prepared by his host. Sophie was jealous and skeptical, and went at once to the novelist's house to ask him for the recipe. Dumas felt flattered, and gave her every possible information, but somehow the dish that she prepared was not like that her master had so much enjoyed. Then Sophie grew morose, and began to throw out hints about the great man's borrowing other people's feathers in his culinary pursuits, just as he did in his literary ones. For Sophie was not altogether illiterate, and the papers at that time were frequently charging Dumas with keeping his collaborators too much in the background and himself too much in front. Dumas never had much difficulty in meeting such accusations, but Sophie had unconsciously hit upon the tactics of the clever solicitor who recommended the barrister to abuse the plaintiff, the defendant's case being bad, and she put them into practice. *"C'est avec sa carpe comme avec ses romans, les autres les font et il y met son nom."* Dr. Véron was impressed and communicated Sophie's charge to several of his friends. The matter came to the ears of Dumas. He was in a fine rage. "There is but one reply to such an accusation," he said in a grandiloquent tone which had an exceedingly comical effect considering how trifling the matter was in reality, "there is but one

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reply; you will come to dine with me to-morrow, you will choose a delegate who will come at three o'clock to see me prepare my dinner." According to the story the choice fell upon the mythical Englishman who was the youngest of the party. It is enough to say that the novelist's talents as a cook were thoroughly vindicated.

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The mythical Englishman tells a story of the rehearsals of *The Three Musketeers* when it was being adapted to the stage. In one of the wings was a fireman who listened very attentively during the first six tableaux. About the middle of the seventh tableau the fireman suddenly disappeared and the elder Dumas remarked upon it to his son. When the act was finished the novelist went in search of the pompier, who did not know him. "What made you go away?" he asked him. "Because it did not amuse me half as much as the others," was the answer. That was enough for Dumas. Then and there he went to the manager's room, took off his coat, waistcoat, and braces, unfastened the collar of his shirt—it was the only way he could work—and sent for the prompt copy of the seventh tableau, which he tore up and flung into the fire, to the consternation of the manager. "What are you doing?" exclaimed the latter. "You see what I am doing," said Dumas, "I am destroying the seventh tableau. It does not amuse the pompier. I know what it wants." And an hour and a half later, at the termination of the rehearsal, the actors were given a fresh seventh tableau to study. The mythical Englishman told of once going to visit Dumas at Saint-Germain. Approaching the study he heard a loud burst of laughter, and stopped, saying that he would wait until the visitors had gone. "Monsieur has no visitors; he is working," remarked the servant, "M. Dumas often laughs like this at his work." It was true enough, the novelist was alone, or rather in company with one of his characters, at whose sallies he was simply roaring. Once, after a day's shooting, the younger Dumas found his father toasting himself before a farm fire. "So you have been sitting here for the last four hours, twirling your thumbs?" "No, I have been writing a piece in one act." The piece in question was *Romulus,* which he gave to Regnier to have read at the Comédie-Française, under a pseudonym, and as the work of a young unknown author. It was accepted without a dissenting vote.

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"It is a well-known fact," our mythical Englishman has recorded, "vouched for by the accounts of the Compagnie du Chemin de Fer de L'Ouest, that during the three years Dumas lived at Saint-Germain the receipts increased by twenty thousand francs per annum. Of course it has been objected that railways being then in their infancy the increment would have been just the same without Dumas's presence in the royal residence, but curiously enough, from the day he left, the passenger traffic fell to its previous state. Dumas had simply galvanised the sleepy old town into life, he had bought the theatre where the artists of the Comédie-Française, previous to supping with him, came to play *Madamoiselle de Belle-Isle* or the *Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr* for the benefit of the poor. On such occasions, there was not a room to be had at the hotels. After supper, there were twice a week fireworks on the Terrace, which could be seen from Paris and from Versailles, to the great astonishment of Louis-Philippe, who really attributed the change to the beneficence of his reign, although he failed to account for the continued dullness of the latter royal borough, where he himself resided, and whose picture galleries he had restored and thrown open to the public. One day the king sent for M. de Montalivet, and told him that, though gratified at the revived prosperity of Saint-Germain, he would like to see a little more gayety at Versailles. 'You really mean it, sire?' asked the minister. 'Not only do I mean it, but I confess to you that it

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would give me great pleasure.' 'Well, sire, Alexander Dumas has lately been sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment for neglecting his duty in the National Guards: make an order for him to spend that fortnight in Versailles, and I guarantee your Majesty that Versailles will be lively enough.'"

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Balzac was another frequenter of the Café de Paris. After a spell of hard

A CARICATURE OF HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER, AUTHOR OF "THE REAL ADVENTURE"

work he would go there to recruit his forces with the *veau à la casserole,* a dish of recuperative qualities that appealed also to Dumas and Alfred de Musset. Balzac was once soundly rebuked by the management of the Café de Paris. He announced the advent of a Russian friend, and asked the proprietor to put his best foot forward. "Assuredly, monsieur, we will do so," was the answer, "because it is simply what we are in the habit of doing every day." Balzac's visits to the establishment were generally in the autumn and winter, for, at the end of the spring and during the summer, the dinner hour, seven, found Balzac still a prisoner at home. Few of his acquaintances and friends ever caught sight of him; they were often in total ignorance of his whereabouts, and such news as reached them generally came through Joseph Méry, the poet and novelist, the only one who came across him during these periods of eclipse. Méry was an inveterate gambler, and spent night after night at the card table. He rarely left it before daybreak. His way lay past the Café de Paris, and for four consecutive mornings he had met Balzac strolling leisurely up and down, dressed in a *pantalon à pieds* (trousers not terminating below the ankle, but with feet in them like stockings), and frock coat with velvet facings. The second morning, Méry felt surprised at the coincidence; the third, he was puzzled; the fourth he could hold out no longer, and asked Balzac the reason of these nocturnal perambulations round about the same spot. Balzac put his hand in his pocket and produced an almanac, showing that the sun did not rise before 3:40. "I am being tracked by the officers of the Tribunal de Commerce, and obliged to hide myself during the day; but at this hour I am free, and can take a walk, for as long as the sun is not up they cannot arrest me."

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Though literary remuneration in those days was not what it became later, it was sufficiently large to make it difficult to explain the chronic impecuniosity of Balzac, though not that of Dumas. They were not gamblers, and had not the terrible fits of idleness or drinking which left de Musset stranded every now and again. Balzac's daily life has been described as follows: "He goes to roost at 7 P.M., and he is called at 1 A.M., when he writes until 8 A.M. He takes another hour and a half of sleep, and, after partaking of a light meal, 'gets into his collar' until four in the afternoon. After that, he receives a few friends, takes a bath, goes out and immediately he has swallowed his din-

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ner, goes back to bed. 'I shall be compelled to lead this nigger's life for a few months without stopping, in order not to be swamped by those terrible bills that are due.'" "How does he spend his money?" the mythical Englishman records once having asked Méry. "In sops to his imagination, in balloons to the land of dreams, which balloons he constructs with his hard won earnings and inflates with the essence of his visions, but which nevertheless will not rise three feet from the earth," he answered. Then he went on explaining: "Balzac is firmly convinced that every one of his characters has had, or has still, its counterpart in real life, notably the characters that have risen from humble beginnings to great wealth; and he thinks that, having worked out the secret of their success on paper, he can put it in practice. He embarks on the most harum-scarum speculations without the slightest practical knowledge; as, for instance, when he drew the plans for his country house at the Jardies, and insisted upon the builder carrying them out in every respect while he was away. When the place was finished there was not a single staircase. Of course, they had to put them outside, and he maintained that it was part of his original plan; but he had never given a thought to the means of ascent."

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When Balzac was not being harrassed by the officials of the Tribunal de Commerce he was dodging the authorities of the National Guards, who generally had a warrant against him for neglect of duty. Unlike Dumas, Balzac had little taste for playing the amateur soldier. But civic discipline could not take his likes and dislikes into consideration and, after repeated "notices" and "warnings," left at his registered domicile, his incarceration was generally decided upon. As a rule, this happened about half a dozen times a year. But it was not so easy to catch the refactory national guard. In order to avoid imprisonment Balzac not only disappeared from his usual haunts, but left his regular home, and took an apartment elsewhere under an assumed name. On one occasion, at a small lodgings which he had taken near his publisher, under the name of Madam Dupont, Léon Gozlan having found him out, sent him a letter addressed to "Madame Dupont, *née* Balzac." The sergeant major of Bal-

THEODORE DREISER, THE AUTHOR OF "SISTER CARRIE," "JENNIE GERHARDT," AND "THE GENIUS," FROM A JAPANESE DRAWING BY P. B. MC CORD. MR. DREISER IS ALSO THE AUTHOR OF A VOLUME OF PLAYS, "PLAYS OF THE NATURAL AND THE SUPERNATURAL"

zac's company had a grudge against him. He happened to be a perfumer, and ever since *César Birotteau* the Paris perfumers bore Balzac no good will. The sergeant major had sworn by all his essences and bottles that he would lay hands on the novelist in the streets, for only under such conditions could he arrest him. To watch at Balzac's ordinary domicile was of no use, and when he had discovered his temporary residence, he had to lure him out of it, because the other was on his guard. The bait was a van supposed to contain a

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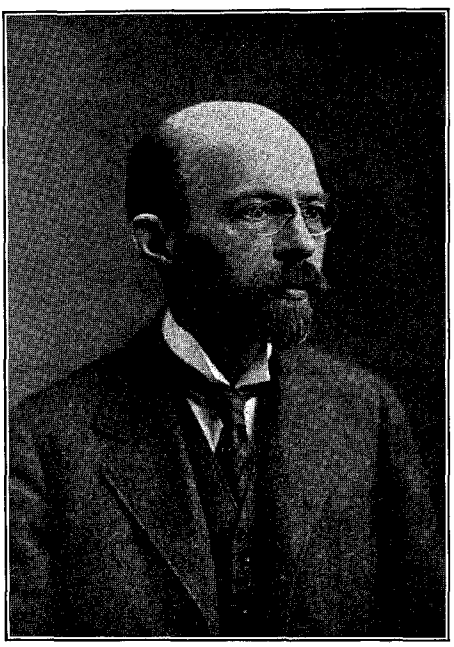
beautiful Etruscan vase. Balzac fell straight into the trap. Giving himself no time to exchange his monk's frock for a coat or his slippers for a pair of boots he rushed downstairs and was neatly caught. With a refinement of cruelty the sergeant major perfumer would not allow his prisoner to change his clothes and while the van with the precious Etruscan vase disappeared in the distance, Balzac was hustled into a cab to spend a week in durance vile.



C. H. C. WRIGHT, AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF THE THIRD FRENCH REPUBLIC"

"The Conqueror"

In one of the papers in the series of articles which came to an end in the February BOOKMAN there there was an allusion to a certain downtown New York slum which Mr. Rupert Hughes, in *Empty Pockets* described as having been within a stone's throw of what long years ago was the first New York home of the first President of the United States. As it was in the last years of the eighteenth century that home is pictured in Gertrude Atherton's *The Conqueror,* a book which, incidentally, seems to be one of the most vital of all the novels that have been published in the last ten or fifteen years. In Mrs. Atherton's book we were told that Washington was occupying temporarily the house of Walter Franklin, on the corner of Cherry Street and Franklin Sqaure, a country residence at which society grumbled, for all the world lived between the present site of the City Hall and Battery Park. Hamilton rode up on horseback, and was shown into the library, which overlooked the present garden. But after a few months in this residence Washington moved to the McComb house in lower Broadway, one of the largest in town, with a reception room of superb dimensions. Here Mrs. Washington, standing on a dais, usually assisted by Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Hamilton, received, with the rigid formality of foreign courts, all who dared to attend her levees. These, according to Mrs. Atherton, were exceedingly frigid. The President was very fond of the theatre, and invited a party once a week to accompany him to John Street.

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Although there was a brief glimpse of New York in *The Wheel of Life,* Ellen Glasgow's books hitherto have dealt almost exclusively with Virginia and the Virginians. But in her latest novel, *Life and Gabriella,* she has accomplished a thorough invasion of the metropolis. The earlier scenes are in Richmond, but after the heroine's marriage she goes to New York with her husband. Her first impression of Fifth Avenue is of "depressing examples in brown stone of an architecture which, like George, was trying vaguely to express nothing." Fifth Avenue is the scene of her business activities in the later days. Then she goes to live in that portion of West Twenty-third Street which is known as London Terrace. As she watches her furniture being taken across the pavements and up the flagged walk through the yard, neglected and overgrown with dandelions

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GERTRUDE ATHERTON. FROM HER LATEST PORTRAIT

and wire grass, there is a moment when the street is so quiet that it might have been one of those forgotten squares in Richmond where needy gentlewomen still practiced "light housekeeping" in the social twilight of the last century.

WRITING IN HASTE, AND REPENTING AT LEISURE

In the January BOOKMAN *there was an article by Florence Finch Kelly entitled "Speeding up the Author." It was an article that arrested attention and aroused contradiction. That contradiction takes concrete form in a paper written by Brander Matthews to appear in the April issue. Professor Matthews introduces Mrs. Kelly's article by saying that "it sped the author down to death, to destruction and to ultimate damnation."*

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"THE ROADHOUSE IN ARDEN"

Bacon and Shakespeare are disclosed in conversation. Neither the background nor the furniture is actually Elizabethan; but both are appropriate to the romantic mood of this fantastic play. The setting was designed by Mr. Robert Lawson.

SCENIC SETTINGS IN AMERICA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I

ANYBODY who has studied Mr. Hiram Kelly Moderwell's instructive treatise on *The Theatre of To-Day* must admit that our American theatre, considered generally, is loitering at least ten years behind the times. This fact is somewhat disappointing to those of us who are habituated to believe that America is naturally the leader of the world in matters of mere enterprise. The phrase, "mere enterprise," is used advisedly; for though the drama is an art, the theatre is a business. Though we might be willing to admit that the backwardness of our drama is necessitated by a native inaptitude for art, it would be much more difficult to admit that the backwardness of our theatre is necessitated by a native inaptitude for business. This latter hypothesis would be a little staggering. America has always been supposed to be a country of good business men. We have proved that we can run such things as railroads, mines, and steel plants efficiently and well. Is it really possible that, when it comes to running theatres, we are easily outdistanced, not only by the efficient Germans but also by the langourous Russians?

The facts appear to be incontrovertible. The best-conducted theatre in the world—according to the testimony of all investigators who have studied the matter at first hand—is the Art Theatre of Moscow; and, following close upon the heels of this leading institution, are the foremost theatres of Germany and Hungary. France, also, is close up in the running; but the American theatre is a manifest anachronism. What is the reason for our backwardness in this matter of mere enterprise?

The reason is not difficult to define;

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"THE RED CLOAK"—SCENE I

This is a marionette pantomime, produced by the Washington Square Players, with scenery and costumes designed by Mr. Lee Simonson. Note the way in which the fantastic costumes of the puppets are set off by the blank wall behind them. Only a few conventional details of architectural design relieve the monotony of this wall.

"THE RED CLOAK"—SCENE II

Here we have a crowded scene; yet the puppets are still conceived as mere details of a general decorative scheme. Note the merging of the costumes and the scenery into a composite whole.

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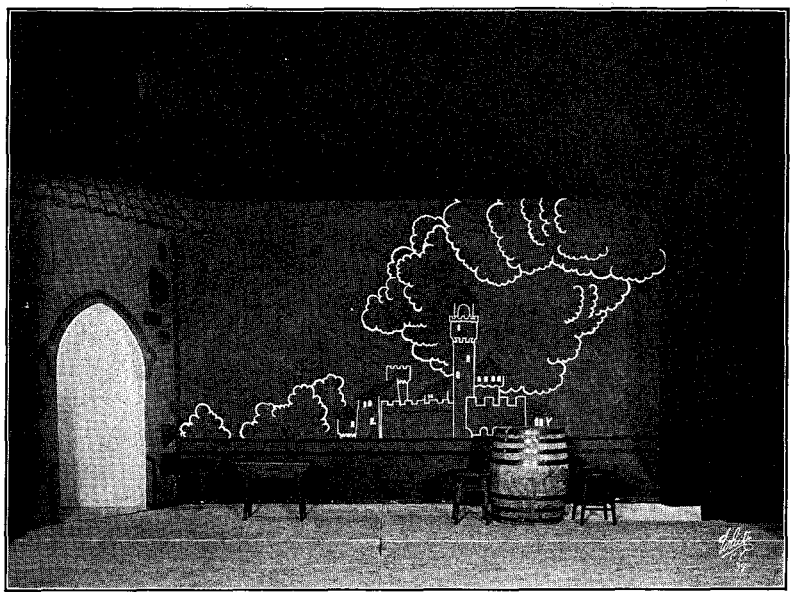
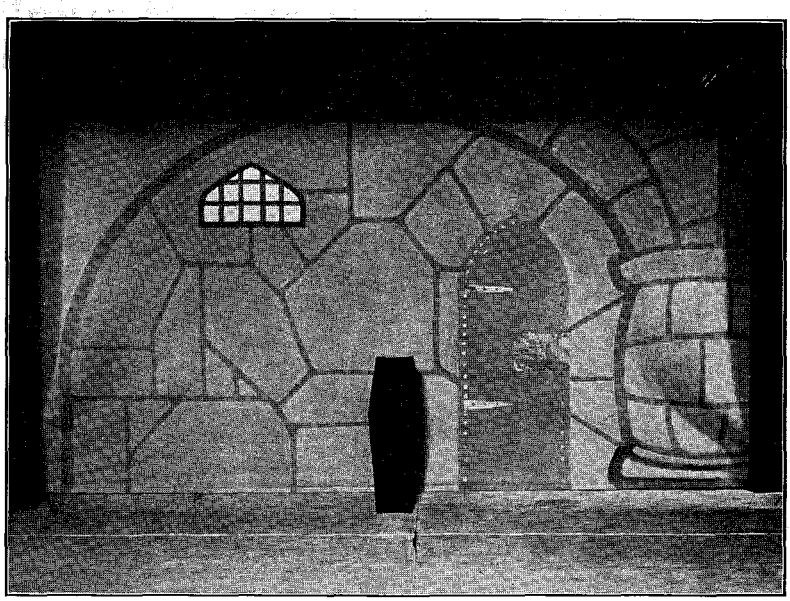


"THE RED CLOAK"—STAGE-SET FOR SCENE III

The back-drop, with its suggestive vista of Italian towers and cumulous clouds, cost less than fifty dollars. There is nothing on the stage except a barrel, two stools, and a small table, all of which are needed for the action. There is a tavern doorway at the spectator's left. This is an admirable design,—fantastic, spirited, and absolutely economical.



"THE RED CLOAK"—STAGE-SET FOR SCENE II

The den of the Camorristi. A few gigantic lines drawn upon the back-drop make the spectators imagine that they are really in a dungeon.

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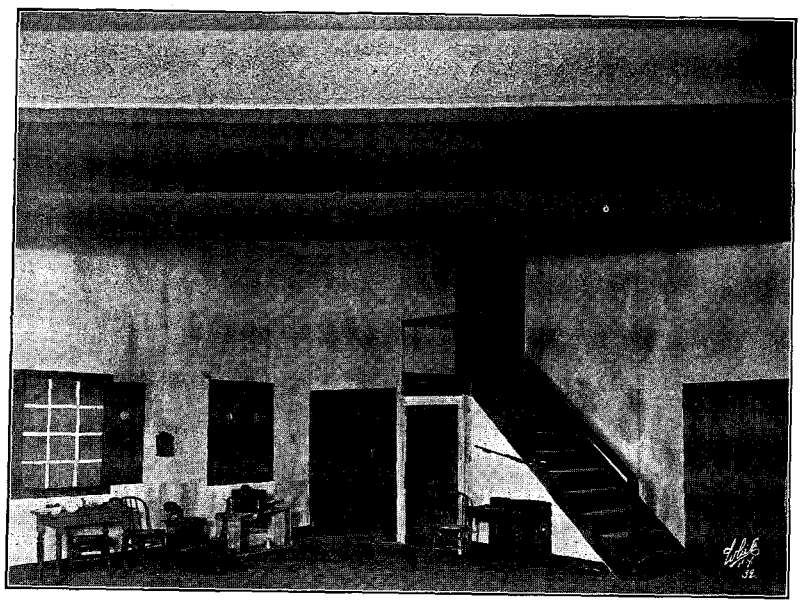

"THE CLOD"—SCENIC SETTING

This is an example of a realistic setting devised by the Washington Square Players. In this case, the appeal is based, not on suggestion, but on imitation; but all superfluous details have been excluded. Every object that is seen upon the stage is absolutely necessary to the action. This setting was designed by Mr. John King.

"THE TENOR"—SCENIC SETTING

This tragi-comedy by Frank Wedekind is localised in a hotel room in an Austrian city. Note, however, that Mr. Paul T. Frankl, who designed the setting, has preferred a decorative treatment of the project to the alternative of imitation.

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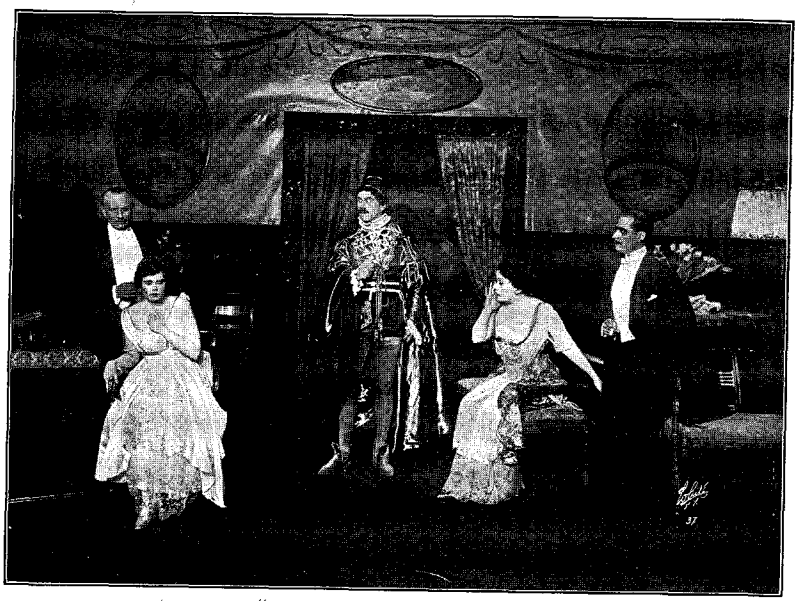
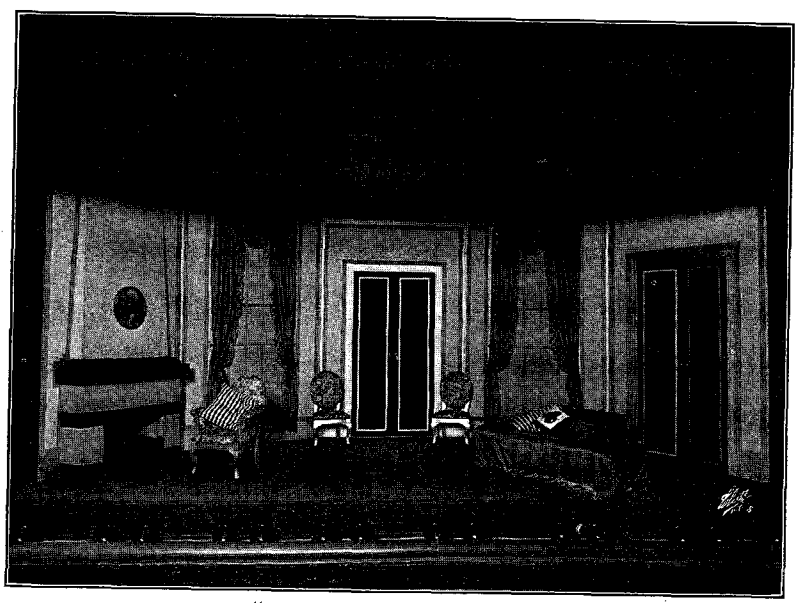


"THE FEAR MARKET"—ACT II

This stage-set was designed by the Princess Troubetzkoy (Amélie Rives), who wrote the play. The scene itself, with its repetition of the peacock motive, is decorative; but the furniture is cumbersomely photographic. This setting represents a transition from the old manner toward the new.



"LITERATURE"—SCENE SETTING

Note how simply Mr. Paul T. Frankl has rendered a room in a Vienna boarding-house. The setting satisfies the eye and is appropriate to the action; yet it does not rely upon the imitation of actuality.

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but it is extremely difficult to understand. It is merely that the men who control the theatre in America are not sufficiently interested in their own business to learn enough about it to make their methods up to date. Their conservatism—to dignify this strange inertia by a lofty word—seems curiously un-American. We are not accustomed to seeing our big business men defeated in a matter of mere business.

Suppose, for purposes of illustration, that an American business man has invested half a million dollars in the manufacture of mustard. Suppose, further, that he hears, from a returning traveller, that the Germans have found a way to manufacture better mustard at a smaller cost. What does he do? He immediately goes to Germany himself, or sends an emissary, to learn the new improvement in his business; thereafter, he revises his own methods of manufacture, in order to bring them up to date; and, by this means, he is soon enabled to undersell the world. This is the story of American business, as it is ordinarily recorded and commonly believed. If there was anything new to be learned about running railroads, Mr. Harriman learned it and put it immediately into operation; and, if there is anything new to be learned about the manufacture of steel, it is not likely to escape the eagerly acquisitive mind of Mr. Schwab.

This is the way in which Americans do business in every line—except the one line of the theatre. When word is brought from Europe that a great improvement has been made in the mechanism of the theatre, our American managers are not sufficiently interested to investigate the matter. As business men, they might save thousands of dollars by sending an emissary to Germany or Russia to study the innovation and import it to this country; but they prefer to remain ignorant of all advances that are made in the very business in which they are engaged.

This may seem to be an over-statement; but let us consider for a moment a single detail of the mere mechanism of the theatre. Everybody knows that it is desirable, for a multitude of reasons, to equip a theatre in such a way as to be able to supplant one stage-set with another in a few seconds. Throughout the last ten years, this purpose has been accomplished in Germany by three different devices,—namely, the revolving stage, or *drehbühne;* the sliding stage, or *shiebebühne;* and the rolling stage, or *wagenbühne.* Any American theatre-manager might study the respective merits of these three devices in a single day. Yet, in this country, we build theatre after theatre without installing any of these appliances for the rapid shifting of scenery. In all America, there are, as yet, only three revolving stages,—one in Oakland, California; and the other two at the Century Theatre and the Little Theatre in New York, both of which were projected by Mr. Winthrop Ames.

Take another matter of mere mechanism,—the matter of stage-lighting. In nearly every modern German theatre, the stage is bounded by a concrete cyclorama, which is used to reflect and to diffuse the light that ultimately irradiates the scene. There is only one theatre in New York which is provided with this new appliance,—namely, the Neighbourhood Theatre in Grand Street, which most of our American managers have never even visited.

During the last ten years, nearly every important producing manager in Europe has discarded the old method of illuminating the stage from a trough of footlights, and has adopted a new method of lighting from the top and from the sides. In New York, the new method of illuminating the stage was clearly exemplified a year ago, by Mr. Granville Barker; but thus far it has been adopted, in our American theatre, only by Mr. David Belasco. When the curtain rose upon the first performance of *The Boomerang,* on August 10, 1915, it was apparent that Mr. Belasco had removed the footlights from his theatre and had arranged to illuminate

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his stage from the top and from the sides. *The Boomerang* achieved a success which may be described without hyperbole as record-breaking; the play has been seen by hundreds of thousands of people; and Mr. Belasco has proved, by the sheer enjoyment of the public, that the new method of stage-lighting is more efficacious than the old. Yet, in the six months which have elapsed since the first performance of *The Boomerang,* no other American manager has adopted the new method of stage-lighting which Mr. Belasco has so successfully employed; and it may seriously be doubted that any of our other managers have even taken the trouble to study the devices by which Mr. Belasco has achieved his fine effects.

The theatre-business in America is controlled by less than twenty men; and, with one or two notable exceptions, these men are not interested in the theatre. Neither Mr. Lee Shubert nor Mr. Abraham Lincoln Erlanger—and these names are selected quite impersonally, to indicate merely the sort of men who have invested millions of dollars in our theatre-business—knows as much about the theatre of to-day as Mr. Hiram Kelly Moderwell, — a young man, only a few years out of college, who has no money to invest, but who was sufficiently interested in the theatre-business to devote two years to the study of it. Mr. Moderwell quite obviously knows [the point, at least, is obvious to anybody who has read his book] how plays are staged in Dresden and in Moscow, and how the theatre-managers in those cities contrive to do better things for less money than the theatre-managers of New York; yet Mr. Erlanger and Mr. Shubert, who have millions of dollars invested in the theatre-business, do not even bother to find out what is known about their business by a disinterested investigator like Mr. Moderwell. What is the reason for this enormous lassitude? Are Mr. Erlanger and Mr. Shubert too busy to read Mr. Moderwell's book, which is devoted to the practical details of the very business in which they have invested so much money? And, even so, are they so very, very busy that they cannot even look at the illustrations to the volume?

It takes about an hour to study very thoughtfully the illustrations which are published in *The Theatre of To-Day;* yet, after a single hour devoted to this study, Mr. Shubert or Mr. Erlanger —and it must always be remembered that these names are chosen quite impersonally, to indicate the type of our most energetic and most influential managers—would perceive that, in the matter of stage settings, our American theatre is loitering many years behind the times. Speaking generally, our theatre is still lingering in the Victorian —or horsehair—period; as yet, it has scarcely felt the impress of that modern movement which is known as the "new stagecraft."

II

The movement known as the "new stagecraft" has been so long established on the continent of Europe that only in America can it literally be considered "new." It began, about fifteen years ago, as a protest against the ultra-realism of the preceding period. At the very end of the nineteenth century, the drama—for reasons which need not, in the present context, be explained—was prevailingly a realistic drama; the appliances of the theatre of that period were appropriately suited to the drama of the time; but realism was so thoroughly established in the drama that even those authors who preferred to write romantic or poetic plays were required to have their plays produced in a realistic manner. Inevitably, therefore, the "new stagecraft" began as a revolt against this utterly illogical requirement.

The theatre may appeal to the public in either of two ways,—first, by imitation of the actual, and second, by suggestion of the real. The first method is realistic, for it requires in the public a process of inductive thought; the sec-

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ond method is romantic, for it requires in the public a process of deductive thought. The apostles of the "new stagecraft"—while willing to leave to the realistic drama the methods of the realistic theatre—demanded that a new romantic theatre should be devised to cope with the requirements of a new romantic drama.

The subject is, in general, so large that only a single aspect can profitably be discussed in the course of the present paper. Let us choose, for convenience, to examine the attitude of the apostles of the "new stagecraft" toward the one detail of scenic setting. The revolutionists insisted that romantic writers should be aided by an absolute release from the encumbrance of realistic scenery.

They demanded, first, that scenes which were not definitely localised by the dramatist in place and time should not be definitely localised by the superimposition of scenery and properties. In staging Shakespeare, for example, they insisted that scenes which were written to be acted on an empty fore-stage should be acted on an empty apron. But, secondly, they demanded also that, in the scenery itself, the basis of appeal should be, not imitation, but suggestion.

For the detailed, pictorial scenery of the preceding period they substituted scenery which was summary and decorative. Instead of cluttering the stage with actual details, they contrived to suggest the desired scene by an appropriate design composed of lines and lights and colours. It was discovered, for example, that green curtains drooping in tall folds and illuminated with a light that never was on sea or land would suggest a better Forest of Arden than any imitative jumble of cotton rocks and canvas trees. It was discovered, also, that even for the uses of the realistic drama, a simple design of leading lines and elementary colours was more suggestive of the desired illusion of reality than a helter-skelter gathering of actual furniture and actual properties.

In two important particulars, the "new manner" of scenic setting proved itself superior to the old; for, first, it was more imaginative, and, second, it was more economical. The first point was particularly interesting to the audience; the second, to the manager.

People go to the theatre to enjoy *themselves:*—that is to say, their own participation in the play. They cannot really relish a performance until it ceases to seem to happen on the stage and begins to seem to happen in their own imaginations. A play, therefore, is effective in proportion to the extent to which it excites an imaginative contribution from the minds of those who see it. The old realistic scenery left the audience nothing to do, for everything had been already done upon the stage. The new suggestive scenery is more enjoyable, because it permits the spectators to create within their own imaginations an appreciable contribution to the total work of art.

Furthermore, the second great advantage of the decorative type of scenery is that it is considerably less expensive than the detailed, pictorial type of the preceding period. Here is a point which surely should appeal to our American managers, since they pride themselves on being business men. It is assuredly unbusinesslike to perpetuate an old fashion when it costs much more to do so than it would cost to adopt a new fashion which is manifestly better.

III

Despite the inertia of the tired business men who control the great majority of our theatres, it is an interesting fact that, whenever the new type of scenery has been exhibited in America, it has been enthusiastically welcomed by the public. When Mr. Winthrop Ames imported Reinhardt's *Sumurûn,* the public was emphatically pleased; and an approval which was even more emphatic was accorded last year to Mr. Granville Barker's production of *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife* and *Androcles and the Lion.* Our public,

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as the phrase is, may not know anything about art, but it knows what it likes; and it likes the scenery designed by Bakst and Golovine for the Russian Ballet that is at present visiting the leading cities of this country. A mere "counting of the house" at every exhibition of the Russian Ballet should be sufficient to interest Mr. Erlanger or Mr. Shubert in the advisability—from the commercial standpoint—of adopting in this country the new type of scenery which was adopted a decade ago in nearly all the countries of the continent of Europe.

But our managers might reply that, in America, we lack the necessary artists to carry the new movement to success. This objection, if it should be made, would merely be a proof of ignorance. We have many fine artists, trained particularly for the work of scenic decoration; they are merely waiting for a chance to be employed. Setting aside Mr. Josef Urban, who, though resident in America, is an Austrian by birth, we have Mr. Livingston Platt, Mr. Sam Hume, Mr. Robert E. Jones, Mr. Robert McQuinn, Mr. William Penhallow Henderson, Mrs. O'Kane Conwell, Miss Helen Dryden, and many others, who have already shown what they can do whenever an opportunity has been accorded to them. Mr. Jones has studied with Reinhardt, Mr. Hume has studied with Gordon Craig, Mr. Platt has studied art in Bruges. All these artists are thoroughly prepared to design the new type of scenic settings: and any commercial manager who wishes to be informed of their addresses need only apply to the office of this magazine.

The work of Mr. Urban is already well known in our theatre, because of the initiative of Mr. George C. Tyler; and he is now employed by managers so diverse in the intent of their productions as Mr. Erlanger, Mr. Ziegfeld, and Mr. Hackett. Mr. Jones was given his first chance by Mr. Granville Barker, and Mr. Platt has been employed by that far-seeing manager, Miss Anglin. Mr. McQuinn was taken up by Mr. Dillingham and allowed to design the lovely scenery of *Stop! Look! Listen!* But, despite these intimations of an ultimate triumph of the new art in our American theatre, nine-tenths of all our plays are still encumbered with the lumbering investiture of a fashion that is now a decade out of date.

IV

It is owing solely to the chronic lack of interest in all matters vital to the theatre on the part of nearly all of our commercial managers, that the new art of scenic setting has made most rapid strides among us in little theatres not commercially controlled by magnates whose minds are so impervious to innovation as those of Mr. Erlanger and Mr. Shubert. Such non-commercial institutions as Mrs. Lyman Gale's Toy Theatre in Boston and Mr. Maurice Browne's Little Theatre in Chicago have long made use of all the latest improvements in scenic setting, and, in this regard, are several years ahead of the majority of our commercial theatres on Broadway. It was in the Toy Theatre, for instance, that Miss Anglin "discovered" Mr. Livingston Platt. Even the dramatic associations of several of our leading colleges have already shown the way for our loitering commercial managers. The undergraduates of Harvard and of Dartmouth, for example, know more about the new art of scenic setting than Mr. Lee Shubert, who owns many theatres.

It is, therefore, not because of favouritism, but because of sheer necessity, that most of the illustrations for this article have been selected from productions which have recently been made by the Washington Square Players,—a band of amateurs who have only lately been graduated into the degree of professionals. When this organisation began its work a year ago, it gathered into its ranks not only actors and playwrights, but also painters and decorators. Its leaders, from the very outset, recognised the fact that good setting is as necessary to a modern play as good

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writing or good acting,—that decoration is an essential detail of modern dramaturgy.

The acting of the Washington Square Players is still a little amateurish. In this detail, their theatre is inferior to the commercial theatres on Broadway. But their scenic settings are, by far, superior to those which may be seen in the vast majority of our commercial theatres. They charge only fifty cents and one dollar for their seats; yet their scenery is much more beautiful than any scenery which may be seen in most of our two dollar theatres. The reason is, of course, that it is designed in the "new manner"; and this new manner—as explained above—is not only better but cheaper than the old.

When the Washington Square Players produce a romantic play, they set it on an almost empty stage, with a decorative back-drop. When they produce a realistic play, they use a box-set, but rigidly exclude from the stage all details which are not actually necessary to the action. All of their designs are simple and nearly symmetrical in line, and bold and elementary in colour. They achieve a maximum of effect with the greatest possible economy of means. Most of their stage-sets cost less than fifty dollars; yet they are more effective —in the sense of being more enjoyable —than most of the Broadway stage-sets which cost at least two thousand dollars. The Washington Square Players were blessed from the beginning by the fact that they had no capital. The hours that are spent by our commercial managers in counting up their money could be spent by these amateurs in imagining means of creating beautiful effects at a very small expenditure.

V

So much has been said in this article in disparagement of our commercial managers that a word must be appended in praise of Mr. Arthur Hopkins. Here is a producing manager who is really interested in the progress of the theatre, and who is gifted with the great gift of imagination. Mr. Hopkins's latest venture, *The Devil's Garden,* failed,—the reason being that the play was extracted from a novel which could not possibly be dramatised successfully; but the staging of this ill-fated play was worthy of the highest commendation. The scenery was designed by Mr. Robert E. Jones, an artist who had already proved his worth by his beautiful investiture of Mr. Granville Barker's production of *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife.* In this case, the task imposed on Mr. Jones was much more difficult; for *The Devil's Garden* was a realistic play and lent itself less easily to decorative treatment.

It is a great pity that the play was soon withdrawn, and that many of our very busy managers were thereby denied the privilege of studying the setting of the opening scene. The period was the present; the place, a room in the General Post-Office in London. The set was very shallow. It was backed by a blank wall,—in colour, neutral grey. To the spectator's left, there was a desk, with two chairs; to the spectator's right, there was a single chair. Behind the desk was hung a coloured map of London. Otherwise the stage was empty. The actors played in profile,—silhouetted sharply against the blank background. This simple setting was far more appealing to the imagination than the usual deep set, encumbered with innumerable details of actual office furniture. It represented an artistic triumph for Mr. Jones, a managerial triumph for Mr. Hopkins. Furthermore, it represented a momentary revelation of what our theatre may become when the few men who control it shall ultimately be awakened from their over-sleeping.

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THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART VI

The romantic revival from 1894 to 1904—Zola and Stevenson—two predictions of approaching romance—the remarkable year 1894—Weyman, Doyle, Hope, Churchill, Stockton—Sienkiewicz—passing away of romantic extravagance—survivals of the school, such as McCutcheon and Farnol—the "life" novel of to-day—DeMorgan, Bennett, Wells, White, Rolland—the gain to the novel—the loss.

WHEN George Eliot died in 1880, it appeared as though English fiction would not soon burst the fetters of Realism. Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Trollope, and Reade, despite an occasional holiday in the climate of romance, were all professional realists; Thomas Hardy was attracting a steadily widening circle of readers; in America, Howells and James were busily a-hunting specimens with the camera; Turgenev and Tolstoy were stimulating the British novel in French-translation-dilutions; and in France, this very year saw the publication of Zola's treatise on the Experimental Novel.

Romance seemed anachronistic. Zola, flushed with the new scientific spirit, wholly confident that he belonged to the future and the future to him, announced that Walter Scott was a novelist exclusively for boarding-school girls! that he would never again be read by serious and mature readers.

Zola was merely announcing what seemed to the majority of his listeners, irrefragably true. Two factors, however, were overlooked in his prophecy,—which may be called the negative and the positive element. Realism and romanticism seem bound to alternate; and the realists were so overconfident, so sure of themselves, that they plunged into excesses inevitably certain to lead to reform, or at any rate to something different. It is a great pity that Zola could not have lived to describe his own death; for the manner of his death would not only have interested him, it would have made a splendid chapter in any one of his experimental novels. It will be remembered that he died of suffocation in his sleep; he was found, in the morning lying half out of bed, his face on the floor buried in his own vomit. The death of this great leader is an excellent illustration of the limits of his art.

The other factor—the positive factor—is not so easy to predict as the negative; but its possibility is always delightful to contemplate, for it makes the history of art to resemble a wonderful game of chance. When the citizens of the French Revolution thought they had established republican equality, Napoleon Bonaparte happened to appear on the scene; and when the giant Realism had got the spirit of English fiction safely locked into the dungeon, the young knightly figure of Stevenson arrived and released her.

Stevenson was thirty years old when George Eliot died. He looked about him on a dreary landscape. At its best, realism was made up of afternoon teas; at its worst, it was garbage. He wanted something that should at once be more stimulating and more agreeable. Not being able to discover it anywhere, he was forced to produce it himself. "For Zola," said he in a letter, "I have no toleration, though the curious, eminently bourgeois, and eminently French creature has power of a kind. But I would he were deleted. I would not give a

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chapter of old Dumas . . . for the whole boiling of the Zolas."

Stevenson said the following titles "should be": *The Filibuster's Cache: Jerry Abershaw: Blood Money: a Tale,* instead of "what is," *Aunt Anne's Tea Cosy, Mrs. Brierly's Niece, Society: a Novel.* It was about the year 1884 that he wrote this.

However, in 1881 he was sure of his mission. Although *Treasure Island* was not published until 1883, we find that he had begun work upon it so early as the 25th August, 1881, for on that day he wrote to Henley:

I am now on another lay for the moment . . . see here, "The Sea-Cook, or Treasure Island; a Story for Boys." If this don't fetch the kids, why, they have gone rotten since my day. Will you be surprised to learn that it is about Buccaneers, that it begins in the *Admiral Benbow* public-house on Devon coast, that it's all about a map, and a treasure, and a mutiny, and a derelict ship, and a current, . . . and a doctor, and another doctor, and a sea-cook with one leg, and a sea-song with the chorus "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" (at the third Ho you heave at the capstan bars), which is a real buccaneer's song, only known to the crew of the late Captain Flint. . . . That's the kind of man I am, blast your eyes. . . . And now look here—this is next day—and three chapters are written. . . . It's quite silly and horrid fun, and what I want is the *best* book about the Buccaneers that can be had . . . a chapter a day I mean to do; they are short; and perhaps in a month "The Sea-Cook" may to Routledge go, yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum! . . . No women in the story, Lloyd's orders; and who so blithe to obey? It's awful fun, boys stories; you just indulge the pleasure of your heart, that's all; no trouble, no strain. . . . O sweet, O generous, O human toils! You would like my blind beggar in Chapter III, I believe; no writing, just drive along as the words come and the pen will scratch!

Seldom is a preacher able to practise so well. An ardent advocate of the gospel of romance, Stevenson, in less than a dozen years, produced *Treasure Island, Prince Otto, Kidnapped, The Black Arrow, The Master of Ballantrae, Catriona (David Balfour), The Ebb Tide.*

These books worked a revolution in English fiction. One man, appearing at just the moment when readers were either weary or disgusted with the reigning Sovereign, Realism, toppled him over with the sheer audacity of genius. Many who read these lines can remember the mad eagerness with which we greeted those new romances. What a relief to turn from the close, foul mugginess of naturalism to the invigorating air of the ocean! For Stevenson's immense service to letters was really nothing more nor less than opening the windows of heaven, and sweeping the chambers of art with antiseptic air and sunshine. Before he died, he had converted the English speaking world, and he knew it.

It seems to me pedantic to prefer Scott to Stevenson. The latter beat the former at his own game. Stevenson's romances are more thrillingly adventurous than Scott's; his characters are equally interesting; his style is immeasurably superior. When I first read *The Beach of Falesà,* I had to stop and compose myself, so loud was the beating of my heart. His men and women will be my intimates for the rest of my life. And the great goddess of Romance, hitherto rigged out in any old clothes, was adorned by Stevenson with graceful, exquisite, and shining garments. It is safe to say that with the one exception of *Henry Esmond,* there has never been in the literature of prose romance so happy a blending of wildly exciting incident with such technically rhetorical perfection.

Of all modern authors, Stevenson is the best for youth. Our boys and girls follow the arch-magician from wonder to wonder, they learn the delight of reading, and they absorb the beauty of style, as one learns good manners by associating with well-bred exemplars. For Henry James, describing a lady serving tea on an English lawn, is not

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more careful of his language than Stevenson, describing a drunken cutthroat in the act of murder. Stevenson was purely literary; he was not a great dramatist nor a great poet, though he wrote verses and plays; but it is abundantly clear that he was a great novelist, essayist, and maker of epistles. In these three departments he stands in the first rank.

Two years before his death the signs of the coming revival of romance were unmistakable and it is interesting to remember that two English critics went on record at almost the same moment—Mr. Saintsbury and Mr. Gosse each independently predicted the coming flood, warning all novelists to get into the ark of safety. In an essay called *The Present State of the English Novel* (1892), part of which had been printed in 1888, Professor Saintsbury hazarded the following definite but somewhat cautious prophecy:

In discussing the state of the English novel at a time which seems likely to be a rather exceptionally interesting one in the history of a great department of literature in England, it will probably be as well to make the treatment as little of a personal one as possible . . . the question . . . is one of setting in order, as well as may be, the chief characteristics of the English novels of the day, and of indicating, with as little rashness as possible, which of them are on the mounting hand and which are on the sinking. And for my part, and in the first place, I do not see any reason to think the reappearance of the romance of adventure at all likely to be a mere passing phenomenon. For the other kind has gone hopelessly sterile in all countries, and is very unlikely to be good for anything unless it is raised anew from seed, and allowed a pretty long course of time. . . . All things are possible in a time when a novelist of real talent like M. Zola dismisses Sir Walter Scott as a "boarding-school novelist," and when a critic of real intelligence like my friend, Mr. Brander Matthews, takes Mr. Howells for an excellent critic. The safer plan is to stand still and see the wonderful works of the Lord.

In an essay called *The Limits of Realism in Fiction* (1893), Mr. Edmund Gosse remarked,

In the meantime, wherever I look I see the novel ripe for another reaction. The old leaders will not change. It is not to be expected that they will write otherwise than in the mode which has grown mature with them. But in France, among the younger men, every one is escaping from the realistic formula. The two young athletes for whom M. Zola predicted ten years ago an "experimental" career more profoundly scientific than his own, are realists no longer. M. Guy de Maupassant has become a psychologist, and M. Huysmans a mystic. M. Bourget, who set all the ladies dancing after his ingenious, musky books, never has been a realist; nor has Pierre Loti, in whom, with a fascinating freshness, the old exiled romanticism comes back with a laugh and a song. All points to a reaction in France; and in Russia, too, if what we hear is true, the next step will be toward the mystical and the introspective. In America it would be rash for a foreigner to say what signs of change are evident. The time has hardly come when we look to America for the symptoms of literary initiative. But it is my conviction that the limits of realism have been reached; that no great writer who has not already adopted the experimental system will do so; and that we ought now to be on the outlook to welcome (and, of course, to persecute) a school of novelists with a totally new aim, part of whose formula must unquestionably be a concession to the human instinct for mystery and beauty.

This Scripture was fulfilled in our ears.

The year of Stevenson's death, 1894, was a notable year in the history of English fiction, both for the number and varied excellence of the novels it produced; and because it was the beginning of a tidal wave of romanticism. Old faiths always flash brightest just before their extinction, thinks Thomas Hardy; and in the year 1894 were published *Trilby, Marcella, Life's Little Ironies, Esther Waters, Lord Ormont and his*

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Aminta, Pembroke, which have nothing to do with any romantic reaction; but there also appeared *The Ebb Tide, The Jungle Book, Perlycross, The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson, Under the Red Robe, My Lady Rotha,* and a story of prodigious influence, *The Prisoner of Zenda.*

The demand for some of these books was so sharp and the rapidity of their circulation so remarkable, that the sales became a matter of interest to critics who were watching the public taste. It was about this time that the New York BOOKMAN began to publish its monthly list of "best sellers," which not merely recorded the lines of popularity, but gave a stimulus to their extension.

Romanticism suddenly became so fashionable that many young men and women wrote their first attempts in fiction in this manner; and some novelists of established reputation, unwilling to be left adrift, trimmed their sails to the fresh breeze. The old masters, Hardy, Meredith, Howells, James, refused to surrender; but Hardy speedily stopped writing novels; so did Meredith; and in America there was so strong a reaction against Howells and James that for some years their readers greatly diminished in numbers, and their production in excellence. Mr. Howells, though he kept right on, wrote nothing of high value from 1892 to 1902; Mr. James produced nothing at all from 1890 to 1896—the only hiatus in his long career—and in 1898, perhaps unconsciously under the influence of romance, he wrote one of the best ghost stories in the world, *The Turn of the Screw,* which is the wildest romanticism in a realistic setting. Mr. Howells protested in vain against this sudden domination of romance, calling the whole thing "romantic rot"; but while defiantly skeptical, he was nevertheless temporarily engulfed.

The strength of the Romantic Revival is shown most clearly in the fact that it drew men whose natural tastes, inclinations, and temperaments were realistic, and forced them to produce romances. Stanley Weyman, whose modest preface to the new edition of his works is confessionally charming, admits that he has tried merely to give entertainment to the public; and that if he has brightened lonely hours, he is satisfied. Now Mr. Weyman, by nature, is a realist, and he began his career with a novel that might have been written by Anthony Trollope. It is called *The New Rector,* and it is an excellent bit of pure realism. It made not the slightest impression; suddenly shifting, he produced in rapid succession, *The House of the Wolf, A Gentleman of France, Under the Red Robe,* and found himself one of the most famous men in the world. For about fifteen years he kept up a copious contribution, and when the romantic wave subsided, he retired.

My own experience on a certain Sunday evening in 1894 illustrates in microcosmic manner the world's change of heart from realism to romanticism. I had just finished reading *Marcella,* and I felt as if my mouth were full of ashes. Then I picked up *Under the Red Robe,* and I read it from first page to last not only without rising from my chair, but without a wiggle in it. Such a glorious relief from tiresome party politics and pharisaical reformers in London, to

"Marked Cards!"

the lie hotly given and returned, the tables and chairs overset, the rush for the dark street, the clash of swords, the parry and thrust—we're off!

The physician, Conan Doyle, with his finger on the public pulse, had already got started in the late eighties with *Micah Clarke* and *The White Company;* but these books were not nearly so much read in the eighties as in the nineties, when they were more in the fashion. Anthony Hope, who had been graduated from Balliol with scholarly honours of the first class, and whose real tastes and talents in literature are seen in the *Dolly Dialogues* and *Quisanté,* produced the romantic extravaganza, *The Prisoner of Zenda,* with his tongue in his cheek. This should have been

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turned into a comic opera, but so hot was the public for romantic excitement, that together with *Under the Red Robe,* it had an enormous run on the boards as sheer melodrama. I am glad that Mr. Hawkins wrote *The Prisoner of Zenda,* because it gave to so many people a pleasurable and innocent excitement; but I do not believe he would have written it either fifteen years before or fifteen years after. . . . It was a great mistake to kill the gentleman in *Rupert of Hentzau;* books that are written for entertainment should not suddenly become black.

The romantic germ crossed the ocean, and America was infected. Historical romances became amazingly popular; so long as they were "costume novels," whose characters talked a jargon of obsolete oaths, and had a sentimental love story, with a historical royal personage as *deus ex machina,* it mattered not if their historical foundation betrayed abysmal ignorance, nor if their style were abominably crude. Scores of such books might be mentioned, which sold like wildfire until the next sensation came along; but a peculiarly excellent example of the whole class appeared in *When Knighthood was in Flower,* by the late Charles Major. This work was painfully lacking in distinction, yet over five hundred thousand copies were sold. If Stevenson spoke contemptuously of his own poorest bit of tushery, *The Black Arrow,* what would he have said to this? It is fortunate that a teacher cannot always be judged by the work of his disciples.

Mr. Winston Churchill, now one of the most popular realistic novelists in America, who seems more interested in political, religious and social reform than in the art of the novel, and whose books sell by the hundred thousand, happened to begin his career in the flood-tide of the romantic revival; and being an infallible interpreter of public taste, naturally wrote an exciting historical romance, *Richard Carvel,* with a frontispiece of a duel in appropriate costume; this story, reminiscent in places of *The Virginians,* enjoyed a tremendous vogue. Now if one wishes to know how the temper of the reading public has changed from 1899 to 1915, one has merely to compare *Richard Carvel* with *The Inside of the Cup* or *A Far Country.*

The late Paul Leicester Ford, realist by instinct and training, whose *Honorable Peter Stirling* has not yet been forgotten, (although the hero has been identified both with Grover Cleveland and David B. Hill), wrote a stirring historical romance, *Janice Meredith,* which conquered the public immediately, and like so many of its kind was speedily transferred to the stage and thence to oblivion.

Miss Mary Johnston's *To Have and to Hold,* coming at the end of the century, when the romantic movement reached its climax, had, but did not hold, a tremendous popularity. Being absolutely up to date, it rather quickly passed out of style. Booth Tarkington, a writer of great skill and talent, who had made a contemporary study of manners in *The Gentleman from Indiana,* contributed a charming *jeu d'esprit* to the romantic school in *Monsieur Beaucaire;* compared with Dumas's *Three Guardsmen,* this is a humming-bird to an eagle; yet its brightness has not faded with the passing summer of romance. This comparison, by the way, reminds me that just at the height of this fashion a new version of Dumas's immortal story was put on the American stage by Mr. Sothern, and flourished mightily.

Perhaps the centripetal force of the romantic movement is shown most clearly in America by the sudden catching up of our late beloved Frank Stockton. Humour acts on romance like prussic acid; and Frank Stockton was a professional humourist, whose most characteristic work—may it never die! —is *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.* Mr. Stockton had puzzled the world by his strange tale of *The Lady or the Tiger;* but he puzzled the critics much more when he wrote *The Adventures of Captain Horn,*

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a rattling slam-bang yarn of blood and gold. Many of the critics thought he meant it as a burlesque. Mr. Howells, alarmed by this apparent defection of a notable novelist, insisted that the whole thing was a joke. But it was quite the contrary; it was a case of a thoroughly trained literary expert following the market, seeming to say, "If you really want tales of adventure, why not have good ones?" And *Captain Horn,* which I have read four times, is one of the most ingenious and most thrilling of its kind. It had an enormous success, and unfortunately led its author into the composition of a sequel, which resembled most sequels. This *Captain Horn* story is not only unlike Mr. Stockton's previous work, it represents a mental attitude flatly contrary.

The Romantic Revival lasted about fifteen years after Stevenson's death; and then, like most revivals, men returned to life, as after the rocket, we see the stars. There are certain American novelists, who, having started under the influence of *The Prisoner of Zenda,* do not quite see that this particular cock won't fight any more; such is the genial author of *Beverley of Graustark;* one of his novels had the following *aperitif* in the publisher's statement: "This book goes with a rush, and ends with a smash,"—thus resembling neither life nor art. He is far better in sheer humorous extravaganza, like *Brewster's Millions.* A glaring English anachronism appears in the work of Jeffery Farnol.

More than thirty years have elapsed since the appearance of *Treasure Island:* yet, apart from the work of its author, I can think of not one historical romance among the hundreds that pullulated that seems likely to survive, except the splendid leviathans of Sienkiewicz. While Stevenson was writing his stories, the same mysterious spirit of romance hovered over Poland, and in the 'eighties Henryk Sienkiewicz produced his great trilogy, *With Fire and Sword, The Deluge,* and *Pan Michael.* These, translated by an admirable literary artist, the late Mr. Curtin, appeared in America in the early 'nineties, just at the psychological moment. Then in the year 1896 there was published the romance of Rome, *Quo Vadis,* the American translation coming from the press in Boston three months before the original in Warsaw. That particular year was a first-rate year for this kind of thing, and the world of historical romances had a bumper crop. This *Quo Vadis,* though decidedly inferior to the Polish trilogy, drew such wide and violent acclaim that it might just as well have been unanimous; and *The Last Days of Pompeii* has never seemed the same since. After this, Sienkiewicz's romances regularly appeared in English before Polish, in response to the keen demand. But is it a sign of the times? In 1900, at the climax of the romantic revival, *The Knights of the Cross* had a big sale, and it is indeed a noble work; but in 1906, when the movement was waning, *On the Field of Glory* attracted little attention, and his subsequent works almost none at all; how many readers know of *Whirlpools* (1910) and *In Desert and Wilderness* (1912)? Yet these are assuredly worth reading.

Apart from the works of Stevenson and Sienkiewicz the romantic flood left no definite thing of value when it receded; but just as you can tell where a vanished stream has been by the bright freshness of the grass, so the influence of the romantic revival, in spite of its extremes of fashion, was healthful and refreshing. The novel went from realism to naturalism to experimentalism, and that way madness lies; then came a change in the weather, and the sultriness departed.

The old realism has not returned; but since the year 1906 a fine new spirit has entered into contemporary fiction, the spirit of Reality. The last ten years have been marked by a considerable number of very long biographical novels, which I call for want of a better name, the "life" novel. Without the trappings and conventions of "realism," we

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find in this life school work that is thoroughly sincere. The basal interest in human nature is so great that even its weaknesses and trivialities have been always thought worthy of the serious attention of artists of dignity; and when faithfully reported, with sympathy, as by Thackeray, or with scorn, as by Flaubert,—immediately arouse in intelligent readers that delight of recognition which must ever be the target of the painter of portraits, whatever his implements may be. As Mr. Howells says, "Ah, poor Real Life, which I love, can I make others see the delight I find in thy foolish and insipid face?" He can; he has.

Novelists ought never to make the mistake of thinking that the public is incapable of appreciating their best work. Just as an audience of children can endure anything in the orator except condescension, so in the long run the public gives its highest homage to those literary artists who do not display too much amenity. We don't want too much explanation, too many professionally-ingratiating smiles; to have our curiosity satisfied is pleasant, but there is something we relish even more keenly —to have it aroused. We respect the teachers and the orators and the artists who give us the very best they have, respect them for the solid worth of their offerings and for the compliment to our intelligence.

The new life school assume that every detail in their huge books will be interesting, so long as it can be verified by the experience of the reader. This is the secret of the wonderful charm of William De Morgan, who perhaps more than any other novelist, is responsible for the vogue of the lengthy biographical fictions of to-day. He had lived over sixty years without writing a page of creative work; he had scarcely read any novels except those of Dickens; was in no sense of the word a literary man. If he had not had an attack of influenza, he might not have thought of writing; it was in the idleness of convalescence that he began, and was domestically persuaded to finish *Joseph Vance*. Even then he came near cancelling the first chapter; it seemed too much like Dickens. His novel contained 280,000 words, and as Mr. De Morgan writes an enormous hand, the bulk of his manuscript was appalling. He sent it to a publisher, and immediately received it back, by freight, I suppose. Thinking it might possibly be examined if in smaller proportions, he had it "typed." One morning, as the chief entered the room, he found the girl who was typing *Joseph Vance* shaken with sobs; the story was too much for her feelings. This was sufficient data for Mr. William Heinemann, the most enterprising publisher in London; in the summer of 1906 appeared *Joseph Vance,* which purported to be "an ill-written autobiography," and it took England and America by storm. It narrates in the first person the biography of Joseph Vance from babyhood to old age; its descriptions are a mirror, its conversations an echo, of reality.

One of the most popular of British novelists at this moment is Arnold Bennett. The manner in which he won popularity is even more flattering to the public than to him. He had taken a rather cavalier air as a journalist, and could "see no harm" in writing stuff that he knew was trash, so long as one earned a living by it. He had the serious soul of the artist, and the mocking ironical spirit of the self-conscious literary trickster; some books, he frankly confessed, he wrote as pot-boilers, while in others he enjoyed the luxury of writing to please himself, that is, to please his conscience. Well, what happened? He had published *Anna of the Five Towns, The Grand Babylon Hotel, The Gates of Wrath, Leonora, A Great Man, Sacred and Profane Love, Whom God Hath Joined,*—all superficially clever works of no value, written to make money. But they did not make money. They did not make anything. No one in America apparently had ever heard of him until he

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published (just to please himself) the sincere and tragic history of the lives of two sisters, *The Old Wives' Tale* (1908). The sincerity and fidelity of its art were instantly recognised; and Mr. Bennett found himself a famous man, with an immense public eager to read anything from his pen. What happened? This solid work not only gave him reputation and money, it supported all his previous literary frivolities. What does it mean in his bibliography when we see after all those light hammock-and-steamer books that I have mentioned, the legend "New Edition," with a date invariably subsequent to 1908? What does it mean when we find that some of them were not published at all in America until after 1908?

Not only was his most serious essay in art the book that brought the harvest he had in vain tried to reap, his subsequent works in lighter vein were done with far greater skill. There is simply no comparison in charm and cleverness between *The Grand Babylon Hotel* (1902: new edition, 1914: first printed in America, 1913), and *The Card* (1911), published the same year in America under the title *Denry the Audacious*. Under any title it is one of the most delightful flashes of humour in our time; but what a detestable habit English writers have of changing the name of a book when it appears in the United States! The change is usually a veiled insult to us.

Like most successful English novelists of the twentieth century, Mr. Bennett is a successful playwright. His dramaturgic adventures have greatly interfered with the completion of the trilogy begun in 1910 with *Clayhanger,* and continued in 1911 with *Hilda Lessways,* as may be seen by remembering that *Milestones* appeared in 1912. Thousands of serious readers awaited with considerable eagerness the third book in this chronicle of commonplace and selfish lives, made to appear even more commonplace than any individual life really is. (This effect is attained simply by forgetting the spiritual values present in every person in the world.) The abovesaid serious readers waited until 1915, and I fear they are not certain that *These Twain* was worth the wait. It is marked by genuine artistic sincerity, its best quality; but perhaps success and vivid popularity have dulled the edge of Mr. Bennett's pen, as they certainly have for the moment clipped his wings. This latest history of people who eat and drink and sleep lacks the splendid zeal burning all through *The Old Wives' Tale.* It is a verification of Henry James's comment that in the work of Arnold Bennett we admire the patient and steady industry of the man, laying brick on brick, but it is impossible to guess for what object the structure is raised.

Has Mr. Bennett in this latest work really done his absolute best? His best is good, very good indeed; but he is not a bit too good for his public.

Mr. Wells, who is one of those infrequently born persons—a professional reformer and a professional humorist—has made one important contribution to the life novel, in *Tono-Bungay,* (1909), which may eventually rank as his most important work.

In America, one of the best examples of this school is seen in *A Certain Rich Man,* by William Allen White, of Kansas. The style of this story is somewhat careless; but it is a thoroughly sound book, pregnant with reality; one of the finest American novels of the twentieth century. It has little grace, and no lightness of touch; but it is a faithful picture of the life of an American, and is redeemed from clumsiness by the strength of sincerity.

Just as Naturalism was supplanted by Romanticism, so the absurd excesses of Romanticism were suicidal. It seems astonishing to remember that in 1894-1899 the typical novels were *The Prisoner of Zenda, When Knighthood Was in Flower,* and *Richard Carvel,* and that from 1906-1909 the public were devouring *Joseph Vance, The Old*

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Wives' Tale, Tono-Bungay, and *A Certain Rich Man.*

The new movement bore fruit, not to say a whole orchard, in one novel in France, *Jean Christophe,* by Romain Rolland. This is the detailed biography of one man, beginning with his birth-cry, and ending with the death-rattle. It was published in ten volumes, and has deservedly attracted more serious attention than any other French novel of this century. It has been translated into most European languages, and might well have been called *The Life and Times of Jean Christophe;* for it is a wonderful picture of the intellectual life in Europe before the Great War, and ought to be of permanent value. Its author has the French clearness of vision, with a New England conscience.

The one great defect in the life novel, seen of course most clearly in the immense number of feeble imitations of the books I have mentioned, is the temptation to formlessness. Many of them have no plot, and no sense of construction; they begin with birth, and might go on indefinitely; the author adding incidents until he has had enough, and then deciding to quit. He is either too lazy or too incompetent to provide any artistic structure whatsoever. It is all well enough to write a biographical novel, but it ought to be a novel, not a biography nor a diary. The great horde of novel-writers follow the market so sharply that I am already becoming somewhat weary of stories, where, if you open the first chapter, you are in the nursery; the middle chapter, you are just leaving college; the last chapter, you hear bells—sometimes wedding, sometimes funeral. This kind of thing is getting to be altogether too common; I could name many, but I remember three rather popular novels, which appeared almost at the same moment in 1915, that illustrate, along with some excellent qualities, the chief defects and the wearisome repetition of this rather shiftless method. I refer to *Still Jim, Blue Blood and Red,* and *The Ladder.* The last-named is the best of the three.

The outline of the next installment of Professor Phelps's "Advance of the English Novel" is as follows: George Meredith—his long career—his German education—false starts—spirit and body—his hatred of asceticism—his original force—his bad style—born in the wrong age—naturally adapted to poetic drama—his combination of paganism and optimism—his belief in the individual—the vagueness of his teaching—his hatred of discipline—his chivalry—Rhoda Fleming—normality of Meredith's characters—Clara Middleton—Meredith's impatient dislike of Tennyson—his criticism of himself in Beauchamp's Career—a fantastic genius—fluctuations of his reputation—his superb tribute to America—a footnote on Thomas Hardy.

THE SUSSEX OF RUDYARD KIPLING

BY WILLIAM A. YOUNG

> An' what he thought 'e might require
> 'e went an' took—the same as me!

THUS Mr. Kipling by way of prelude to the *Barrack Room Ballads* in his third volume of verse, and the principle seems to be the one that prompted him to annex Sussex when he finally settled down in rural England. The grandson on his father's side, of a peripatetic Wesleyan minister, the son of one who went into voluntary exile for the sake of his work in India, Mr. Kipling, so to speak, had no sort of heritage in this country, save a romantic birthright in the little Staffordshire lake, from which, if the story is true, he takes his Christian name. The whole of England lay open to him, and "what he thought 'e might

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require 'e went an' took." The men of Sussex at any rate have had no cause to regret his choice and the welcome they gave him.

Mr. Kipling has written of earlier experiences of England; in Devonshire and London. His schooldays at Westward Ho yielded the background for *Stalky & Co.*, and some light on his his life in London "diggings" occur in a few of the stories and in a single poem *Abaft the Funnel*. The London drawn for us "In Partibus" (*Abaft the Funnel*) is fog laden, grey and smutty and the tint occurs in other of the sketches in that book. The picture in "A Conference of the Powers" (*Many Inventions*) where Cheever drops in and discovers Tick Boileau and the rest, and learns what such men see and do "before you have cut your wisdom teeth" is brighter, and one suspects Mr. Kipling was prospering financially when that was written. Then there is that other London house of McPhee and Janet; at home to the author in a room furnished with new "curtains, that must have cost forty-five shillings a pair" and a "hat-rack of oak—thirty shillings at least." The reader who remembers "Bread upon the Waters" (*The Day's Work*) will recall the dinner ending with "a little maize wrapped fig of clotted Madeira cigars [which] went with the wine and the rest was a pale blue smoky silence."

These little bits of London indoors, and particularly the last have all the qualities of an interior of the Dutch and Flemish Schools. Even the impression of colour is created by the masterly use of the four words last quoted. London, however, had no charm for Mr. Kipling, and it was probably without regrets that he migrated to Sussex, residing first at Rottingdean near Brighton, and afterwards at Batemans, his beautiful Jacobean house, just outside the village of Burwash.

The Sussex of the poet is approximately a flattened triangle, its base extending from Dymchurch in the Kent marshes to Selsey Bill at the western end of Sussex. Its apex is at Bayham Abbey not far from Tunbridge Wells. He has sent his characters wide of these boundaries, but most of his South Country stories are confined to Sussex, and chiefly within a rough diamond shape area bounded by.

Bayham Abbey.
Lewes. Pevensey.
Beachy Head.

It is true that in the Puck stories, Parneseus goes as far north as the Great Wall at Hexham, while "Pyecroft, an unforgettable Man" and his associates are encountered in the purlieus of Devonport, and also in Torbay, the scene of the memorable episode in "Their Lawful Occasions" (*Traffics and Discoveries*). Early in that story the author blunders on Pyecroft mysteriously disguised and seeking a cure for toothache. After greetings and explanations he is lured into buying a ham as a victualling precaution before setting out to "see life." There is another brief allusion to a Dorsetshire town—Poole—in "Wireless," while Portsmouth in the neighbouring county figures in yet another Pyecroft yarn, "The Horse Marines." Then in another uncollected story entitled "A Tour of Inspection," we are introduced to Wayshire, full of the colour of the South Country, but otherwise not clearly defined.

What manner of country lies inside the Sussex diamond just indicated? The accompanying illustrations are typical, but not so comprehensive as the writer could wish. To go abroad in any English county on the seaboard with a camera is no light task to undertake in these times. But for a chance coincidence the photographer would certainly have spent a night in a police station, but that, however, is another story. The pictures show, however,

> The Weald, and the Marsh and the Down Countrie;

of which the poet sings in "A Three Part Song" (*Songs from Books*).

Nowadays Mr. Kipling is accepted

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as thorough-going "A Man of Sussex" as Thomas Hardy by birth and long association has come to be regarded the best known "Man of Dorset." He is just a little bit puzzled at times to explain his position in his self-adopted county and in "Simple Simon" (*Rewards and Fairies*) he has put a pretty bit of special pleading into the mouth of the Rye boat builder. Old Cheyneys protests that Drake was a Sussex man. Parson Drake had run to Chatham:

> an' Frankie was brought up in a old hulks of a ship moored in the Medway . . . brought up at sea you might say before he could walk on land—nigh Chatham in Kent, and ain't Kent back door to Sussex? And don't that make Frankie Sussex? O'course it do. Devon Man! Bah! Those West Country boats they're always fishin' in other folks' waters.

One feels after reading the Puck Tales and such stories as "They" (*Traffics and Discoveries*) and "An Habitation Enforced" (*Actions and Reactions*) and the recently published "Friendly Brook," which last is wonderfully redolent of Sussex in the damp days of an English winter, that Bombay is back way to Burwash.

Of Bayham Abbey, the point nearest to London, Kipling has written in "Puck's Song" (*Songs from Books*):

> And mark you where the Ivy clings
> To Bayham's smouldering walls,
> O there we cast the Stout Railings
> That stand around St. Paul's.

The lines are not quite in accordance with the facts. It was not at Bayham Abbey, but at the Gloucester Furnace near Lamberhurst, a mile or two away, that the two thousand five hundred balustrades were cast which, at a cost of more than eleven thousand pounds, at one time constituted the complete railing. The order was executed in the early part of the eighteenth century and about a hundred and sixty years later changes were made in the area known to Londoners as "The Churchyard." Some of the railings were then removed and in 1872 a Mr. John G. Howard who was the first surveyor of Toronto bought some of them and had them re-erected in a park which he presented to that city. Appropriately enough a short length was sent back in 1873 to Lewes, the county town of Sussex, where the Sussex Archæological Society set them up in the approach to the castle.

A little further south lie the villages of Wadhurst and Ticehurst, both centres of the cannon industry. The local rivalries, and the gun-running that went on between the foundries and France are amusingly told in "Hal-o'-the-Draft" (*Puck of Pook's Hill*). Master John Collins's works were known as Nether Forge. His brother Tom's foundry was at Stockens, while within earshot, at Brightling, was the hammer of Sir John Pelham. All these places were within easy distance of Burwash and the cannons for which Cabot was waiting were being hidden in the church there, until such time as it might be convenient to haul them to Rye Port for transport, on Sir Andrew Barton's ship, to France. Barton was a notorious gun runner in Tudor times, while Sir John Pelham, who "diddled" the conspirators, was a descendant of that Pelham who did wonders on the field of Crecy, taking the sword of the French Dauphin and receiving from his own king the buckle which became an honourable quartering on his own arms. The Pelham buckle is repeatedly found on old Sussex fire backs.

Rye is no longer a port of any importance. The sea along that part of the English coast has receded in the course of centuries. In "Pucks Songs" there is also a reference to

> The windy levels spread about the gates of Rye,

which levels are much more extensive than they were in Hal's time, for Rye, with Winchelsea, are now practically inland towns.

The reference to Panama Corner in "The Conversion of St. Wilfrid (*Rewards and Fairies*) is explicit, and the

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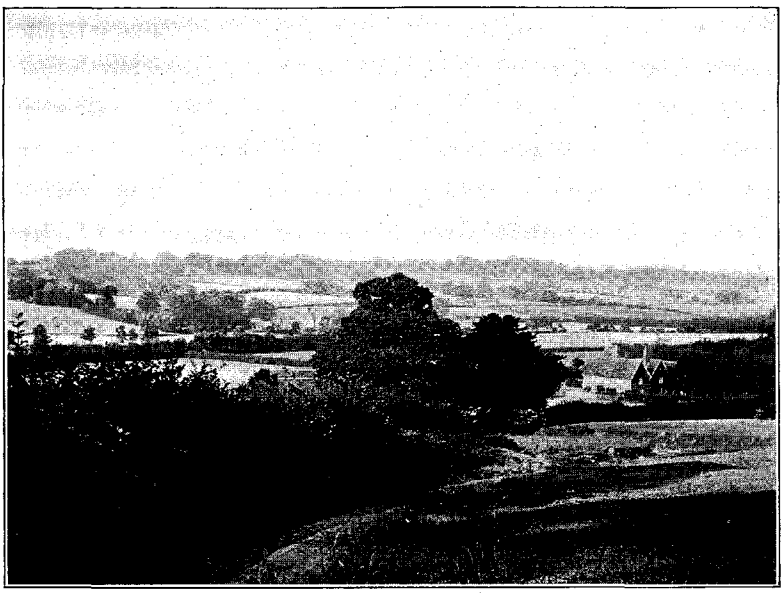
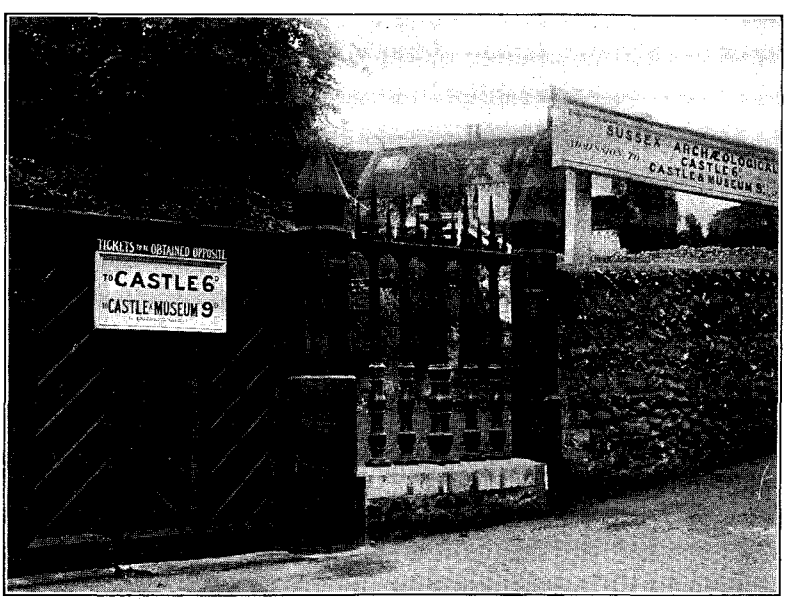


THE PLAYGROUNDS OF PUCK AND DAN AND UNA BATEMANS IS IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE ON THE LEFT OF THE BIG TREE. BURWASH LIES ON THE RIDGE BEYOND. BEHIND THE FARM HOUSE ON THE RIGHT IS AN OAST HOUSE FOR DRYING HOPS SUCH AS IS DESCRIBED IN "DYMCHURCH FLIT," "PUCK OF POOK'S HILL" AND "REWARDS AND FAIRIES"



"THE STOUT RAILWAYS THAT STAND AROUND ST. PAUL'S." "PUCK'S SONG." SHOWING THE SHORT PIECE WHICH WAS RETURNED TO SUSSEX AND RE-ERECTED IN THE APPROACH TO LEWES CASTLE

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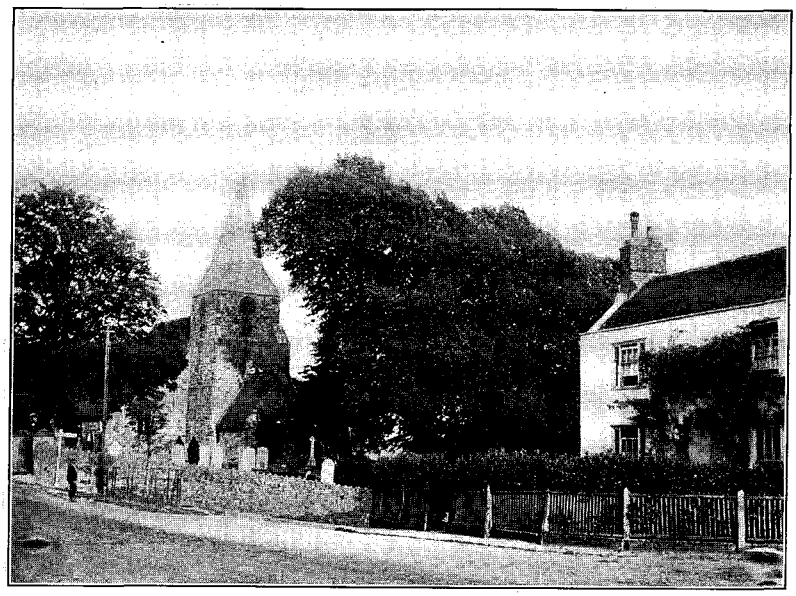
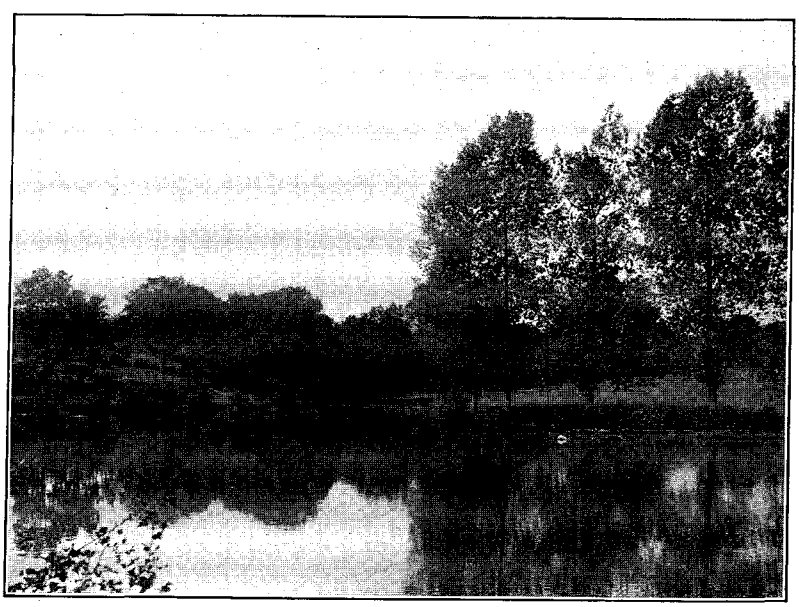


BURWASH CHURCH, IN THE SOUTH AISLE OF WHICH THERE IS "A SLAB OF IRON . . . THE CHILDREN ALWAYS CALLED IT PANAMA CORNER." "THE CONVERSION OF ST. WILFRID"



"TELL IT TO THE LOCKED-UP TREES,
CUCKOO, BRING YOUR SONG HERE!"
—"CUCKOO SONG"

THE HAMMER POND AT HEATHFIELD, OR HEFFLE

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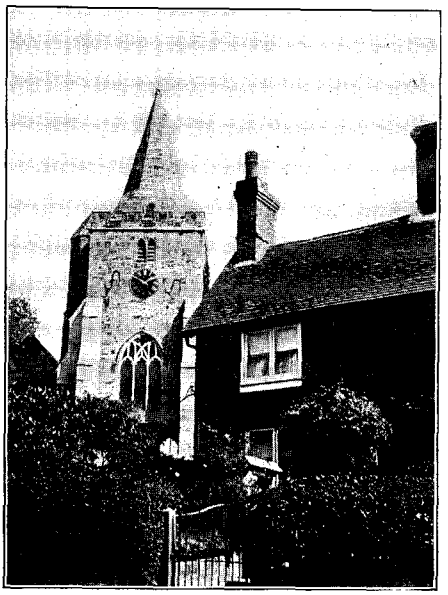
description of the slab of iron which says in queer, long-tailed letters, *Orate p. annema Jhone Coline,* identifies the St. Barnabas of the stories with the village church at Burwash. The memorial tablet is commonly held to be one of the oldest pieces of Sussex iron left in the county. Burwash village is long and straggling, reaching for a mile or thereabouts along the ridge that connects Etchingham, on one railway system with Heathfield on another. The last named is the village of the "Cuckoo Song" (*Songs from Books*). Spring, runs the local legend, begins in Southern England on April 14th, after

> Old woman's let the Cuckoo out
> At Heffle Cuckoo Fair—a!

It is a quaint old world village with an interminable park wall and cottages so closely huddled round the church that a mere tourist's camera does not serve to photograph it.

The tilt hammers used in the forges previously mentioned were operated by water wheels and there is at Heathfield a good example of the many hammer ponds which abound in the county. The old wheels are gone, with the hammers, and the ponds are practically the only



"DAPPLED DALLINGTON THAT SHOWED LIKE A WOODCOCK'S BREAST UP THE VALLEY." "THE TREE OF JUSTICE"

"DOWN THE HILL TO THE CORNER OF THE GREAT WOODS—WOOD'S CORNER YOU CALL IT NOW." "WELAND'S SWORD." A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE TINY HAMLETS THAT ARE TO BE FOUND NEAR CROSS IN THE COUNTY OF SUSSEX

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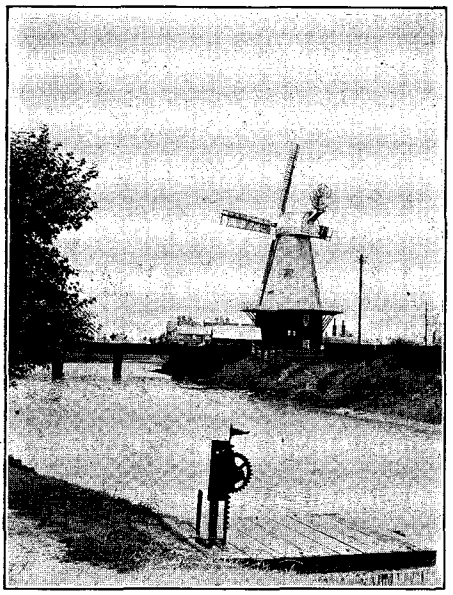
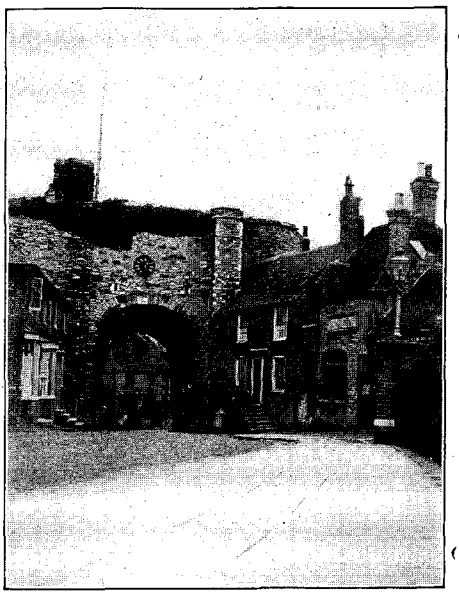
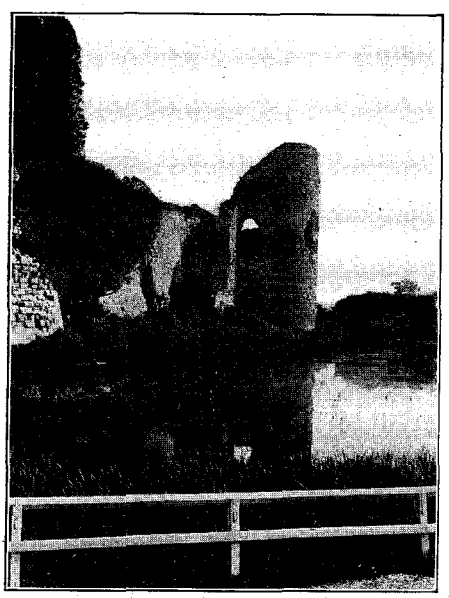


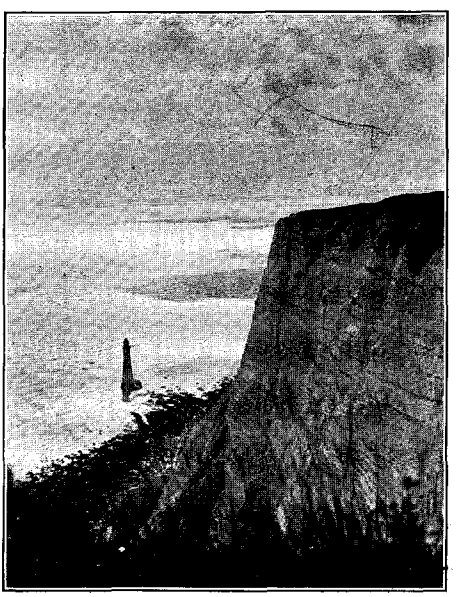
"THE MARSH IS JUST ABOUT RIDDLED WITH DIKS AN' SLUICES AN' TIDEGATES AN' WATER-LETS." "DYMCHURCH FLIT." THE RIVER ROTHER BELOW RYE



"SEE YOU THE WINDY LEVELS SPREAD
ABOUT THE GATES OF RYE."
—"PUCK'S SONG"
THE YPRES GATE IN THE TOWN MENTIONED



"IF FULKE IS GIVEN TO MY PEVENSEY, WHICH IS ENGLAND'S GATE, WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? HE IS NORMAN AT HEART . . . HE WILL OPEN ENGLAND'S GATE TO OUR SLEEPY ROBERT, AND THEN THERE WILL BE ANOTHER LANDING AND ANOTHER SANTLACHE." "OLD MEN AT PEVENSEY"



"HERE LIES ABOVE THE FOLDED CREST
THE CHANNEL'S LEADEN LINE."
—"SUSSEX"
BEACHY HEAD, A SHEER PRECIPICE OF CHALK CLIFF, FIVE HUNDRED AND TWELVE FEET FROM CREST TO BEACH

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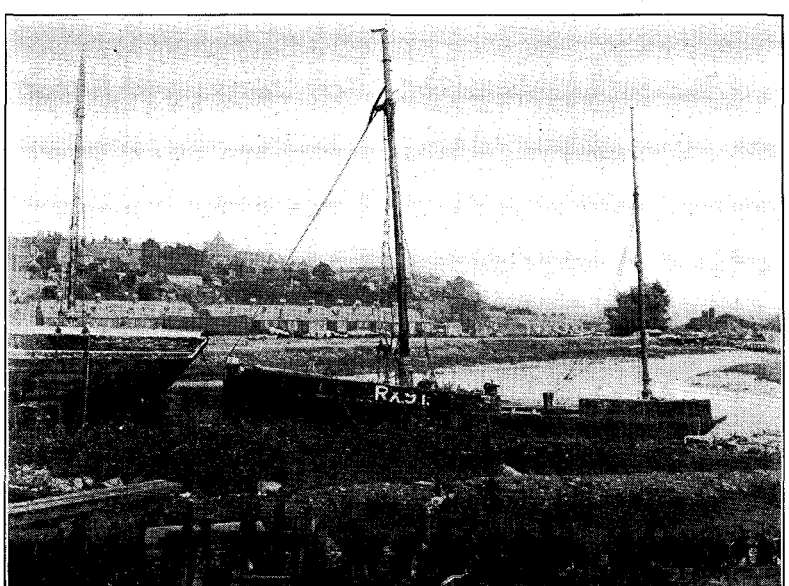
TWO HOLES THROUGH THE WALLS OF PEVENSEY CASTLE, SHOWING A PORTION OF THE GREAT WALL ROUND THE GREAT COURT YARD. "OLD MEN AT PEVENSEY"



"AND EAST TILL DOUBLING ROTHER CRAWLS

. . . . . .

BY DRY AND SEA—FORGOTTEN WALLS,
OUR PORTS OF STRANDED PRIDE.

—"SUSSEX"

THE "PORT" SHOWN IS RYE, THE OTHER TO WHICH REFERENCE IS MADE BEING WINCHELSEA

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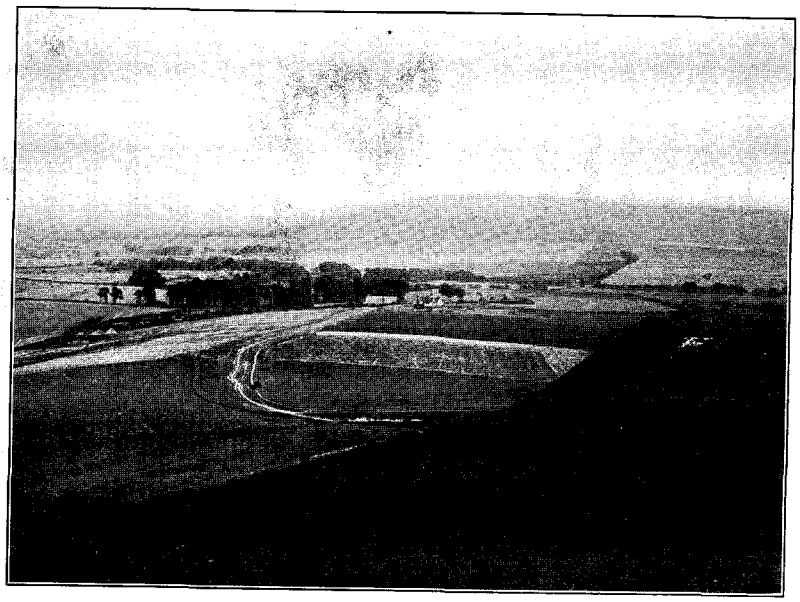
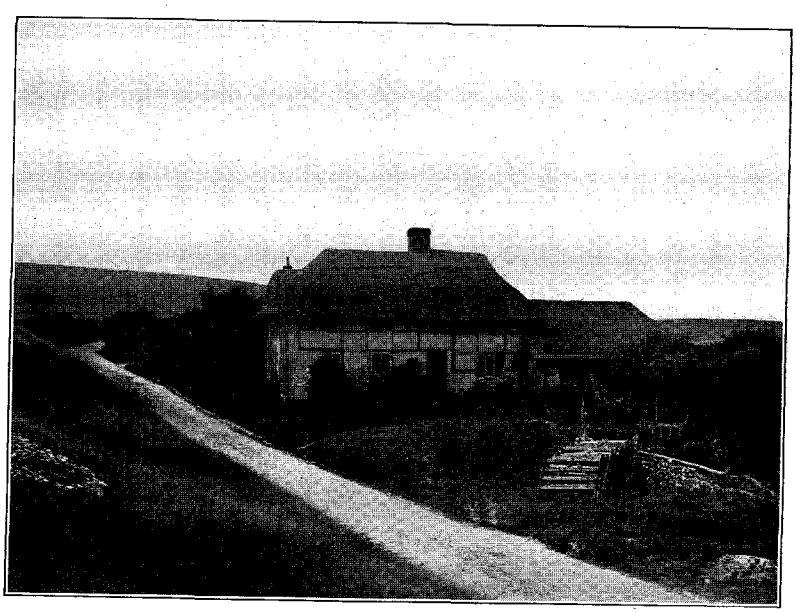


"BEACHY HEAD AND WINDDOOR HILL,
THEY WERE ONCE AND THEY ARE STILL."
—"THE RUN OF THE DOWNS"
THE LATTER SEEN FROM ALFRISTON CORNER ACROSS THE CUCKMERE VALLEY



"SCARRED ONLY WITH LAST NIGHTS WHEELS AND THE CIRCLE OF STILL ORCHARD ABOUT THE HALF TIMBERED HOUSE." "AN HABITATION ENFORCED." THIS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN ON THE ROAD TO FIRLE BEACON, IS TYPICAL OF THE SUSSEX HOMESTEADS OF WHICH MR. KIPLING HAS WRITTEN IN HIS DESCRIPTION OF "ROCKETTS, THE FARM OF ONE CLOKE"

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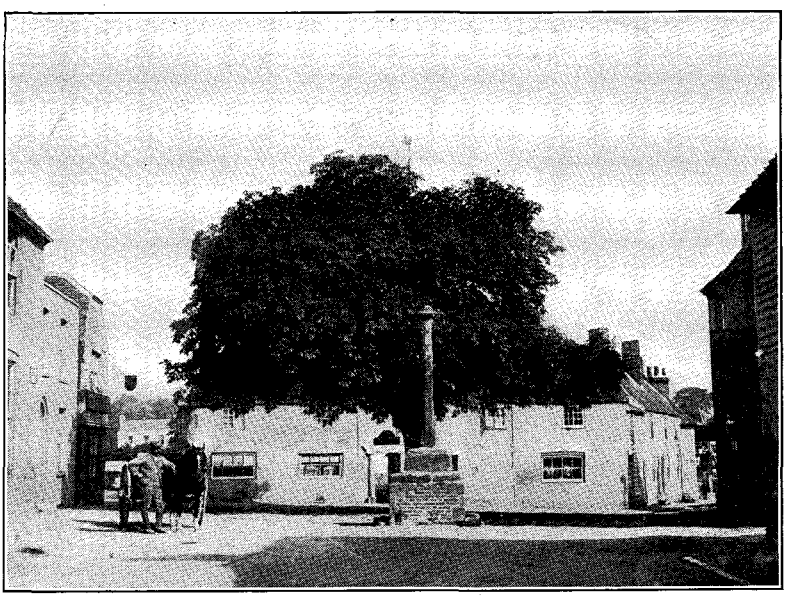

ANOTHER VIEW OF ALFRISTON IN THE CUCKMERE VALLEY AND A LITTLE BELOW THE FOOT OF WINDDOOR HILL

THE "STAR," A FAMOUS INN, BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN BUILT IN OR ABOUT 1500 A.D. IT IS ONE OF THE SHOW PLACES IN ALFRISTON, THE CHIEF VILLAGE IN THE CUCKMERE VALLEY, MENTIONED IN "THE COMPREHENSION OF PRIVATE COPPER"

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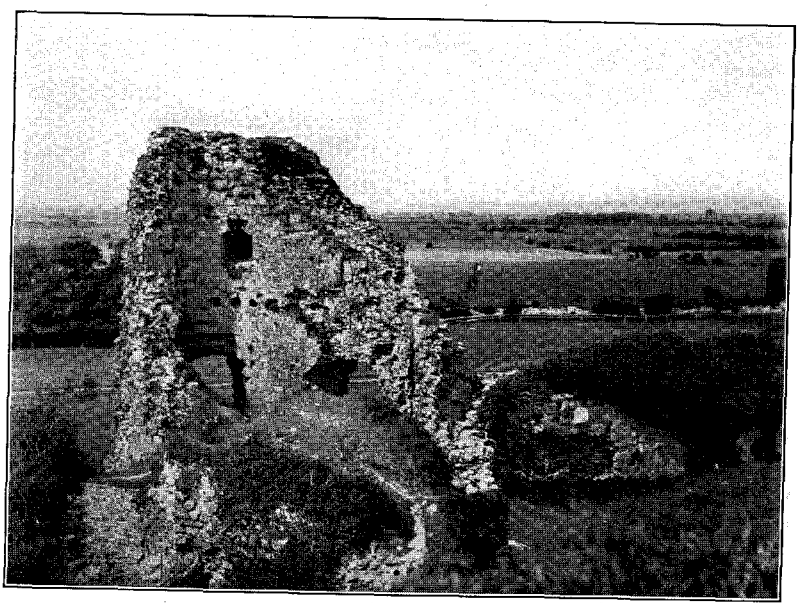
"DOWN THE FIELD WHERE THE YEAR HAS SHOT HER YIELD
AND THE RICKS STAND GREY IN THE SUN."
—"L'ENVOI" IN "BARRACK ROOM BALLADS"
"ONLY THE DEWPOND ON THE HEIGHT
UNFED, THAT NEVER FAILS"
—"SUSSEX"

A BIT OF THE DOWNS NEAR JEVINGTON, "A FLINT VILLAGE ON THE BARE WINDY CHALK." THE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1913 AT THE END OF A LONG, DRY SUMMER



"BELT UPON BELT, THE WOODED, DIM
BLUE GOODNESS OF THE WEALD."
—"SUSSEX"

THE PHOTOGRAPH IS TAKEN FROM A TOWER OF PEVENSEY CASTLE

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remaining evidence of the times when the ironworks of Sussex were the most important of their kind in the world. The man on a walking tour, however, will not follow this Heathfield road more than half a mile out of Burwash. There he will turn into a typical second class English road and in a few minutes he will pass Batesmans on his right-hand. Across this country strode Weland, Sword Smith of the Gods:

> Down the hill to the corner of the Great Woods—Woods Corner, you call it now.

Here, and hereabouts, is some of the most typical Kipling country. One feels satisfied that the farmhouse on the left with its two oasts—houses in which the hops are dried—might be Little Lindens. The writer spent a long afternoon wandering in and out of this road, and while the stories settle nothing definitely, it seemed natural to allocate Munday's Lane to that byway, and to expect Nick Culpeper to put his head over a gate and declare that there indeed was Hitherham's Field. To reach Woods Corner, the traveller passes the Obelisk and the Observatory, well known land marks in this part of Sussex, by a road which runs between Brighting Down and the Beacon of that name.

From Woods Corner one may take a westerly detour in order to include Dallington in the walk. The old manor house has quite recently been restored with a loving care by a distinguished judge whom the writer caught napping under his own fig tree when he visited the village a year or two ago. The house grounds and gardens were in a state of glorious confusion, but the job was evidently on the eve of completion, for at the village post-office opposite the church, a notice was displayed intimating that on Friday evening—date forgotten—Mr. Justice would "be pleased to see the villagers at the Manor House, when he will explain the nature and extent of the restorations." The neighbourliness of the invitation made one regret that one had hesitated to rouse the sleeper under the tree; he would so certainly have explained his scheme to an interested wayfarer. It was at Dallington Manor that Sir Richard Dalynridge was "lawfully seized" by the act of Dr. Aquild after that warrior returned to Pevensey from the field of Santlache—the Battle of Hastings. The twentieth-century man on tour has the choice of several roads from Dallington to Pevensey, through Hurstmonceux and Wartling. Although Hurstmonceux Castle is a thirteenth century foundation, with a splendid history, it has not furnished Mr. Kipling with a theme for a poem or a setting for a story. Pevensey Castle, on the other hand, has had great attractions for him. The ruins are extensive, and comprise the Castle with the moat which is still usually filled with water. Round these is the great walled courtyard, the brickwork of which is itself partly in ruins. There is a footpath through the yard which is really an enclosed pigtitle, or permanent pasture, over which the public has a right of way. Pevensey Castle is the scene of three of the stories in *Puck of Pook's Hill*. It occurs in "Young Men at the Manor," more fully in "Old Men at Pevensey," and again in the story of King John's reign, called the "Treasure and the Law."

Half a mile from Pevensey is Westham, its station, from which it is easy to make the trip to Rye and Winchelsea, and then eastward again is Dymchurch—under the Wall in the adjacent county of Kent. The village is the scene of "Dymchurch Flit" (*Puck of Pook's Hill*) and marks the eastern limit of a Kipling tour. The next stage would be to get back by the East Sussex Line to Polegate from which junction there is a choice of two routes. One can either strike straight into the glorious Downs by way of Wilmington, or take a London train to Eastbourne and then work north by west round Beachy Head. The writer chose the former a few months ago tramping from Polegate to the top of Firle Beacon, from the top of which there is a wonderful view of the Weald, the great open country between the

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South and North Downs. At one time it was densely wooded, its forests yielding the charcoal for the blast furnaces and forges all through the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and even earlier. Mr. Kipling's prehistoric peep of the country is drawn in the "Knife and the Naked Chalk" (*Rewards and Fairies*). The downs are studded with dewponds, shallow saucer-shaped depressions formed in the chalk with clay daub and used to catch the rain and dew. They afford practically continuous watering for the southdown sheep that feed on the grass. From Polegate the first village encountered is Folkington, nowhere mentioned in the stories; then following a lower ledge of the downs, Wilmington is sighted under Windover Hill—rendered Winddoor Hill in "The Run of the Downs," and the tourist passes close to the Long Man of Wilmington. This is the figure of a man outlined in white brick in a grass grown gulley in the chalk. The path westward leads down into the valley of the river Cuckmere, by way of Milton Court and Alfriston, the latter one of the largest villages in South Sussex, and possessing a fine church often referred to as the Cathedral of the Downs. It has, also, an ancient market cross, which is not in such good preservation as the only other example in the county, in Chichester its Cathedral City. Visitors will also notice a famous inn dating from the late fifteenth or early sixteenth century. From this valley, thoroughly typical of Sussex, Private Copper, son of a South Down shepherd, went to Table Bay during the Boer War, there to encounter "the dark skinned, dark haired, dark eyed stranger," whose offensive accent recalled the tone which the young Squire of Wilmington had used fifteen years ago "when he caught and kicked Alf. Copper, a rabbit in each pocket, out of the ditches at Cuckmere."

It was across this valley that Kysh drove the narrator of "Steam Tactics" (*Traffics and Discoveries*). The account of that motor run is marked by changed names of places, but it begins with St. Leonards Forest in the middle of the county and slides away through Lingfield (Lindfield) in a south-easterly direction until Trevington (Jevington) is reached and Eastbourne is sighted and the kidnapped Robert protests "I've an aunt there—she's cook to a J. P.—could identify me."

The biggest ordnance maps do not yield the secret of "Friars Pardon, Suttons, Duttons Shaw, Rheuben's Ghyll and both the Oak Hangers," but several long tramps through the South Down villages in our diamond are going a long way toward convincing the writer that it was somewhere here that George Chapin and Sophie his wife, came "to Rockets—the farm of one Cloke." From Alfriston the tracks begin to rise from something under one hundred feet above sea level to seven hundred and eighteen feet, for Firle Beacon is the third highest point on the South Downs. From its summit, which is a small, but quite well defined, cuplike head, one can see away in the north-west Lewes, the county town of Sussex and southwards three gaps into the sea; the first is Newhaven, which lies at the mouth of the Ouse. The second is the Cuckmere, the only river of the four that are tidal in Sussex—which has not a town at its mouth. Nearer to Beachy Head lies Burling Gap, looking uncommonly attractive at this distance, although it turns out to be an uninteresting termination to a walk through Friston and East Dean.

For the panorama of this part of Sussex the reader should turn to *Songs from Books* and read again the "Run of the Downs."

The Weald is good, the Downs are best—
I'll give you the run of them East to West,
Beachy Head and Winddoor Hill,
They were once and they are still,
Firle, Mount Caburn and Mount Harry,
Go back as far as sums'll carry,

and so on. Mount Caburn lies between Firle Beacon and Lewes and then beyond there is Mount Harry, with all the other points mentioned dotted along

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a line running due west until "you end on the Hampshire Side." There are a dozen ways back to Beachy Head from Firle, but the best is through Littlington in the Cuckmere Valley again. Thence under Snap Hill the pedestrian skirts Friston with its Windmill, which is a landmark for half this countryside, and drops down to East Dean, and across Burling Gap. Then keeping all the while half a mile from the coast, the walk continues for two or more miles over springy turf along sheep tracks, and green cart roads from which at nearly every turn and rise one catches glimpses of "sails at sea."

BAYARD TAYLOR: ADVENTURER

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

FORTUNATE is the locality with which a man of letters has been associated. The soldier, the statesman, the man of science, gives distinction to the place of his birth or residence, but the man of letters gives it atmosphere. Its encircling hills, slow-moving river, or sweep of meadow are seen through a mist of recollections of words read in happy hours long ago, of thoughts that eased the burden of the mystery of the world and gave its hopes a victorious radiance. It is not mere curiosity which sends crowds of pilgrims to Abbotsford, Ayrshire, Ecclefechan, Stratford, Farringford; to the south transept of Westminster Abbey; which renews year after year the laurel on the coffins of the poets side by side in the Grand Ducal vault at Weimar, and lays a fresh rose in the silent and lonely place where the mortal part of Keats was buried. Many, it is true, follow the crowd to the tombs as they follow it to the games; but there are more who are drawn to the homes and the graves by a deep sense of gratitude to those who have not only made it easier to live, but have invested life with the air of greatness.

For most men and women life offers the discipline that gives firmness and poise of character rather than the freedom of action that matches the inward impulse and energy with outward opportunity. The vast majority are anchored near the shore, but they are few to whom the call of the high seas does not come; they are stationary, but they are not deaf. We are all adventurers and romanticists at heart, and we stay at home because the highways of travel and wide experience are closed to us. We do not go to Damascus, Bagdad, Peking, and Tokyo because freedom of time and money are denied us; but we love to hear the tales of the returning travellers. We would gladly share the great and moving experiences which come to the ardent imagination and the passionate heart, and we read with bated breath the epics in which life flows at full tide, and the novels in which men and women are caught up in the great currents and swept to their several fates through "crowded hours of glorious life."

The writer who moves men not only speaks to them but for them. He makes their own lives articulate to them by fitting words to their unspoken thoughts; he opens the closed ways of experience to their imaginations, and gives their souls the freedom of the world. They become, by the aid of his genius, discoverers, explorers, soldiers, sailors, lovers, heroes. In the wide field of action, in the illimitable world of experience, he is their representative.

To Bayard Taylor Kennett Square was what Abbotsford was to Scott—a treasure-house in which ancestral memories were stored, a dream cherished during years of wandering, the realisation of ideal conditions for a poet's work. When Cedarcroft became finally a building made with hands, it laid a

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heavy burden of strong shoulders that bent but never broke under it. Like Scott, Taylor built, not better, but larger than he knew. But what immense happiness his home brought him, and how generous and large-hearted was its hospitality! The story of Cedarcroft was largely the story of his later life; it was never absent from his thought, the love of it sent him on arduous journeys, it pushed him relentlessly into unwelcome work; but the journeys made him hosts of friends, and the work evoked high courage and passionate activity. Measuring the greatness of his ambitions with his creative work, Cedarcroft becomes a symbol of a career which was a long heroic struggle toward goals never quite reached but pursued with unspent ardor to the end.

Bayard Taylor was a daring adventurer in the noble sense of the word. Intellectual curiosity, the love of travel, and the courage which welcomes risks as joyfully as men of another type avoid them—the qualities of the man who goes to the ends of the earth—were his prime characteristics. Add to them immense vitality of mind and body and the versatility which often goes with it, loyalty of nature, and a genius for friendship, and you have the man in large outline. You must go to his letters for the colour of his temperament, his eager longing for recognition, and his generous welcome to the successes of his contemporaries; his self-confidence, born of the consciousness of strength, and his self-distrust, born of the sense of skill not wholly within reach; his ardent pursuit of the flying goal—the man as his friends knew and loved him.

There was never any doubt about his career; that was settled when he was born. He was off and away while he was still a little child. "Almost my first recollection," he writes, "is of a swamp, into which I went bare-legged at morning, and out of which I came, when driven by hunger, with long stockings of black mud, and a mask of the same." And again: "In looking back at my childhood, I can recall the intensest desire to climb upward, so that without shifting the circle of my horizon I could yet extend it and take in a far wider sweep of vision." This eager child, who found the ancestral field too narrow and must see the landscape, came of the most resolute home-keeping stock: Quaker and Pennsylvania German. There was a note of rebellion in his grandfather's marriage with the granddaughter of a Mennonite preacher. It was in spirit, if not in fact, a runaway love match, and for his refusal to disavow this bit of romance the daring youth was expelled from Meeting. Taylor speaks of himself as a child of the Palm and the Pine, and his love of the Orient and evident delight in wearing the fez and the turban betray a strain in his blood alien alike to the unworldly quietness of the Friend and the home-keeping thrift of the German from the Rhenish Palatinate. To the end of his days the home acre and the landscape were dear to him; thirst for travel was never slaked, but at the ends of the earth his heart was always with his people, and he never lost his early joy in the lovely landscape upon which his childhood looked. The pastoral charm of the country that stretches west of Philadelphia for fifty miles or more has no rival this side England. It has many of the qualities of an Old World landscape: a sense of settled peace, an ordered life, a prosperity earned by industry and sustained by character, the ripeness which comes into a landscape when through long generations men have put themselves into nature and nature has taken them into equal partnership.

The hour was propitious to the young adventurer. He used to say that he and the locomotive were born in the same year. In 1825 stage-coaches were still running and canal boats carried passengers; but the day of swift communication had dawned, and railway and steamship were getting ready to make the journeys of Taylor's manhood possible. Now that one can go from Phila-

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delphia to Tokyo in fourteen or fifteen days, the facilities of travel in 1844, when Taylor crossed the Atlantic for the first time, seem almost as limited as the productive capacity of the hand loom; but they brought the ends of the earth within the reach of the stout heart.

Neither in schooling nor in money resources did fortune smile on the future traveller whose first excursion in the world was a journey on foot to the battlefield of Brandywine; instead of outward facility she gave him an indomitable spirit of untiring energy. He never went beyond the local schools; but he was reading German, French, and Spanish in boyhood. At the age of twelve he was already afoot in foreign lands and at home in earlier centuries. He read Ovid and Racine in the original, German was like a mother tongue to him, and Milton, Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, and all the English and American poets within reach became his intimate friends. He once said that he never could see a book written in a foreign language without the most ardent desire to read it. He was an indefatigable reader, and his memory was so vivid and retentive that he could never forget a nonsense verse read in an idle hour. He learned the trails early and had small need of guides. The note of dissatisfaction with his work and of eager expectations of future mastery, which gives his letters a recurring pathos, finds its explanation perhaps in the lack of sustained discipline in his youth.

Lack of money never stood in his way; like an ingenious boy who makes his own toys, though his purse was empty, he always provided himself with sandal and staff for his pilgrimage. Like Goldsmith, who played his way across France with his flute, Taylor's personal charm made editors and publishers ready to take his future work on credit. His apprenticeship on the farm and in the village newspaper paid him moderately in experience and put no money in his pocket; but the passion for adventure was not even halted by this obstacle. He was aglow with enthusiasm, and the call of Italy, Greece, the Alps, Marathon, was like a wand to create money by a kind of magic. Two weeks before the day set for his first sailing he did not have a dollar in hand; when the day came, he had one hundred and forty dollars in his pocket, largely secured by promises to pay in the form of future letters for publication. He took a second-cabin passage, "found" his bedding and provisions, and paid ten dollars for transportation. An expenditure of twenty-four dollars landed him in Liverpool. To the end of his life, though he was often in debt, the lack of money never held him back from the enterprises on which he set his heart; and his high sense of honor, his working power, and his versatility kept him supplied with funds. He made tragical overdrafts on his vitality, but no draft on his honor ever went unpaid.

The two years spent in Europe on this first journey were rich in pleasure, in educational opportunity, in material for letters of travel; but they were not without hardship. He was often at the end of his resources and suffered from hunger and cold. With a knapsack on his back he walked through parts of Scotland and England, from Leipzig to Vienna, across the Alps into Italy, to Florence and Rome, from Marseilles to Paris, becoming intimate with the peoples of the countries through which he passed, learning the languages colloquially, forming habits of observation and note-taking which made him an expert traveller and the forerunner, in this country at least, of a host of professional reporters of the landscape and life of lands then largely unvisited by Americans.

The young adventurer had many advantages, and not the least of them was a very winning personality. He is described at this stage in his life as "a slim, upright youth, with rich dark-brown flowing hair, lustrous dark-brown eyes, and an expression which was half of earnestness, half of melancholy." He had the gift of acquiring languages

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almost without effort; he seemed to absorb them. He had the kindred gift of assimilating people, so to speak; he was instantly at home with all sorts of men. He did not stoop when he entered the lowliest door; he spoke the vernacular of every country in which he stayed. East or West, with scholars or peasants, on land or sea, he was always at ease. He had also, for many years, impregnable health. The physical vicissitudes and discomforts of travel made no impression on his rugged and adaptable constitution. Lowell once said there was but one dinner in the world, and it came from Paris. When this remark was repeated to Charles Dudley Warner, that accomplished traveller declared that if Lowell had been in the Far East he would have discovered that there are two dinners. He might have said that if one gets off the beaten lines of travel there are many dinners. Taylor brought appetite and digestion to them all.

Views Afoot; or, Europe Seen With Knapsack and Staff, the record of Taylor's first trip and the first of ten or more books of travel, was published in 1846 and passed through six editions within twelve months. To most Americans its descriptions of localities, monuments, peoples, and arts now more familiar than many parts of their own country, had the interest of novelty as well as the charm of a vivid temperament in touch, at last, with things of which it had dreamed. Americans were still out of the great world, and Washington's wise advice to keep clear of entangling alliances was to be interpreted literally for another half-century.

But Americans had been reknitting severed ties since the earliest students began to cross the Atlantic in search of larger opportunities and found them in German universities; Longfellow had translated or transmitted the spell of mediæval town or legend, and Irving had revived the fading memories of English by-paths, of ancient haunts of fame, of old-time hospitality in manor-houses, and of traditions as truly the inheritance of Americans as of Englishmen. The influence of a group of German poets and thinkers, interpreted by Coleridge and Carlyle, had been deeply though not widely felt in this country, and English and Continental authors furnished many American publishers with books that sold well and carried no vexatious royalty accounts with them. In many ways Americans were beginning to be citizens of the world, and Taylor's vivid, realistic reports, heightened by his romantic temperament, found a host of readers eager to see through his eyes the world beyond the seas. For two decades he was to guide a large company of Americans through the Far East, the Far North, the Nearer East, Central Africa, and Europe from Greece to England.

The story of Taylor's ardent youth, his hardy and arduous manner of travel, was told wherever *Views Afoot* and his letters to the newspapers were read, and his happy adventures in friendship began almost as soon as his foot touched the dock in New York. "We flocked around him like a swarm of brothers," wrote Fields of his first visit to Boston. "When we told him how charmed we all were with his Travels, he blushed like a girl, and tears filled his sensitive eyes." This eager appreciation of praise and kindness was never dulled by popularity; to the very end recognition and friendship were the wine of life and his cup was brimming to the day of his death.

On this visit he met for the first time the group of writers who incarnated the genius of literature to him. They were one and all men of breeding and generous culture, and they gave him a welcome which warmed his heart and gave wing to his literary ambitions. Longfellow, commenting on the last chapter of *Views Afoot,* saw in the young writer the source and secret of his power: "It shows a strength of will and the central fire of all great deeds and words—that must lead you far in whatever you undertake." It was to lead him far, not only in the world reported by the maps, but in that other world which lies reflected in fiction and

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poetry. To the older men of letters, who had taken the sting out of Sidney Smith's disparaging question, "Who reads an American book?" Taylor now added the younger generation of writers, who were standing in the shadow of great reputations, but were sustained by abounding spirits, a much keener love of pleasure than their predecessors, and a passion for unconventionality partly professional. For Bohemia is not only a land of high spirits, but richly productive of "copy."

The New York to which Taylor came to try his fortunes in 1848 was a pleasant city of manageable size for social purposes. It had a coterie of agreeable people of local magnitude, with a few men of larger dimensions. The old Knickerbocker "town," of which Irving, most kindly of American humorists and genial of American essayists, was the reporter, had become a middle-sized city. Willis of the kindly heart, the debonair manner, and the nimble pen, flitted in and out like a linnet from tree to tree. Miss Lynch, who afterwards became Mrs. Botta, and whom Taylor described as "a perfect jewel of a woman," kept open house to talent of all sorts, and in her pleasant *salon* the young author met the lesser lights of the day like Griswold, Morris, the Sedgwicks, Grace Greenwood, Halleck, Hoffman, Mrs. Osgood —pleasant people now mostly forgotten, but good company and given to music, readings, and much mild gayety. Bryant was the foremost figure among them, and late in the century his Homeric head and lithe figure were to make old age contemporary with youth in the streets of New York.

Then, or later, Taylor became one of a brilliant fellowship of young men setting out to climb Parnassus with the impatient step of youth. Stoddard, who spent his days in a foundry and his nights in a cloud of tobacco, which was the conventional form of incense to the Muse; Stedman, alert, undaunted by work or sorrow, a bright, brave spirit; Aldrich, keeping books on the waterfront, writing *Baby Belle* on the backs of bills of lading and on his way to join the little company of American poets; that brilliant Irishman Fitz James O'Brien, whose gift of improvisation rivaled Taylor's. George Baker often came over from Philadelphia and joined the merry group which played the ancient game of bohemia with the zest of youth and that faith in coming fame which hangs like a rainbow over that country of generous spirits sporting with the realities of life. The clever diversions of the *Echo Club,* which appeared years later, were reminiscent of the contests in impromptu verse-writing which was one of the amusements of "a club of wild young litterateurs in the back room of a New York lager-beer cellar." In selecting this background for these frolics in poetry, Taylor was no doubt recalling Pfaff's, long the resort of noisy but not dangerous merriment. Pfaff was a rotund German, with big head, short, bristling hair, and a large geniality of manner. In the Broadway basement in which he dispensed vast quantities of beer and cheese he was accepted in a humorous spirit as a patron of letters, and doubtless many a penniless scribbler found him a rescuer in time of need. There is a tradition that one evening when Whitman was refreshing himself at Pfaff's he noticed the attention of a rapt young admirer at another table. The old poet crossed the room and said to the bashful youth, "You may speak to me if you wish."

Taylor's acquaintance with Lanier, whose gallant struggle against weakness and poverty was made bearable by music and poetry, came later. For many years Taylor's life was divided between New York, Kennett Square, and travel. New York was the scene of his adventures in friendship, and they form the happiest chapter in the story of his career. The group of his contemporaries who survived him always spoke of him with a tenderness which is evoked only by men who have the gift for friendship. Stoddard said, "There was an enthusiasm about him which was contagious." Their letters to him while he was in the

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stage of apprenticeship were full of affection as well as of confidence in his future. His work hardly explains the impression he made upon them; he had the temperament and radiance of genius. Overflowing with vitality, capable of immense labour, and possessed of a versatility unrivaled among American writers, no task seemed too great for his abilities and no goal beyond the reach of his ambitions. He carried the air of greatness with him and passed from one form of literary creation to another, never quite achieving but always striving and hoping. He had, moreover, that indomitable spirit of youth which draws men as the fabled fountain of youth drew adventurers across the sea when the Western World was still the New World.

At Cedarcroft hospitality was not only warm-hearted but overflowing with gayety and a fun that never lacked inventiveness and poetry. In the sonnet to Stedman, written at Christmas in 1865, he speaks of the idyllic Brandywine flowing on a perfect June day "through meadows flecked with many a flowery hue,"

> To where with wild Arcadian pomp I drew
> Your Bacchic march among the startled kine.

They were picnicking—the Taylors and Stedmans—on a lovely meadow when a herd of cattle bore down upon them, apparently in menacing mood. At the critical moment Stedman flung himself on the back of a short-horned steer, and Taylor, staff in hand, like a sacrificial priest, seized one of its horns and led the astonished animal and his gay rider in triumphal procession as if to an altar hidden among the trees.

"We invited a young poet [Aldrich] to spend Christmas Eve with us," wrote Stoddard, "and showered upon him all sorts of musical instruments: drums, trumpets, fiddles, fifes, penny-whistles, jew's-harps—everything, in short, that indicated his devotion to the Muse."

Literary life was not easy in New York in the third quarter of the last century. The shadow of civil war, advancing or retreating, lay over the country, and the singing birds seemed tragically fragile and homeless against the black storm clouds; but the poets were a gallant company and stood loyally together during the trying years when they turned war correspondents, space writers, and editors of useful compilations. And, above all, they were boys together.

The Lyceum system, which played no small part in the education of the country during the period before the Civil War, was in full vigour when Bayard Taylor's early travels gave him wide reputation. He entered upon a career as a lecturer, and for many years spoke to almost innumerable audiences. It was before the days of personally conducted Presidential campaigns, and Taylor was probably seen by more Americans than any other man of his time. He often disavowed the possession of the gift of oratory, but he had an interesting story to tell and he learned how to tell it attractively. Experience meant education with him; he respected himself and his audiences, and he became an agreeable and effective speaker. The Lyceum contributed largely to his fortunes; it made the building of Cedarcroft possible, and it brought him a host of friends. But the strain of travel under the comparatively primitive conditions of the time, the nervous tension of continuous speaking for months, the fatigue of well-meant hospitalities, and the long-continued interruptions of his writing work, finally compelled him to retire from a field as arduous as it is interesting; but not until he had seriously overdrawn his capital of vitality.

It was inevitable that he should try his hand at fiction; the novel and the play offer enticing fields to the successful writer, and in the early sixties, when *Hannah Thurston* appeared, to a man of Taylor's versatile energy the competition was not serious. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth were the innocuous successors of *Norman Leslie,* which Poe sent to an early grave; *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had

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taken the world by storm and had been read by thousands of people to whom the novel in its customary form was as much a lure of Satan as the theatre; young ladies were blushing, fainting, and weeping in *Queechy* and the *Wide, Wide World* when a man appeared on the horizon in a way which has become incredible in these days of the feminine cigarette and the sex plays when man has become but "a vain thing;" while in *St. Elmo* and *Beulah* language not only reached but passed beyond the "utmost bounds of human thought."

Into this field, since devastated by a vast host of the unemployed, Taylor brought a good training in craftsmanship, wide knowledge of the world, common sense, and an honorable ambition. He was not a born story-teller, but he was a versatile writer of great facility. In the dedication of *Hannah Thurston* to that honourable man and generous publisher, Mr. George P. Putnam, he defined his purpose in writing the novel: "I do not rest the interest of the book on its slender plot, but on the fidelity with which it represents certain types of character and phases of society. That in it which most resembles caricature is oftenest the transcription of actual fact, and there are none of the opinions uttered by the various characters which may not now and then be heard in almost any country community of the Northern and Western States.

Of the four stories written as a recreation from routine work—*Hannah Thurston, John Godfrey's Fortunes, The Story of Kennett,* and *Joseph and His Friend*—the first two were written at great speed and under great pressure. The plots were largely in outline, and the characters had typical rather than individual interest. *Hannah Thurston* gave a good deal of satisfaction to many critics and readers, but it brought a storm of protests from many sincere people who were intent on bringing in the millennium by specific reforms. It was a period of fads and eccentricities, and Taylor made merciless fun of what had been called the "lunatic fringe of reform," the earnest people so possessed by one idea that perspective is lost and common sense vanishes in a cloud of nebulous altruism. Vegetarianism, teetotalism, spiritualism, abolitionism, and the "woman's rights" movement of the time were presented in their crudest forms and with relentless satire. *The Story of Kennett* is still the most intimate and charming report of country life in Pennsylvania, and the pastoral loveliness of the landscape about Kennett is sketched with a skill that was half love. These stories were novels of intention; the pressure of a high-geared intellectual energy rather than the creative impulse was behind them.

Taylor has described his rapture when a Philadelphia newspaper accepted the verses which, with fear and trembling, he pushed under the editorial door. "Poetry," he wrote later, "had great power over me from my childhood. . . . From my twelfth year I wrote continuously—poems, novels, or historical essays, but principally poems. I read Ovid and Racine in the original; Milton, Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth, as well as all the other American and English authors I could lay hands on." To the end of his days, through all his intense and varied activities, his passion for poetry persisted; every other form of literary production was incidental to his ardent desire to be free to give himself wholly to the writing of poetry; all his successes, and they were many, left his ambition unsatisfied. In his arduous toils his path was lighted by the great hope that his name might be written beside those of the masters of song. When he was weary of the exacting demands of journalism and the strain of the Lyceum platform, Cedarcroft was the vision of deliverance from drudgery, the open door into the fairyland of poetry.

That happy release from the pressure of anxiety and toil never came; with his temperament ease of mind and seclusion would probably have generated restlessness rather than productivity; the adventurer often dreams of the harbor, but

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happiness and fortune wait for him on the high seas. Bayard Taylor's poems are the interludes in his prose of travel and journalism. In poetry, as in prose, he was the unwearied adventurer. There were few verse forms which he did not try and few in which he did not achieve a contemporary success. Pastorals, ballads, lyrics, lyrical dramas, translations, showed his extraordinary facility, his command of versification, his inventive imagination; while the range of the subjects of his longer poems reveals his aspiration, his unresting endeavor to match his strength with the greatest and most exacting themes. In "Home Ballads" the tones are low, the air is sweet with the beauty of things near and dear; "Poems of the Orient" are sensuous in ardor of feeling and rich in color; in "The Masque of the Gods" and "Prince Deukalion," probably under the influence of Goethe, he deals with the highest ideals and conceptions expressed in religion and history, and strives to interpret in elusive symbolism the struggle of the human mind to achieve an idea of the Infinite definite enough for faith and large enough to include all creeds; "The Prophet" is a study of religious ecstasy; "The Picture of St. John," a nobly conceived study of the unfolding of the artist's genius through contact with life; and "The Poet's Journal," of the inner experience of a singer.

The world cares most for the lyrics and will remember them longest. It is safe to predict that the "Bedouin Song," the verses beginning "Daughter of Egypt, veil thine eyes," and half a dozen other songs full of music and fire, will survive in the anthologies of the future.

In the translation of *Faust* Taylor was at his best. His intimacy with the German mind, his early colloquial knowledge of the language, and his easy command of the technique of poetry marked him as a translator of genius; for translation is not transference of thought from one language to another but re-creation of a literary work in another language with such fidelity of insight as well as of phrase that it produces the same effect in one language as in the other. The rendering of *Faust* into English is not perfect, but it is masterly, especially in the lyrical passages, which would have challenged the aerial ease and daring of Shelley. Taylor said that it was impossible for him to translate his own Proem to *Faust* because it was conceived in German; he might have added that the translation was conceived in English.

In a man anchored in the soil as Bayard Taylor was, but driven over the world by a spirit of adventure which set him free from that local ignorance which is the mother of race prejudice, there was the making of a diplomatist, and when, at the end of his life, he was sent to represent his country at Berlin he was not without experience in diplomacy. As *chargé-d'affaires* in St. Petersburg he had acquitted himself so well that under any system less chaotic than our own he would have been promoted to the rank of Minister. His reward came in April, 1878, when his name was sent to the Senate by President Hayes as Minister to Germany. The finest reward, however, came not from his Government, but from his people. The popular approval of the appointment was instantaneous and universal. The man and the place had come together by elective affinity. His friends crowded around him and nearly suffocated him with enthusiastic kindness. Chester County, at a famous dinner, told him how proud it was of his genius and his success; while to a member of the Century Association no recognition could have gone to his heart more unerringly than the breakfast at which sixty Centurians sat around him, with William Cullen Bryant at the head of the table.

America had hardly said good-by to him before Germany greeted him with "All hail;" but his stay in the country which was like a second fatherland to him was tragically short; on the 19th of December he died.

It was significant that the *Life of Goethe,* on which he had worked with

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such ardor, and which had led him to Germany as to a goal, was left unfinished. To the adventurer there is no final goal, no rounded symmetry of career; life is one long exploration, work a prophecy as well as a preparation, and success a tireless pursuit, not a finished achievement.

In Bayard Taylor the spirit of the New World found a noble prototype; he believed that all things are possible to him who unweariedly seeks and strives; and when he passed out of life the look of expectation was still on his face. When we study his work, we see him behind it, ardent, aspiring, tirelessly pressing forward, and we do not care to ask whether the sense of immortality that comes to us issues from the poem or the poet.

WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME

BY IDA M. TARBELL

IT MEANS so many things! To analyse and classify these meanings takes me back to the time when a young and over-serious girl I began first to wrestle with the inequalities of the world as I saw them. There was the over-abundance of some, the actual need of others. There was the unceasing struggle of the many. The wicked, or at least him that *I* called the wicked, certainly spread himself in our parts like a green bay tree; and so many of those I called "good" were getting so little of what they wanted and as it seemed to me deserved. A remedy came to be a necessity to my happiness. I wanted it stopped *here*—not in another life. The future squaring up which was taught in the church I attended shocked my common sense. I didn't want the wicked punished; I wanted him to be good and go to Heaven! And I had many grave doubts lest the security the "good" seemed to feel in their own future bliss and the satisfaction they seemed to get out of the eternal damnation of the frivolous prosperous might not work out as they expected when the eagle eye of St. Peter looked into their hearts.

I strove doggedly for a cure and what I hit on was an eight-hour day of profitable work for all men, women and children in the world! I had a Puritan's faith in the corrective value of labour and a social reformer's (model of 1916) revolt against over-labour for anybody. Idleness was evil, but over-work was quite as evil. I proposed to stop both and so turn a world of entirely illogical wretchedness into one of universal content. It was and is quite as good a scheme of redemption as many a more flourishing one and equally unattractive to the mass of men.

In one particular my attitude of mind toward my reform was unusual. I was willing to apply it to my own life and at once; that is, I did not believe that I should wait until all the world was willing to adopt my scheme before myself conforming to it. This, I take it, was due to the hold that practical evolution had on the minds of serious youngsters in those days. We applied it to everything. We began with ourselves and looked on the future with as much patience as Darwin. Nobody in my circle, at least, thought of regeneration *en bloc* by the application of social and industrial machinery.

The individual responsibility to pay my way, do my stint in order that some one else may not over-do has remained the first meaning in my day's work. Unless I can justify an idle day it pesters me. I have visions of men and women putting in over-time to make up for my relaxation. It is, of course, a hang-over from the morbid and narrow conception of my theory which I held at the start. In spite of these harrassing visions, I have learned to make a very large place

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in my day's work for leisure—pure loafing if you will. There is no healthy day's work without a large quota of it. Seneca says somewhere that he never was so well-employed as when doing nothing—at least, that is the substance of his theory and I have come to believe and understand him. Much leisure is essential to all kinds of workers if they are to keep their zest, their skill and their desire and capacity for growth. Those who study carefully their own productiveness and the temper and *tempo* of their daily work learn, if they can command their time, to make liberal provisions for freedom from regular tasks.

In the re-organisation of industry going on under the direction of the modern and intelligent employer, the Saturday half holiday, no over-time unless in serious emergencies, a good hour at noon with warm lunch and exercise, the shorter day, the yearly vacation, are coming to be looked upon as essentials of efficiency and stability. So the earliest meaning which I read into my day's work and the one which still has possibly the strongest hold on my mind has become instead of a slave-driver, a rather agreeable and possibly a slightly self-complacent director.

This scheme of making over the world took hold of me about the time that feminism as we knew it in my youth (we still called it woman's rights) began to sputter and boil-over in my head. If this had not been so I certainly should have done and probably still be doing my eight hours in the family and town groups where I belonged, and there was certainly enough to do if I had had the imagination to see it—which is doubtful.

We were fine, bold radicals in my girlhood. Some of us cut off our hair and all of us agitated for dress reform—real dress reform which meant trousers or at least Turkish leglettes. We were no braver in carrying out these slashing changes than Susan B. Anthony had been. That is, if we tried them we generally ended as Susan B. did, in tears and abandonment. Of course we believed in suffrage and we used Condorcet's arguments set forth in 1790 or thereabouts with quite as much skill, allowance being made for changes in conditions, as we do to-day.

Most of us prayed to escape marriage—and some of us succeeded—not many! We wanted to be "free," but to be free we must "earn our living," be "economically independent" in the phrase of to-day. This view of life gave an effective spur to my eight-hour notion. It added a personal meaning to my day's work at a period when it was unnecessary for me to earn my bread and when it rather hurt my father that I should want to do so. It kept me braced to the effort until necessity came along and settled the matter in her final way. It was lucky for me that she did for I had early made the discovery that freedom does not necessarily go with earning one's own money; that often all it meant was that you had changed one kind of chain for another and the new one might be of a very cheap quality of brass or tremendously heavy iron while the one you gave up was of gold—probably not eighteen carat but perhaps twelve, possibly even fourteen. It was a disconcerting discovery. How was one to work and have real freedom—freedom of heart and freedom of mind? Work continually demanded that I make politic adjustments in my personal relations. It occasionally demanded that I seem to agree to that which revolted me, that I lent my labour to farthering that in which I did not believe.

Freedom then was something more than a weekly pay-envelope. The discovery quickened my desire for it; I have always wanted the moon and often be willing to climb as well as cry for it! To find in what freedom lay and where I could achieve it was for a time the whole meaning I saw in a day's work. Was it ever to be found in groups? That was my leading question. Certainly it is rare that it is. I have known in my life two groups in which the intellectual and spiritual freedom of the

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members were held to be the most precious possession of the whole, in which no one who was not free could be at home. One was French. The centre of that group after years spent in a noble endeavour among intellectuals of the French academic world to soften the hatred of Prussia left behind by the war of 1870 is now busy in an equally noble effort to interpret the present French point of view to the world. The other was American—the group that made and held at fairly high tide for a few years one of the earliest and best of the cheap magazines. That group went to pieces largely because of the unwillingness of the members one and all to surrender their intellectual judgment.

The difficulty of working together for a common cause is enormous. It means surrender, compromise. If you respect your fellows and have a greater love for free minds than for individual opinions; if you have full opportunity to thresh out the mooted question and are willing to abide by a majority-judgment—one who is reasonably humble in his opinion of himself can stay with a group and feel no loss of freedom. It is when you work in a group where there is no intellectual contacts, where from outside there intrudes every now and then an alien but all-powerful influence—something quite foreign to you and something which in its often agreeable, apologetic expression you know always will be foreign to you, as you will be to it—it is then that you must run for your freedom. Run because if you stay you consent to yield. Run because that influence is as genuinely convinced of its own rightness as you are of your own. And who are you that you should feel yourself the only one right in the world. All you can possibly know is what is freedom for you. It does not follow it is freedom for those who disturb you. It is not, else they would let you alone.

I rather think this effort to keep yourself free from entangling alliances is one of the most exhilarating meanings a day's work can have. It is one of the most liberalising, too, if you are not taking yourself and your opinion too seriously and if you are really willing to admit the other fellow has a right to his point of view, impossible as it may seem to you. Of course, the difficulty with most of us who insist on keeping a sense of freedom, even to the sacrifice of material good, is that we become insufferably vain of our position. We go about confiding to others how noble we have been in paying what is, after all, simply the world's price for what we want or think we want. That attitude toward a revolt for freedom's sake has or may have serious comebacks. It easily becomes an obsession and like the Ancient Mariner we spend our days collaring cheerful wedding guests and trying by our tale to turn them into wiser and sadder men. It is to lose the meaning of the adventure. We leave the place that hampers us not to exploit the fact of leaving, but to find one where we feel free to go on with the work in which we are interested. That is usually a sufficient task for some time.

It is too bad to spoil a piece of good sportsmanship by thinking so much about it that one loses both the desire and the ability to follow it by a second.

The meaning I have had the most difficulty in infusing into my day's work is naturalness. It has taken nearly a lifetime to break the habit of arguing with myself over it—of trying consciously and seriously to square it up with my notions of the eight-hour shift, of feminism and of intellectual integrity. I reduced it to a nightmare at one time by my abnormal wrangling over its meaning with the result that it became finally merely a soporific—the only effective opiate I knew to drown the poignant sense of the incompleteness of life. I fancy work for a great many people serves merely that purpose. Without it they could not endure life. I probably could not endure it myself, though I cannot conceive of any situation in which I might be put, however limited or painful, in which if my mind was still normal I would not imme-

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diately find work—not as an opiate, but as an indispensable factor in a day. Work rightly conceived is as necessary part of a day as sleep, food and recreation. It is the great stabiliser. I have known more than one gifted man and woman who went to pieces intellectually because they refused to work regularly to a fixed purpose. They needed that to discipline and train their talents. Without that their day was a series of unrelated impulses, their "great idea," their "bursts of genius" were scattered in the air, never seized and realised. The mind is curiously jealous. If you do not do something with the ideas it produces, the vision it vouchsafes, it ceases finally to honor you. You must recognise its efforts if you keep your mind willing. And you must learn to *like* work, to want it in the morning as you want your breakfast and to take it as you do your breakfast, because it satisfies a natural appetite. This sense of the naturalness of the day's work helps to moderation, that is, it puts work in its place as something which is administering to you instead as happens to so many of us, something which we serve. The eagerness with which we strive to get things in this fresh young land of ours often takes all the naturalness out of the day's work. It is our means to an end and we let it drive us until the end itself is unsatisfying. "Get work—it is better than what you work to get" was Robert Browning's philosophy—but that moderation alone teaches.

The French are model workers—both intellectual and manual. Men and women take it as a matter of course. They all, even the driver of the fiacre and the operative in the mill, manage to infuse a certain pride of trade into the thing they do. However hard their tasks they rarely allow them to interfere with their modest pleasures. They knew how to get joy from so little. They somehow attain a balanced day. And I take it that this is the secret of a cheerful, profitable day's work as it is of nourishing food. It must keep its place in the scheme of the day, not over-balancing other just as important elements.

Moderation, then, is a meaning in my day's work, but it is, I am obliged to confess, an acquired meaning.

No doubt a certainty that what we do is worth while is the highest meaning we can put into a day's work. We can be fairly sure that work which debases, confuses, deceives, taxes unjustly has no such meaning. If it be a material product it must be something which is as it is represented—a thing which is honestly put together, which will do what the maker pretends. If a work of the intellect it must add a little to the understanding of the thing it touches, must give some new sense of the possibilities of the thing, quicken contempt for vulgarities or appreciation of its beauties. Sometimes one may be fairly sure he has put that meaning into his work—more often I fancy one is doubtful. Things fall far short of our hopes. By the time they are laid before us in a completed form they are mainly a regret. I never have put out a book yet which I would not gladly have re-written or suppressed. In fact, the only product of my day's work of which I have ever felt absolutelyy sure was the flowers and vegetables I raised. They are worth while even if they are never fit to go to the fair. That I know. The world must have these things. It would be quite as well off without most of that which is published at present, though no doubt the flood of futilities, imitations and vulgarities in which we are caught will gradually subside and normal healthy streams succeed. What we are doing now seems to be testing the capacity of the people for what has no beauty, no truth, no sense, but is plain ugliness, lying, absurdity. It is difficult in this confusion to keep a serene way and to refuse to lose out of your day's work the hope at least of this highest meaning — something worth while.

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THE NEW WORLD AND THE COLLEGE WOMAN

CONTRIBUTIONS BY WOMEN COLLEGE GRADUATES WHO HAVE ADVENTURED IN THE MODERN WORK-A-DAY WORLD AND FOUND THEIR PLACES THERE

EDITED BY HELEN J. FERRIS

An ever increasing number of college women find themselves at Commencement equipped with an elaborate education and an abundant vitality together with a sense of social duty. The problem of an outlet for their activities is becoming of vital importance to educators and the world at large. Here is a large group of the best blood and brains of the land—what opportunities does our liberal age place before it? The aim of this series of papers is to answer this question practically by women who have actually and successfully solved it. The papers are edited by Miss Helen J. Ferris, a graduate of Vassar, now connected with the welfare work of John Wanamaker's New York store. Begun in the February issue.

IV—AN EDITORIAL EXPERIENCE

By Gabrielle Elliot

WITH two editorially experienced parents, I had no illusions about the ease of entering the literary field. I knew that even the expression of "breaking in" was misleading. Who would apply that phrase to the process of firmly wedging one's self into a subway express at the rush hour, on the principle that where one has gotten out, two can always get in? Or, to change the figure, the novice feels much like a timid *Alice*, sitting down to a mad tea-party while the Hatter and the March Hare indignantly scream, "No room! No room!" Yes, this is a more encouraging simile, for an Alice with the strength of her convictions replies firmly, "There's plenty of room," and when the outraged diners subside sulkily, knows they will soon be chatting with her as amicably as though her acquisition of a place were all due to their cordial welcome.

Two weeks after I left college with only the vaguest idea of how to go about getting started, I found myself ensconced at a small desk in the publishing house where my father had been the head of a department. So when I am asked how I got my first "job," I unblushingly answer, "pull." Not that I reached there without a searching examination as to my qualifications, but because of my father's previous connection with the firm, I was singled from the many applicants. It was not exactly magazine work, for the house published books, too, and my attention was to be riveted almost exclusively upon book reviews. I read magazines and newspapers by the hundred, — splendid preparation for knowing "the market."

There must be some of the from-office-boy-to-president fire or there wouldn't be so much advice-to-beginners smoke. But from my rather limited experience I have reluctantly concluded that such big houses are slow in applying the principle. "Look within" is not their motto when vacant positions are to be filled. Men who very courteously talked to me, because I was my father's daughter, and laid great stress on the "work up" principle, were likely, when there were small vacancies to which I might reasonably have expected to move

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on, to look afield for their material. A rather rigid organisation seemed to classify people doing one line of work as in that department for good, and the magazine work I had hoped to graduate to was as remote as if I had been in some other building altogether.

But again fortune favoured me, for the director of a philanthropic movement, which had bought a magazine, heard of me in the most roundabout way. (N. B. for aspirants,—make and keep all the friends you can and without "working them" see that they know what you are doing and what you want to do.) Several brief interviews followed. They were swamped with work, too poor to engage a really experienced editorial force, and with a speed that took away my breath I found myself installed as "assistant to the editor" (there being as yet no editor), facing a chaotic pile of manuscripts, correspondence, and proofs, make-up in a tangle, and printers inefficient,—a situation that would have daunted anyone with experience enough to realise its true awfulness. Steering by the Alger books, I should have gone into that masculinely achieved chaos and in spite of—or because of—my youth and inexperience, straightened it out by sheer intuitive genius. No such phenomenon occurred. I floundered with the rest and welcomed with a gasp of relief the expert editor who finally took things in hand.

Then followed two years of diverse and sometimes amazing events. I mastered the vocation of office boy, learned to run any make of typewriter with more speed than precision, made stabs at editing, proof reading, authoring, interviewing, and make-up. Under a newspaper man of seasoned ability, part of the publicity work fell to my lot, and articles, news-items, "science"—save the mark!—fiction, letters of appeal, correspondence with men, women, and children, mixed gaily in my crowded day. I even, in a moment of high tension, due to an unexpected gap on a page, wrote a poem! Better training a "cub" could not have had. But I did feel it was training, until the jolt that made me feel "arrived" came with my first Editorial Adventure.

He didn't know he was an adventure, poor man. When the office boy brought me his card, I was filled with horror. A few days before, having to return the yellowed manuscript of a book, written with the stilted vocabulary and the plot-structure of a decade ago, I had taken the time to write a long letter which applied all my college-learned principles of writing, pointing out weaknesses and places where it could be easily brought up-to-date. As usual, I signed the letter without writing out in full my first name. I had become accustomed to a mannish signature and thought nothing about it. Now my victim had come to fling my "constructive criticism" in my face! Praying for a way of escape, I went out—to meet the frayed novelist of caricature. Seedy clothes, uncut hair, fringed collar, flowing tie, large, old-fashioned black hat twirling in his fingers,—I hadn't known any of them really looked like that! As he saw me, his face fell, but he gave me a bobbing, apologetic bow.

"Mr. Elliot is out? I was afraid he might be."

I grasped the straw and smiled acquiescence.

"You are his secretary, I presume?" Again silence assented, while I strove for the bearing of the underling of the great man. "He wrote me a letter about a manuscript, you may remember?"

"Yes, indeed I do." Relief at being able to tell the truth made me fervid.

"A letter of such helpful suggestions,—it was most kind of him to take his time for it. I wanted to thank him in person, but I brought a little note—I know it's hard to catch busy editors."

As he held out the envelope, he smiled wistfully, and I saw a vista of "outs" in the days behind him.

"Will you see that he gets it and assure him that I am very grateful?"

"Indeed I will!" I answered as I took the letter, "I know he will appreciate it very much!"

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As he went out, I watched him bow nervously to the office boy who opened the door for him. It had been a glimpse of the other side of the shield; a "salutamus" from the passing generation to the new. Could I have told him that this just-out-of-college snip of a girl had tried out on him the wisdom that he held so high? I suddenly felt myself invested with a new responsibility,—I could not meet all the authors to whom I reluctantly sent back those fat envelopes, but I wanted them to think as kindly of me as he did. I was glad that innate cowardice had always led me to soften the blow as much as possible!

On the strength of those years of licking into shape, I might almost write a pamphlet entitled "Advice to Authors," or "How it Feels to Reject 'Em," with diagrams like the fever chart of a typhoid patient to indicate the ebb and flow of other influences upon the editorial viewpoint that honestly tries to be impartial and consistent from day to day. Meantime, my attention is now concentrated upon being assistant to an editor—very different from assistant editor!—on a woman's magazine with its interlacing departments, half million circulation, and endless detail. There's time to write a little and the very atmosphere is developing, so between whiles I sometimes go an-authoring for myself. "Page work" has taught me that any given number of words may be written on any given subject, and that while the printer's boy waits. Being a little fish in a populous, stirring, wide-spreading puddle is to my mind far better than being a moderate size one in a decidedly circumscribed puddle.

And—shall I end, after all, with what I know to be at once the desire and the bogey of the aspirant—Advice? Suppose I revert to type and do—

First, there's always a job. Second, find it. Third, by this method will you ultimately reach the place where the job comes after you.

When in the early spring, I suddenly decided I was in a rut and must speedily get out, friends dinned into my ears, "Times were never so hard, and anyhow, it's the worst time of the year to change." Within six weeks—staying in my old position till ready to start the new—I had found a better opening, and in the meantime had decided against two

MISS GABRIELLE ELLIOT

other chances which offered some advantages but did not seem quite "my niche." And this time, to quote the old Southern mammy, it was purely "by the might of my own manœuvres" that I found and secured the new work. So after all, it's not so hard first to get a foothold, and then, with good-natured firmness, to go calmly ahead proving Alice's contention, "Why, there's *plenty* of room!"

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ITALIAN GIRLS IN CLASSROOM

V—Conserving the Immigrant Girl

By Edith L. Jardine, General Secretary, International Institute for Immigrant Girls of the Y. W. C. A.

Immigrant people are now so firmly fixed in my thoughts and affections that I find it difficult to believe that there was a time when the word "immigrant" had no significance for me and that once I knew and thought as little about our immigrant neighbors as the majority of my friends. People of other lands—picturesque and remote—were familiar to me through literature and art, but foreign folk—as neighbours and friends were entirely out of my ken.

I know now that my real education began—that is, in knowledge and understanding of people—when I went to London to study and to do a certain amount of social work. There, in one of London's poorest districts, I came in contact with "the people" for the first time. There, also, I first became acquainted with disease, intemperance and immorality and all the manifestations of these social ills with which the people continually have to do battle. Against all the ugliness and sordidness of poverty which was revealed to me at this time, there stood out in high relief the beautiful simplicity, the kindness, the friendliness and the generosity of the poor. After two and a half years in England I returned to "mine own country." My experiences in London made me hesitate on the brink of social work, but I was soon drawn in again.

The tremendous social problems of a big city which one is always confronting and never expecting to have solved in one's lifetime, I found very depressing. It seemed hopeless to try to do much for people who were in the grip of social conditions which, I then thought, it was impossible to change. Just when I felt that I could stand it no longer a friend advised me to enter the New York School of Philanthropy, believing as she said, that I was "unable to see the woods for the trees" and that I should get a new point of view and be able to see the work which I was doing in relation to the rest of the world's work. One of the lecturers in the school who came to speak to us about his own people—a race who have been driven upon our shores in enormous tidal waves—thoroughly awakened me for the first time to the needs of our immigrant people and of our tremendous responsibility toward them.

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At this time I read Dr. Edward Steiner's sympathetic and illuminating interpretations of the lives of immigrant people. These books I read in conjunction with purely scientific studies of racial groups and causes of immigration. One must let Dr. Steiner or Mary Antin or Gorky or other writers of human documents take one into individual homes and show one how individual people have actually suffered from the causes which have driven them to leave their homes to which they would otherwise cling until death. In this wise one will develop a point of view which will enable him to think of the immigrant as a human being and not lose sight of him in an imposing column of immigration statistics.

After the School of Philanthropy came the deluge of overwhelming social work for me again with the New York Charity Organization Society. Then for the first time I came to know immigrant people in their home life, that is, in such home life as they can construct within a few cubic feet of tenement house out of the remnants and wreckage of their earlier homes. The holy Icons on Greek and Russian walls with the flickering oil light burning before it —the burnished brass and copper vessels in Jewish homes—the Italian's enormous feather bed, filling a tiny room, ornate with embroidery and lace, maintaining its dignity as the very center of family life—the clean white ruffles edging the shelves on which a few pieces of gay china were preserved in a spotless Hungarian home—all such survivals from an earlier and complete home life gave me refreshment and pleasure at the end of a steep climb up tenement stairs. As I went from one foreign colony to another I knew that I had found the people whom I wanted to help. They were not all attractive or agreeable or picturesque; many were poor, dirty and ugly, but they were people who had come here seeking something which they had not found. I realised that Americans must not leave them alone, for of the blood of these

EDITH L. JARDINE, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR IMMIGRANT GIRLS OF THE Y. W. C. A.

people would future Americans be made.

Four years ago I came to the International Institute for Young Women. The first organization in the United States to devote its efforts entirely to the protection and education of non-English speaking girls of every nationality. International Institutes have been established by the Young Women's Christian Association in this and other cities in accordance with its purpose to reach and help all girls and to make girls of every race and creed understand "Christian" in its broadest and fullest sense. Thousands of girls were coming into New York City when the International Institute was established. Unwelcomed, bewildered, ignorant, they disappeared into the foreign colonies. Only one thought was in their minds—to work—to earn money to support themselves and almost always to support someone at

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HUNGARIAN GIRLS LEARNING ENGLISH

home. The immigrant girl became known only to those Americans who chanced to employ her. She has entered American homes by the back door and has spent her life in the kitchen carrying the burden of domestic work, or has become a mere cog in the wheels of the machinery of industry. I must leave to the imagination the things which have happened and are still happening to immigrant girls all over the country. It is too long a story to tell here. How the Institute is trying to prevent some of the tragedies from happening, and has prevented them—how it has sent a message of welcome and warning to thousands of immigrant girls—how it has helped thousands is another long story.

Where and how can the college woman help in conserving this bountiful crop of young womanhood that is perennially spilled out on our shores? Where can the college woman help in such a program as the International Institute is carrying out, for instance? If she is fortunate enough to speak a foreign language to the extent of having a good working vocabulary (not just a literary knowledge of one) she can go into the homes of immigrant girls and carry to them the message which the International Institute sends through its visitors to the newly arrived immigrant girl. If teaching is her fort, that is, the sympathetic kind of teaching that immigrant girls need, there is a splendid opportunity for her to give of her own store of knowledge to girls who are fairly hungering for instruction. English they crave first and then any practical subjects which will help them to be intelligent and useful Americans; and the majority of them desire and need more than this. One finds in these girls a depth of spiritual feeling—a wealth of sentiment—a love for music—a quick response to beauty in art and literature. How they love to recite English poetry and how much they appreciate the very best!

If the college girl's subject is domestic economy or domestic art, the International Institute has an apartment where it is trying to teach immigrant girls to live simply, wholesomely and economically on their small earnings. Here is a very practical field where rules, recipes and theories can be put to the test. If she is specialising on recreation in its many forms there is a place for her in club work in the International Institute which realises that girls who work so hard must have all the play which they can be encouraged to take. Physical exercises, dancing and singing are provided for them as necessities. The International Institute is in the business of making all-round American women of the rich material which is right at hand for the purpose.

Apart from the International Institute and other organisations which are devoted exclusively to the cause of immigrant people, there are many avenues

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GREEK GIRLS DRESSED IN MODERN GREEK COSTUME FOR A PAGEANT

through which immigrant people, both adults and children, can be met and helped. There are the public schools—the pupils of which, in many places, are entirely of foreign birth—or children of foreign-born. There are the social settlements, many of which have done pioneer work in bringing the foreign-born in touch with American institutions and American life. There are working girls' clubs and Trade Union Leagues and Community Centers and an indefinite number of places in every large city where one may become intimate with immigrant people.

A woman who has leisure and means can make a valuable contribution to any community by making a complete and sympathetic study of one of its foreign colonies. The next step, of course, would be to work out a social and educational program to meet the needs of the group and finally persuade the community to carry it out! It is possible that there lies at our very doors a "little Hungary" or "little Italy" or "little Greece" with a complete home life of its own, of whose existence we have been vaguely aware, or perhaps have shared with our neighbours a feeling of dislike or aversion to it. Such a feeling is generally based on ignorance.

While I was giving a series of talks on immigration to a group of college girls, one of them told me that there was a colony of Greeks living on the outskirts of her town who were considered "very dangerous." None of the people in the community had ever visited this colony because "they were afraid to." "On what was their fear based?" I inquired. "People living near the Greek colony said that they were very noisy at night and they thought they were fighting." It is characteristic of Greeks and Italians to express themselves more freely and with less restraint than Americans on the most peaceful and purely social occasions, and the "noisiness" might have been of the most innocent variety. There were young girls and children in this Greek community—there was an Academy in the town with many students—how much the

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students might have done for this little isolated community and what a rich return they would have had in a broadening knowledge of this tremendously interesting people with their quaint customs, their delightful hospitality and their fine ideals of family life.

Does a college education alone prepare one to do effective work among foreign people? This depends very much on the character and temperament of the individual. One who really loves people and is democratic and sympathetic, yes, and artistic too, ought to be able to make a very good beginning, but I believe that some special training or experience among foreign people is needed to make one really of service in this very important field of social work. I should advise a girl leaving college to enter some well-organized form of social service where she could work among foreign people until she became thoroughly familiar with the conditions in the community and with the life of the people among whom she was working.

One cannot work for people who are continually being cheated and defrauded and often denied the equality, fraternity and liberty which they have come to seek without being able to combat the forces of evil one's self. One must learn how to get from a community the things which belong to the people by right—the protection of the law, the sanitary and safe living and working conditions, the medical treatment, the education, the employment and the fair dealing which every American expects to have. While you are working read the right sort of histories of the people you are trying to know. Learn what is driving them to seek a haven among us—what economic and political conditions. Read modern Greek history. Learn what kept the national spirit alive among the Greeks during their long period of slavery and subjection. Read about the passionate desire of the Poles for national unity which holds them together though their country is rent asunder. Learn what the Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, and his compatriots have struggled for and

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL OF INTER-INSTITUTE, 1915. FIFTEEN DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES REPRESENTED

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how intense is the Hungarian desire for freedom like ours. Make yourself familiar with the history of Italy's long struggle for unity and liberty—the "Young Italy" movement—the life of Mazzini and Garibaldi. So your sympathy and understanding will develop and immigration will have a new and rich significance for you. As a true American—patriotic, far-seeing and intelligent, you will say, "these people, brothers and sisters all, shall be, no longer, 'strangers within our gates,' but 'as the home-born' among us."

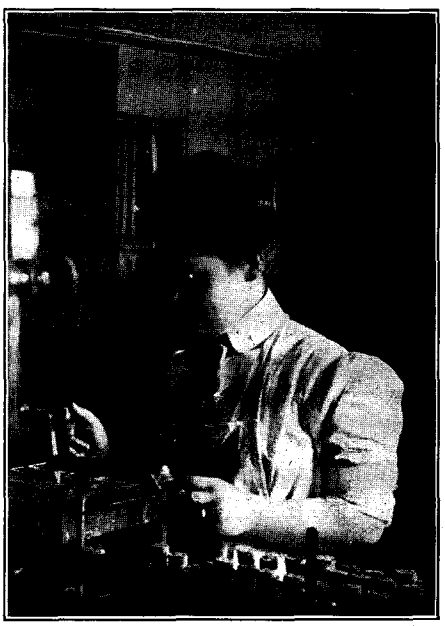
VI—A Bacteriologist at Work

By Ruth O. Pierson, Bacteriologist, Cooperating Boards of Health, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

My "work as a bacteriologist" did you say? "And what field there is open to others along this line?" That would be too long a story for me to tell in full here, but it is such interesting work that every day of my life I'm glad that I am at it. This reason prompts me to tell you some of my experiences.

Now a bacteriologist is one who examines and studies bacteria. There is some vagueness in the minds of many people as to what bacteria are, so we had best start aright by referring to a solid definition. Bacteria are microscopic plants of various shapes and sizes capable of growing and multiplying, under favorable conditions, and of doing much good or much harm, or of simply being neutral. Before you have time to ask another question let me invite you to my laboratory on the top floor of the Capitol Building, in one of our Eastern States. If you were attending the State Normal School in the same city, you would make at least one visit to the Bacteriological Laboratory of the State Board of Health. And if you attended the State University or the Technical High School, or if you had some friend who was a Senator or Representative, you might also receive an invitation to what the State House Guide once called "The Show Room of the State House." Or your visit might be to a Board of Health Laboratory in a city or in a town. At any rate accept it, for you will see many wonderful and practical things which show what almost all health departments are now doing to protect "The Common Health of the Common Wealth."

When you enter the laboratory you will find yourself in my work room. Here are glass bottles and flasks and test-tubes and one or more microscopes



MISS RUTH O. PIERSON IN THE WELLESLEY HILLS LABORATORY

and some sterilizing ovens of different kinds, and a large copper incubator kept always at body temperature (98.6 degrees), and a refrigerator and other apparatus which is necessary for the growing and examining of bacteria. Of course the microscopes are on the long black bench in front of the windows, because we need the best light for this fine work. On the bench are various specimens laid out. At one end of the bench near the microscopes are little opened boxes—anywhere from 6 to 20 or 50 or more—arranged in rows, each one numbered. In every box are two

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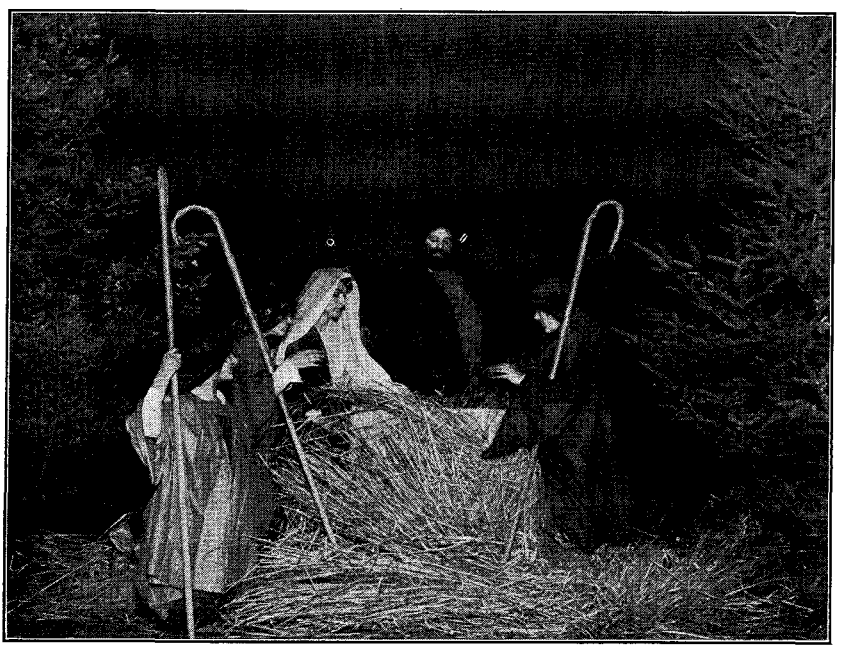
test tubes containing material to be examined. These are the "cultures" which were received on the morning of your visit, from physicians and school nurses to be examined for diphtheria. Each culture was taken from a person who had a sore throat or who had been exposed to a case of diphtheria. Smears were made on glass slides from these cultures and stained properly for testamination of the cultures he has sent, so that he may know whether or not his patient has diphtheria.

On another part of the work-bench are cards of glass slides with a drop of blood on each, and a number to correspond with the identification card sent by the doctor. These drops of blood came from patients who had fevers and some are to be examined for typhoid



POLISH, GREEK (MADONNA) AND ITALIAN GIRLS POSING FOR HOLY FAMILY AT CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL 1915

ing. On one of these slides placed in the microscope you would see little patches of blue color, and after adjusting the lenses carefully you would discover that the patches were made up of little fine blue lines, some parallel and some at angles, quite different from anything you ever saw before; but my long acquaintance with them makes me recognise them as one would an old friend or enemy. Some of these bacteria are harmless and some I recognise as diphtheria germs. Every morning as soon as the cultures are examined, I telephone to each physician the results of my exfever and some for malaria. Under the microscope these are wonderful pictures. But you must see them for yourself. Then we have specimens of sputum from persons who may have tuberculosis and the doctors who sent them have asked whether tubercle bacilli (the germs causing tuberculosis or consumption) are found in the specimens which they have sent. Then there are various other specimens to be examined for other communicable diseases. As soon as each set of tests is made, these results are reported to the physicians who sent the specimens, so that they may know with

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greater certainty how to treat each case. This is one kind of bacteriology—the diagnosis of diseases by laboratory examinations.

There are other kinds of tests made in my laboratory, such as examinations of milk and of water and of sewage and of many other interesting things. Nowadays all the public water supplies are regularly examined either by the local boards of health or by the state. When I was connected with the State Board of Health I examined every month about a hundred samples of water and sewage. The water was from the public supplies and the sewage came from the various sewage disposal plants. In both cases the examination consisted of determining the total number of bacteria per cubic centimeter (a recognised standard amount corresponding roughly to about 16 drops). The water was further examined to discover whether or not it was safe for drinking purposes. And the sewage was tested to see if it had been sufficiently treated with chemicals to make it a harmless waste when emptied into the rivers or spread out on the disposal beds. You will readily see the need of such precautions in guarding the health of the public.

Likewise the laboratory examinations of milk are as interesting as they are necessary. Much more attention is now eing paid to the supervision of the milk pplies than was formerly thought pos-sle or necessary. Now our regular r-tine laboratory tests of milk consist of etermining its cleanness by bacterial ex-ination and its richness by chemical test According to law in many states all lk sold within the limits of that state ust be of a certain richness—that is, it ist contain at least a certain per-centa of butter fat and a certain per-centag f total solids. The standards of clea ess are usually established by the loc boards of health, which provide th no milk containing over a certain nber of "bacteria per c. c." shall be d within the limits of that city or to. These milk tests are also made in the Board of Health Laboratory.

My work now covers a larger scope, for at present I am connected with a unique form of health organisation (in another eastern state). This is known as the Coöperating Boards of Health and is the organisation which renders complete health service to a group of six towns and partial service to four others. This was begun as an experiment, the first of its kind, but is now, after about three years, on a self-supporting basis. Contracts are made with each town independently, and the Director of the Coöperating Boards of Health is the "Agent" or Health Officer of the Board of Health in each of the towns to which we render complete service. Here I am bacteriologist and chemist and in the absence of the Director, his responsibilities fall upon me. This organization has its headquarters in one of the central towns, and thus provides a central office and laboratory. The work of the Coöperating Boards of Health is accomplished by a Director, a bacteriologist and chemist, three sanitary inspectors, two stenographers and an assistant. The laboratory is well equipped with apparatus and materials for making the necessary tests and analyses.

Come with me to headquarters this morning and let us see what will happen. On arrival I may find in the incubator ten cultures which have been brought during the night by messengers from physicians; these are to be examined for diphtheria. Then there are probably a few blood specimens to be examined for typhoid and malaria and some specimens for other diseases. The morning's mail may contain, among others, a letter from some resident in the town of A, stating that some store or market is allowing refuse and vegetable matter to accumulate in the back yard till it has become offensive and a nuisance to the neighbours. A letter from a tenant in the town of B may report that a trap in the kitchen sink is leaking and causing an unsanitary con-

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dition in that house. One of the sanitary inspectors starts on his motorcycle to inspect the two complaints, for A is on the road to B and he can attend to both on one trip. The telephone rings and a new case of scarlet fever is reported in the town of C. The family may be poor and not able to afford the necessary care for the patient at home and to have at the same time the bread-winner quarantined, so arrangements must be made with a nearby hospital. This is done by telephone and the ambulance ordered, but an inspector must go to the house, after the case is removed, and fumigate and give instructions concerning disinfection and further precautions to be taken against the spread of scarlet fever in that home. (Some day fumigation will be replaced entirely by disinfection.) In the meantime the examinations of the cultures show that a child in the town E has diphtheria. This is a very quickly progressing disease and must be attended to at once. The result is telephoned to the doctor and our Director himself may go out on this case, as soon as the automobile returns. One of the inspectors has been out with the auto since three o'clock in the morning collecting, from milk wagons in the town of D, samples of milk to be analyzed at the laboratory. The Director takes with him some antitoxin which the physician has requested, and some disinfectant and a placard. The placard he leaves on the outside of the door and inside he meets the doctor, who has taken cultures from the other members of the family who have been exposed. The doctor uses the antitoxin and the Director instructs the family concerning their quarantine, and gives his orders as to what precautions to use to prevent the spread of diphtheria. Then he brings the cultures to the laboratory. If the doctor had not been at the house the Director would have taken the cultures himself. These cultures must be left in the incubator for several hours to grow, and will be examined the next morning.

The afternoon will be spent by the Director and one of the inspectors in keeping office hours in the other towns. The inspector who was out early will probably sleep all the afternoon. The other inspector may spend the afternoon making sanitary inspections or inspecting dairies. The stenographers will be kept busy with dictated letters, reports and records. The assistant will probably be occupied with laboratory routine, and my time will be divided between the laboratory and the office.

There are other fields in bacteriology which I have not mentioned, but which are likewise attractive. Among these may be cited the large field of prophylactics—the vaccines, antitoxins, and different kinds of serum used to cure some diseases and to immunize against others. Recently an invitation came to me to fill the position of head of the Bacterial Vaccine Department of a large commercial manufacturing company in the middle western part of the country. I did not accept it because I am personally more attached to public health work than to commercial enterprises. At another time I was invited to take up the production of one of the artificially soured milks, such as go popularly under the names of lactone and lactab and lactobacilline, the various kinds of buttermilks, and so on.

Thus you see that bacteriology opens a field of various opportunities—even many more than I have mentioned. The public is realising more than eve before that some bacteria are healthf and some are harmful, and that it quires a bacteriologist to decide wh are our friends and which are our fs.

In the future, we can hope to ve longer, because specialists are wo ng on this very problem of saving an reserving health. The health artments are cleaning up our citi and towns and discovering and pre ting the spread of diseases. The man cturing concerns are producing vac s and similar cures. And certain mi laboratories are providing the variou inds of buttermilk, which are so m in demand for building up our co tutions.

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A NEW AGE OF MIRACLES

BY JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Dr. Holmes is the minister of the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian) of New York City. This article is the outcome of a sermon on miracles recently preached before his New York congregation. The subject, "The Angels of Mons" and the other alleged supernatural events of the European battlefield, is arousing a widespread interest especially in religious circles. In this article Dr. Holmes presents a rationalistic or scientific exposition of these events In an early issue of THE BOOKMAN *Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, rector of Our Lady of Lourdes (Roman Catholic) of New York City, will discuss this subject from another point of view. While recommending these articles as the sincere work of scholarly and distinguished men* THE BOOKMAN *does not stand sponsor for the opinions expressed therein.*

EVER since the Higher Criticism became a factor in religious thought it has been the wish of theologians, historians, and Biblical students generally, that a new age of miracles might, by some belated miracle itself, dawn upon the world. In modern times the phenomena of the miraculous have practically disappeared, with the result that the study of these alleged events is as difficult as the similar study of extinct forms of animal and vegetable life. What we need, say the scientists, is a reappearance of the miraculous in nature, or a recrudesence in the human mind of a belief in the miraculous. Then could we study the facts involved at first-hand, and come to an understanding perhaps of all that is reported to have taken place in this peculiar field of history.

Rumours which have for months, now, been drifting to us from across the seas, would seem to indicate that at last, after years of waiting, the hoped-for new age of miracles has arrived. From Russia comes the assertion that angels, clothed in white and crowned with gold, have been seen leading the host of the Czar into battle. From "somewhere in France" comes more than one report that Jean d'Arc has revealed herself to French officers, and guarded them upon the field of honour. From England comes the thrilling story that the drum of Sir Francis Drake, reported to sound whenever "merrie England" is in dire peril, has again and again sent its mystic roll of thunder across the plains of Devon. Unique, however, among all the narratives of the miraculous, for its poetic beauty as well as its alleged authenticity, is the wondrous tale of the Shining Bowmen of Mons. It was during the Retreat of the Eighty Thousand, so we are told, that an English "Tommy," hard pressed by the Prussian hosts, bethought himself by chance of a rude figure of St. George and its accompanying motto, *Adsit Angles Sanctus Georgius,* which he had once seen on the plates of a London resaurant. Thinking that now was the time, if ever, for the Saint to protect his worshippers, this soldier offered up the Latin prayer as he vigourously worked his musket—and lo, the miracle! Suddenly upon the field of battle, between the Germans and the English, appeared a host of bowmen, ghostly warriors from the ancient field of Agincourt close by. Loud above the roar of rifles and of cannon sounded the shout, like thunder in the skies, "St. George for England." And the hosts of Germans, like clouds before the sun, were scattered, and the English army saved. Curious confirmations of this occurrence have appeared.

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Hundreds of men and women have talked with soldiers who witnessed the phenomenon. Germany has reported that her soldiers returned from Mons with strange tales of regiments destroyed as by a blast of wind, and of cavalry routed in madness as by some nameless terror. The hard, sober fact seems to be asserted that the English could not have escaped the Prussian flood without some such divine intervention as this which is alleged. And so in England is the tale believed, and through it a new belief in the miraculous commended unto men.

That this story, and similar stories, are beautiful, and have a certain spiritual significance of great value, is evident. But that the miracle of Mons, or any other miracle of the Great War, actually took place as reported, will probably be believed by few outside the area, and thus remote from the extraordinary psychological influences, of the conflict. When we ask ourselves, however, why we disbelieve these tales, we must admit at the outset that it is not because of anything inherently impossible in the elements involved. There is no such thing, indeed, as an impossibility, except an open contradiction in terms, such as a "round square," or an "intersection of parallel lines." Anything that can be predicated in thought must be regarded as possible, however improbable. As Thomas Huxley points out in his essay on *Possibilities and Impossibilities* (1891), a man walking on water cannot be regarded as an impossibility, for the reason that "the idea of the subject is not contradictory of that in the predicate. Naturalists are familiar with insects which walk on water, and imagination has no more difficulty in putting a man in place of the insect than it has in giving a man some of the attributes of a bird, and making an angel of him. . . . Undoubtedly," continues Huxley, "there are very strong physical and biological arguments for thinking it extremely improbable that a man could be supported on the surface of the water as the insect is . . . and consequently that this act is truly 'impossible' for him. But it is sufficiently obvious, not only that we are at the beginning of our knowledge of nature, instead of having arrived at the end of it, but that the limitation of our faculties are such that we never can be in a position to set bounds to the possibilities of nature."

The fact of the matter is, so true is it that there are no natural impossibilities, even though there may be logical ones, that we readily believe any story, no matter how preposterous, which comes to us with the backing of sufficient evidence of the right kind. Nothing could have seemed more "impossible" a few years ago than the transmutation of chemical elements; for if any scientific doctrine was universally accepted as proven, it was that of the atomic theory of matter. And yet when Sir William Ramsay and Mr. Soddy, in June, 1903, announced that the new element radium has been transmuted by them into the familiar element helium—or, to put it more accurately, that a certain radium emanation had decayed, or become changed, into helium—everybody believed that the "impossible" had become "possible." And this for the reason that Ramsay's name was one to conjure with, and evidence of his discovery was offered along with his statement! So with the announcement in the newspapers a few months ago that men in New York had talked with men in Paris without any other means of communication between the two cities than the atmosphere. It sounded like a romance of Jules Verne—and yet everybody believed because of the character of the men who vouched for the achievement, and the evidence which they presented for examination at both ends of the wireless telephone. So also—to cite an instance "not proven"—with the familiar phenomena of so-called psychical research. Most of us are not ready to believe that the dead can communicate with the living. But our scepticism in this case is founded upon the assertion not that such communication is *a priori* "impossible," but that so far, conclusive

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evidence is lacking. Nothing is in itself "impossible." Think of the most astounding phenomenon imaginable, and then ask yourself if you would not believe it, if it were vouched for by responsible scientists and supported by adequate evidence! Let the right men give the right evidence in sufficient amount, and belief becomes upon the instant obligatory.

It is not, therefore, that there is anything inherently impossible about these miraculous tales from European battlefields, that we are reluctant to accept them. Nothing in the miracle of Mons, for example, is one-half so hard to believe—other things being equal—as the wireless telephone conversation across the Atlantic. But we affirm in the latter case, and deny in the former, because the one is accompanied by evidence and the other is not. No name of any weight has yet attached itself to the tales of angels in Russia and phantom Jean d'Arcs in France. The story of Drake's drum is at the best a legend of the country-side. And as for the Bowmen of St. George, the most careful investigation has yet to produce one "Tommy," sound in mind and body, who will testify to having seen the shining host. The evidence is third-, or at the best second-hand. And, as chance will have it, this loveliest of all the tales of miracle is explained by a non-miraculous story of its origin, for which the evidence is abundant. What actually happened, as we now know, is this—a newspaperman of London, Arthur Machen by name, on the last Sunday of August, 1914, read in *The Weekly Despatch* the terrible account of the retreat of the English army from Mons. Deeply moved, he conceived and wrote the story of the Bowmen, and published it in *The Evening News* of September 29. "It has been murmured and hinted and suggested and whispered in all sorts of quarters," says Mr. Machen, "that before I wrote the tale I had heard something. . . . This was not the case." The story was purely imaginative, and his own. Caught up by the excited public mind, however, it was transformed into an actual occurrence in France—and a full-blown miracle, of rarest beauty, was given to the world.

Here, then, is the new age of miracle, for which our scientists and historians have for so long been looking; and here is the moral, profoundly illuminating, which it teaches of this whole perplexing question of the miraculous.

First of all are we made to see why it is that, in a period dominated by the scientific point of view and method, all so-called miracles, even those most closely associated with the sanctities of religious faith, have fallen under suspicion or been out-and-out rejected as unbelievable. On the surface, we are liable to speak of such an Old Testament miracle as Elisha's floating ax-head or such a New Testament miracle as Jesus's feeding of the five thousand, as impossible and therefore incredible. But a more careful examination of the problem, especially in the light of such contemporary reports as these which we have just been considering, shows that at bottom our scepticism is based on sheer lack of evidence. The case becomes entirely clear when we consider the Protestant attitude toward the so-called ecclesiastical miracles, the deeds of wonder piously attributed by Romanists to the saints and martyrs of the church. Innumerable stories of this kind, attested by witnesses of good repute, have come down to us from the annals of the Middle Ages. Take, for example, the *History of the Translation of the Blessed Martyrs of Christ, S.S. Marcellinus and Petrus,* wherein is described the bleeding of the relics of these two ecclesiastical worthies, and the marvelous cures which they effected. This story was written by no less a man than Eginhard, the friend and counselor of Charlemagne, and the leading scholar of his day, vouched for by him, and authenticated by numerous witnesses cited carefully by name. The evidence in this case is abundant, and of good quality. But we doubt the miracles all the same, for the simple reason that the evidence

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is not strong enough to overcome the weight of probability against it. Other explanations, based on the superstitious character of the age, and near akin to the facts behind the tale of the Bowmen of Mons, are too apparent to be disregarded. Our attitude toward this whole mass of ecclesiastical miracles is that of Hume in his familiary *Inquiry,* where he declares: "There is not to be found, in all history, any miracle attested by a sufficient number of men, of such unquestioned goodness, education and learning, as to secure us against all delusion in themselves; of such undoubted integrity as to place them beyond all suspicion of any design to deceive others; of such credit and reputation in the eyes of mankind as to have a great deal to lose in case of their being detected in any falsehood; in such a public manner, and in so celebrated a part of the world, as to render the detection unavoidable; all which circumstances are requisite to give us a full assurance in the testimony of men." These principles, let it be noted, apply as much to Biblical as to ecclesiastical miracles. Indeed, as regards this decisive matter of evidence, it is easy to believe the latter as contrasted with the former. There is scarcely a Catholic saint who has not better evidence for his miracle than any prophet or apostle. To refuse to accept the miracles of St. Francis, for example, and accept without question the miracles of Elisha or of Peter, is, from the view-point of rationality, absurd. If we reject the one group, we certainly must reject the other—which means that we must, as reasonable beings, reject all, as "not proven"!

Secondly, these amazing phenomena of our time give us knowledge, long desired, of how myths and miracles originate. It is the Great War which has produced these stories. Now, from the psychological point of view, the one outstanding fact about the European struggle is that millions of ignorant and superstitious people in France, Russia and Austria have been suddenly caught up out of the familiar humdrum routine of life, and are daily and nightly shaken by the most acute sensations, running all the way from ecstatic joy to abysmal despair, that the human heart can know. It is pre-eminently an age of emotion, which means an age of superstition, which means in turn an age in which anything will be believed which can satisfy the craving of the soul for reassurance. Certain cataclysmic events in the outer world, reflected by certain profound emotions in the inner world, combine to give us, for the first time in modern history, an era of the miraculous. And, behold, there is revealed to us the secret of all those other eras of the miraculous which have been since the world began! Let some war engulf a nation, let some Messianic or eschatological dream obsess a people, let some stupendous personality capture the imagination of men's minds—and the miracle is an inevitable result. There is nothing extraordinary about the miracles of Jesus, for example—and nothing baffling, therefore, in the matter of their explanation. They were as natural a product of the age and place in which he lived, and of the spiritual influence which he exerted, as the lilies of the fields of Palestine. The extraordinary and therefore inexplicable thing would have been the appearance and work of Jesus *without* this accompaniment of the miraculous. Once come to understand that a miracle, at certain times and under certain conditions, is as natural psychologically as it is unnatural physically, and all becomes as plain as day!

Lastly, our new age of miracles serves to show to us the worth—or, as I should prefer to put it, the worthlessness—of miracles from the ethical or spiritual point of view. The retreat from Mons was a marvelous achievement—it is not surprising perhaps that men have had resort to ghostly warriors, to explain the escape of the English army. But is such explanation really essential? Is it even commendatory of the British soldier? Do we

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need a wonder tale to explain the heroism of England's fighting men upon the field of battle? Have not centuries of history taught us that "Tommy Atkins" is an incomparable fighter; and is not this one fact all we need to explain what he did in the retreat from Mons? The story of the Bowmen, beautiful as it is, involves in the last analysis a lessening rather than a heightening of English glory. For to believe that these men fought and died and saved the army without other help than that of their own stout hearts, is the greatest tribute that one can pay them.

And so with the miraculous always! Jesus is the supreme example. I want no tales of stilled tempests or fed multitudes to teach me of the wonder of the Nazarene. I believe him to be the greatest figure in history—the noblest man and wisest teacher of whom the world has knowledge. And all sufficient as evidence of his supremacy are the Sermon on the Mount, the two commandments of the Law, the parable of the Good Samaritan, and the prophecy of the Last Judgment. Jesus may or may not have been born of a Virgin, he may or may not have raised Lazarus, he may or may not have rent his tomb—these matters are beside the point. The one great fact is his revelation of the mind and heart of God—and this is found in the essential man himself. There was a time when we believed in Jesus because we first believed in the miracles he is supposed to have performed. To-day we believe in the miracles, if at all, because we first believe in Jesus!

Belief in miracles in its essence, after all, is only distrust—distrust of man's capacity for the best and highest. Indifference to, or disbelief in, miracles, is only faith—faith in man as the child of God and the builder of his heavenly kingdom upon earth.

SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

"THE REAL ADVENTURE"

EVERY now and then comes a novel which we are told by publishers or critics is a "human document." But Mr. Webster's new story is a social document. For it is concerned with a problem of modern life that has wide and deep significance for the whole social body. Nevertheless, he has made it so entirely the individual, personal problem of his two chief characters that it is hardly fair to call it a "document" of any kind. I do not know anywhere in recent fiction two characters having more in them of the vital, worth-while stuff of which life is made than his Rose and Rodney Aldrich.

This is the stage which Mr. Webster sets for his drama whose scenes, by the way, take place mainly in Chicago, but are switched toward the last to New York, with an interlude spent with a theatrical company on a tour of small cities in the middle west. A young man of inherited wealth and social position, Rodney Aldrich, with a big, free, breezy capaciousness of mind and nature, possessing ability of a high order and loving

*The Real Adventure. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Illustrated by R. M. Crosby. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
Life and Gabriella: The Story of a Woman's Courage. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.
Clipped Wings. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Pioneers. By Katharine Susannah Prichard. Frontispiece in colours. New York: George H. Doran Company.
Mrs. Balfame. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.
Those About Trench. By Edwin Herbert Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Company.
Felicity Crofton. By Marguerite Bryant. Illustrated. New York: Duffield and Company.

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work because he likes to feel his mind biting on hard problems, meets accidentally a girl of strong nature and marked personality, a student in Chicago University, and after a short whirlwind courtship they are married. They are very much and rapturously in love with each other and Rose for a time takes undiluted pleasure in the luxury and the beauty and the new social interests with which he surrounds her. But she is as vital and as energetic as her husband, and, like him, she feels the need of seizing upon something hard and resisting and wresting results out of it. It is not long until her energies and abilities vaguely but insistently stir and clamour within her to be used. Her husband has both love and work to live upon and she has only love. She searches her environment, makes tentative exploring efforts this way and that trying to find out what it is she wants, what is wrong and how it can be made right. Then she looks forward to motherhood as the job which will absorb her energies and fulfill her life. But when her babies come—she bears twins—every one insists they must have expert care, she is not allowed even to nourish them from her body because there are two, and she faces once more a life that is nothing but cushions and solicitous care and love. So presently she decides that she must leave Rodney because they love each other so much that their love is ruining both their lives. If she goes away alone and, quite unaided, proves that she has the stuff in her nature to build a life for herself, earn her living and express her own individuality, then, she believes, they can be friends and companions and lovers, instead of merely lovers. What she does makes a long and interesting story. When she has succeeded and they are trying to figure out how their new relation can be squared with every-day life and what it will mean for them they discover that in this new aspect of things they are facing "the real adventure" and that the only thing for them to do is to go ahead and see what happens.

The story is a very long one, nearly six hundred closely printed pages. It has an immense number of characters of varied stations and occupations, and they all talk a great deal, but always interestingly and characteristically, about vital matters in the personal relations of life. The book is full of meat from beginning to end, not only as concerns the big, significant issue between Rose and Rodney, but about the personal problems of almost every one of its people. These are all matters of consequence in the general life of society, but into each one the author has put so much of the rich blood of personality that they cease to be general problems and become like the discussing and gossiping we all of us like to do over the lives and characters and problems of our friends.

The story is so real and so vivid, and at the same time, because it works out so understandingly a puzzling problem of the changing times and shows it to be inherently a personal and not a general problem, it is so solid a contribution to the study of our social life that one regrets the impossibility of saying pleasant things about the manner of its writing. For the style is verbose and slovenly, lacking in distinction and often even in dignity. The author's one-time co-worker, Samuel Merwin, writes a little appreciation in which he points with pride to Mr. Webster's style as a noteworthy achievement for a man who dictates all his work. Well, it is just the kind of style that most writers fall into who work by dictation.

"LIFE AND GABRIELLA"

The very attractive heroine of Miss Glasgow's new novel is the converse of the Virginia with whom her last story dealt. Comparison of her with the heroines respectively of Mr. Webster's *The Real Adventure* and Mr. Hughes's *Clipped Wings* is interesting as showing steps of the journey upon which the woman of to-day has set her feet. The distance measured between the two women of Miss Glasgow's successive novels is very considerable. In

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an interview the novelist lately said that originally her plan was to write three feminine biographies that would show the relations of individuals to the facts of their lives and the way in which they react to the situations which their lives evolve. "Virginia," she said, "was the passive and helpless victim of the ideal of feminine self-sacrifice. The circumstances of her life first moulded and then dominated her. Gabriella is the product of the same school, but instead of being used by circumstances, she uses them to create her own destiny." Miss Glasgow added the interesting information that, if she decides to write the third book in a trilogy of American womanhood it will deal with "a woman who faces her world with the weapons of indirect influence or subtlety."

In part, as between Gabriella and Virginia, the contrasting ways in which they face life is, as their author points out, a matter of temperament. But the difference is also due in part to the differences in the times. Would Gabriella have had enough "courage" for a "story" to be written about it if she had been born twenty years earlier? We first see her, in her young womanhood, in her Richmond home, striving to help her mother make both ends of the meagre family income meet while they grip the faded ends and shreds of the gentility which had once been theirs. Already she shows the ability, the energy, the common sense which are, not very much later, to enable her to rescue her life from defeat and disaster. Most admirable is the art with which Miss Glasgow catches the social atmosphere and puts it, living and colourful, into these pages. She has never done finer, truer work than these delicate, firm strokes with which she paints the life of Gabriella and her family and friends, with humour and pathos and sympathy and with such vitality and vivacity in the manner of the telling as make it all entertaining. Then suddenly love and romance sweep down upon Gabriella and carry her in a rosy cloud to New York. There are three strongly contrasting types of men, all of whom love Gabriella at one time or another. Each one receives much attention and enlists the reader's interest, but of the three the husband, George, is the most life-like and convincing. The Richmond lover is rather shadowy. True, he is by nature a good deal of a jelly fish. But even a jelly fish does not have to be vague. O'Hara, who enters her life and finally dominates her heart after she has conquered circumstances and won success, has the air of having been woven out of the author's brain rather than observed from life. George, the handsome young husband with whom she is so much in love, develops into a drunkard and more or less of a beast. So Gabriella takes her two children and sets up her own household in New York, determined to support them and herself by means of her needle, her taste and skill.

Of these three heroines, Rose, Gabriella and Sheila, of Mr. Webster's, Miss Glasgow's and Mr. Hughes's novels, each one of whom meets in her own way the problems of the modern woman, Rose is the only one who is moved by her own individuality to face the world, conquer it and prove her right to live in it as a distinct, respected entity. The impelling force dwells in her own soul. And therein she is typical of the advance guard of the modern woman. Gabriella is pitched forth by circumstances. Given such a life as wooed Rose she would have cuddled down in it contentedly. She is the type of that huge army of modern women who support the advance guard, enjoy what has been won and by their backing, although it may be unintentional and even unconscious, make profitable the efforts of those in the front line. It is interesting to note that both these heroines used successfully as their weapon against the world woman's age-long tool, the needle, Sheila is of that small class to whom the world will no longer permit the self-sacrifice it would once have praised. She presents an object lesson

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of the difference in the world's attitude toward women.

"CLIPPED WINGS"

The right of the woman to live her individual life is the theme of Mr. Hughes's novel, but he sees a different phase of it from that which occupies the attention of Mr. Webster in *The Real Adventure*. Mr. Webster's heroine might be any woman possessing strong personality and much native energy. Mr. Hughes's is a genius and therefore he views the question not only in the light of her right to the expression of her gift, but also in the light of the public's right to the enjoyment of what she can give. His Sheila Kemble inherits from actor and actress forebears grace and beauty, charm and personality and a very great gift for the stage. She falls in love with and marries a business man who wishes to possess her wholly and entirely. Nevertheless, he tries to be fair and for a time she remains on the stage and when her company goes on the road he travels with her. But his situation is replete with humiliations and boredoms and finally he refuses to share her any longer with the public. She is his wife and she must keep his home and forswear the stage. He has his way, but finally, when it becomes a question of his will or of her broken heart, he yields with as good grace as he can command, and the story ends with Sheila returning to her place on the boards and in the hearts of the public.

Primarily, the story deals with the right of the woman of genius to the full expression of her gift. But it is concerned also with the attitude of her mate toward her yearnings and struggles. Says one of the characters, an actor with whom Sheila has played: "The new husband of the new woman is up against the biggest problem of the present time and of the future; what are husbands going to do about their wives' ambitions? What are wives going to do about their husbands' right to a home? Where do the children come in? . . . I tell you the new wife has it all her own way. She's venturing out into new fields. The new husband is the one I'm sorry for . . . There's a new triangle in the drama. It's not a question of a lover outside; the third member is the wife's ambition."

Mr. Hughes has carried out this idea in the construction of the story and, although the central figure is Sheila with her clipped wing and her repressed longing to fly, the reader's sympathy goes out also to her husband. He, in the clipping of her wing, has merely obeyed one of the strongest impulses of masculine human nature. He has rather a hard time of it, this husband, through all the stages of his experience, and even at the end he still has to fight with his impelling inner nature. One wonders how significant Mr. Hughes meant to make the fact that he gives up only because he fears his wife will die otherwise and not at all because he admits the freedom he gives her to be her right.

Although the story is of the sort that have their plots made first and their characters evolved to suit the lines of the action, some of its people are clearly and vivaciously realised, and Mr. Hughes has contrived to make the reader feel the charm and genius of his heroine.

"THE PIONEERS"

The flavour of the far-away and the unaccustomed makes all the more interesting this story which parallels some of the conditions with which we are acquainted in pioneer fiction of our own country. Something of the piquantly exotic, indeed, hovers about both author and book, for Miss Prichard was born in the Fiji Islands and lived most of her life in Australia, until she went to London a few years ago to take up the writer's profession. This present book, her first long story, won the $5,000 prize offered by the London firm of Hodder and Stoughton for the best novel of early Australian life. It is so good and so well told a story and so

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seemingly truthful a picture of the time it depicts, so instinct with the spirit out of which grew the commonwealth of the island continent, that one feels like congratulating the prize-givers and judges of the contest upon having had so fine and significant a piece of work submitted to them rather than the author upon her success.

The story deals with the going of a husband and wife into the virgin lands of New South Wales in the early days of Australian settlement, the carving of a home out of the wilderness by heroic toils, the growth of the countryside, the troubles due to the presence of so many deported convicts, the era of lawlessness, and the evolution of an orderly, prosperous land. But, notwithstanding the wide-ranging theme, the story is compact and interesting, its very definite plot well worked out and well knit together and the element of suspense strong and well sustained. All that, of course, merely shows that the author is skilled in the A-B-C of the art of fiction. Of more consequence is it to note that her story is unassumingly and naturally steeped in the atmosphere of its scene. It is as fragrant of Australia as a forest of gum trees. There is good character drawing too in its many and diverse people. The dour and thrifty Scotchman with his land hunger, who is one of the leading figures, is a genuinely artistic creation. "I have worked all my days, till now," he tells his wife as they come to the end of their long journey by ship and cart, "without so much as a plot of sour earth as big as y're handkerchief to call my own, worked for other men, sweated the body and soul out of me. And now this is mine, all this hundred acres, and more when I'm ready for it, and more, and more."

Of much interest and significance is Miss Prichard's treatment of the prevalence of the convict in the early days of Australia. It is a bit audacious too, for Australians are prone to be sensitive upon that point and to stress the later and unimpeachable migrations. But she boldly takes the bull by the horns, shows many of them purging themselves of their sins in a new and kinder land, generously forgetting the past of their fellows and renewing hope and social virtues in the cleansing environment of fruitful toil. At the end the grandmother pioneer says to the lad most of whose recent ancestors have been guilty of some crime: "They may talk about your birthstain by and by, but that will not trouble you, because it was not this country that made the stain. This country has been the redeemer and blotted out all those old stains." The spirit and faith of the modern Australia shine out of her speech also when she says to him: "There will be a great future for the nation that comes of you and the boys and girls like you. It will be a nation of pioneers. . . . You belong to the hunted, too, and suffering has taught you. . . . You will be a pioneer of paths that will make the world a better, happier place for everybody to live in."

"MRS. BALFAME"

Mrs. Atherton's new novel will be especially interesting, to those who follow her work, because of the experiment she has tried in it. For her, it is quite a new departure. From her usual method of study of character and the relation of the individual to environment she has turned to the uses of plot, crime and mystery. The very first sentence of the story forecasts the different tone in which it is written: "Mrs. Balfame had made up her mind to commit murder." But, although the tale is so much given over to the weaving of plot and the mystification of the reader, the author has not relinquished entirely the psychological study of her people. Each one of them, as the story develops, is turned round and round for inspection of motives and close consideration of mental phases. Mrs. Balfame, in particular, is worked out and painted to the finest detail of her nature. But, for all that, Mrs. Balfame is not quite

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convincing. And right there one gets the basic weakness of the story.

Mrs. Balfame lives in a town tributary to New York, within an hour's ride of the metropolis. She has lived there all her life and has seen the place grow from a crude, uncouth rural community to a pretty, ambitious, thriving little city, quite pleased with itself because of the social graces and amenities it has developed. Mrs. Balfame has had no small part in that development and is proud of her individual progress in such things, and of her leadership in the town's social life. But her husband has remained something of a clod, a drinking, street-corner politician, who, although he has made money and is prosperous, is miserly with his wife. Her dislike has grown into such loathing that finally the conviction is born in her soul that she must remove him from the earth which he disfigures. She makes her plans with the care and ingenuity of a born criminal and has everything ready to give him a death-dealing draught in a glass of lemonade. But he is shot at his own gate while Mrs. Balfame lurks at the side of the house and shoots at a figure near him, which she believes to be a burglar. And thereafter the reader's interest is held at a high pitch as the following events keep him wondering as to who killed the man and as to the identity of the mysterious figure.

The story is ingeniously constructed and developed with skill. The reader's interest will hardly fail to be tensely expectant from the early pages to the unfolding of the mystery. Mrs. Atherton has been careful of all the small details that make for the smooth running of the machinery of such a plot. And she has also developed the central and most important figure, Mrs. Balfame, with the greatest attention to her psychology. But she has failed to make convincing the crucial point in the story—the woman's decision to murder her husband. The reader examines her character over and over again, as it develops, and decides every time that she would not have done it, that she would have taken the open and easy way of divorce instead. But, if one is content to swallow Mrs. Balfame without ado, he will find the story of how she tried to murder her husband an interesting and exciting tale. He will, however, be inclined to think that the author has set rather high the percentage of potential women criminals among the four hundred of a small town.

"THOSE ABOUT TRENCH"

The whimsical countenance Mr. Lewis has given to the title of his first novel is worn also by the tale itself, in some of its phases. But, also, the philosophy underneath its surface is a forecast of the serious thought about some of the profoundest and most significant problems of human life which colours the minds and determines the lives of several of its people. It is, primarily, a novel for readers who are neither too cowardly nor too lazy to think. But those who do not enjoy that form of mental exercise will find much entertainment in its pungent character portrayal, its laughter provoking dialogue and, in the latter half of the book, its wild and colourful adventures in the Near East.

The quaint title comes from the remark of one of the characters that we are what we are because those about us are what they are—a chameleon-like philosophy of character that one does not need to take too seriously. One gathers, indeed, that the author had in mind not so much the immediate environment of acquaintances and friends as the great body of humanity all around us sending out such strong waves of thought and feeling that they influence the course of every individual. Dr. Isham Trench, the novel's central figure, is a Chicago physician, a famous specialist in children's diseases. Science and logic have led him down into those depths of despair where there is no answer to man's everlasting question: To what end? He measures life in terms of science and the blank and mocking result forces him to see in the living and

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breeding throngs around him only the blind actors in a ghastly, useless farce who would much better never have been born. Nevertheless, he spends himself unreservedly in the saving of the lives of children, because it is his job.

Around him is gathered a group of admiring and devoted medical students who have come from the four quarters of the earth. In the portrayal of these young men, of such varying breed, Mr. Lewis has done some of the very best work of the story, work whose superior in recent fiction one would have to go far to find. Among them is Saadi Sereef, who says that he comes from Bokhara and tells a circumstantial tale about his origin, home, family and youth, and about a wound in the back of his neck. Saadi is sometimes too entertaining to be plausible. But that is a fault he shares with a few persons one meets now and then in real life; and one easily forgives his creator this occasional doubtful stroke of the brush for the sake of his entirely delightful picture as a whole. Saadi is a fantastic flame circling and leaping against the sombre background of his own daring, despairing convictions and at last flaring out into self-sacrifice for the sake of a noble idea. He is a remarkable character, and is portrayed with a subtlety and vividness worthy of a long-time practitioner of the fictional art. His witty impudence, his calm cynicism, his readiness for any situation, his nimbleness of mind and his complexity of nature engage the reader's interest from his first appearance. That interest is rapidly increased by the suspicion that his Bokharan tale has been told for a purpose. Who he really is becomes more and more of a mystery, and carries the reader through many adventurous and perilous journeys in India, Afghanistan, Serbia, and elsewhere, and finally to Seravejo on the day of the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince.

Saadi and Dr. Trench are alike in having been led by science and logic to the negation of the use of human existence. And there is admirable work in the comparison of the different ways in which the strongly contrasted temperaments of the two men react against the conclusion. There is, indeed, so much in the book that is unusually excellent and interesting, and it is so striking a work to have come from the hand of a man who has heretofore written only books of a more or less pedagogical nature that one somewhat unwillingly points out how, in certain respects, it is markedly amateurish. The women characters, for instance, lack reality, convincingness, while some of the parts of the story are evidently contrived for the working out of the prearranged plot and are hammered together by the main force of necessity.

"FELICITY CROFTON"

Some half a dozen years ago a novel bearing the curiosity provoking title of *Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker,* won the attention of the discriminating and slowly increased the numbers of its admiring readers until now it has sold over forty thousand copies in this country. What its success has been in England, the land of its birth, I do not know. But many American readers have been wishing that its author, Marguerite Bryant, would write another such virile, clear-eyed, wide-visioned story as was her first novel. One or two others have come from her pen since then, but they have been of the intensive type. They have studied with meticulous attention a square inch or two of English life, making a panorama out of what should have been a miniature, and they have not commended themselves to American attention.

This new novel, while it does not belong in the same kind of class as the first, is yet a noteworthy achievement. Its central character, Mrs. Crofton, is a woman of middle age, an original conception worked out with exquisite skill and delicacy. She is so wholesome and naive, so sincere and so simple, in her delight in whatever is young and true and fine and in her sympathy with the spirit of youth that one loves her from

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the very first page and resents the undeserved ills which befall her as offenses against the course of things as they ought to be. She has a lovely daughter in whom, by proxy, she is living her youth again. And her comradship with the young men who are students in her brother's school near the famous old city of Bath, and her influence over them, are depicted with a sure, skilled hand that manages to keep a current of strong interest moving forward through it all toward some goal of which the reader is just a little in doubt. A notable feature of the story is the refined, clear etcher's touch with which the author has limned the friendship which grows between the heroine and the man who loves and marries her daughter. There is between them a perfect sympathy and understanding and a profound affection, untroubled by sex. Without in the least interfering or appearing inconsistent with the book's realism, this friendship gives a spiritual quality to the narrative, places it among those higher altitudes of life whence come the saving ozone for the lower plains of every day. There is also a wonderfully fine piece of character work in the depiction of a romancing, morbid girl, whom Mrs. Crofton endeavors to protect from the consequences of her wrongdoing.

The story is, perhaps, rather long for its plot, and the interest drags a little through its early chapters, quickening, however, from the middle onward. But the book's outstanding and arresting feature is its heroine, a fine, gallant, brave, very feminine figure. Although the uselessness of her sacrifices seems to make her life rather futile, her serenity over their results to herself and her invincible youthfulness lift her above the ordinary standards of success and failure. Compared with *Christopher Hibbault, Felicity Crofton* is like the reverse of a shield. The former novel was full of the sense of the striving, aspiring, modern world. The later is filled instead with a sense of individual significance and of the high, calm influences of the spirit.

THE FOREIGN LEGION OF FRENCH LETTERS

BY ALBERT SCHINZ

LATE in the autumn of 1915 the report came of the unexpected death of Rémy de Gourmont—the only writer in our generation whose style some had dared to compare with that of Anatole France; —and before the year was over, another report telling of the also unexpected death of Stuart Merrill. They belonged to the same literary group. Stuart Merrill was one of the two Americans—the other was Francis Vielé-Griffin, from Norfolk, Virginia, the author of *La Chevauchée de Yeldis* —who contributed their great share toward the triumph of the so-called Symbolist movement in France. Merrill was born in Hempstead, Long Island, in 1863. He went to Paris young, attended the Lycée Condorcet, and then, as a student at the University, he was enthused by the new poetry which Verlaine and Mallarmé served as godfathers; in these days he edited, together with Ghil, Quillard, and Mikhael, a little periodical *Le Fou*. From 1885 to 1889 he returned to New York to study law at Columbia; but this was distasteful to him, and he went back to Paris,—to stay. His first work, *Les Gammes,* was published while he was a student at Columbia, by Vanier, in Paris, 1887; then came *Les Fastes* (1891), *Petits poèmes d'automne* (1895); his best-known is *Les Quatre Saisons* (1900).

One of the special features of Symbolism was a tendency to establish as close relations as possible between music and poetry; the old system of versifica-

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tion seemed artificial and too rigid for the subtle thoughts of the new poets; and intellectualism was replaced by such emotionalism as music was especially apt to convey: *"De la musique avant toute chose,"* Verlaine had said. It is interesting to remark that both American Symbolists left their mark on French poetry thanks to their superior feeling for rhythm and harmony. Merrill especially produced little poems in which the music of the line is exquisite. His is this clever alliteration with the letter *l:*

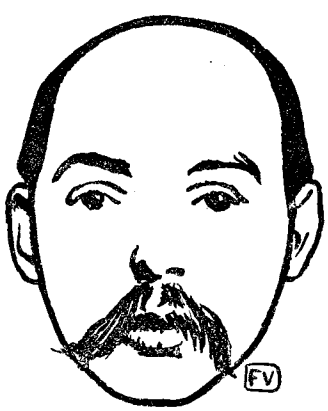
. . . Des couples amoureux s'arrêtent
Et hument dans *l'*air *l*ourd *l*a *l*angueur
du *L*éthé.

His, this triolet base on the assonance of *ou* and *on* on the one hand, and *i* and *u* on the other:

La foule des filles mi-nues
Ondule en la houle des jours;
Midi divinise des nues,
La foule des filles mi-nues.
Un hymne aux rimes inconnues
S'essore vers les hauts séjours;
La foule des filles mi-nues
Ondule en la houle des jours.

And his, finally, these dainty quatrains:

Par les nocturnes boulingrins,
Les crincrins et les mandolines
Modulent de demi chagrins
Sous la vapeur des mousselines.



FRANCIS VIELÉ-GRIFFIN—AMERICAN

STUART MERRILL—AMERICAN

Bleus de lune au vert des massifs
Les jets d'eau tintent dans les vasques,
Et c'est parmi les petits ifs
Comme des rires sous des masques.

En poudre et panier pompadour
Et des roses pourpres aux lèvres
Les marquises miment l'amour
Avec des manières si mièvres.

The cases of the two Americans are not isolated. Repeatedly attention has been called to the foreign contributions to the Symbolist movement in France. Out of the fifty-three poets represented in Van Bever et Léautaud's *Poètes d'aujourd'hui,* fourteen are not French, and others were born abroad, or had only one French parent. Of course most of these are Belgians, including Verhaeren and Maeterlinck,—but although they use a common language, the Flemish conception of life is not the French conception. One is Greek, Moréas; one Roumanian, the Comtesse de Noailles; one Swiss, H. Spiess;—besides the two Americans. Moreover, the book only mentions poets; some of the most typical Symbolists are prose-writers, and among them, three are Flemish, Eekhoud, Morice, and Lemonnier; one a Hollander, Huysmans; and Vigier, Morhard, and Dumur are Swiss.

Some have therefore maintained that Symbolism was not a French movement.

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This is absurd. France has always kept in contact with other nations; and gained by it because of her power of assimulating these extra-national elements. The Renaissance in France assimilated Roman, Greek, and Italian influences; the seventeenth century was borrowing much Spanish material; the eighteenth century knew Bacon, Locke, and Richardson; the Romantic movement constantly appeals to Shakespeare, Byron, Walter Scott, Goethe, and Schiller. But who would maintain that Ronsard

RENÉ GHIL, OF BELGIAN DESCENT

and Du Bellay, Racine and LaFontaine, Montesquieu and Voltaire, Stendhal and Balzac, Hugo and Vigny are not French authors? The question is whether the foreign element absorbs the French, or the French absorbs the foreign. What happened in the case of Symbolism was another illustration of the well-known saying:

Tout homme a deux patries, la sienne et puis la France.

France has simply trained men of letters as she trains soldiers in the Foreign Legion. What is interesting—and this is the explanation of the misunderstanding—is that, this time, some of the soldiers turned out to be first class officers. It is a fact that many of these Symbolists of foreign birth actually became leaders. And while such men as Verlaine and Mallarmé, H. de Regnier, Gourmont, Laforgue, and Louys will always represent the school in its most genuine and esthetic form, the most energetic figures, the great strugglers were not the French.

Let us illustrate.

Several of the little periodicals which were started to back the novators founded by Belgians (*Jeune Belgique, Wallonie, La Basoche, and so forth*).

If we take up individually the foreigners, we find: That Moréas, *the Greek,* author of *Les Syrtes, Le Pélerin Passioné,* and whom Anatole France called the "Ronsard of Symbolism," was the man who wrote the vigorous manifesto of the new school, in the *Supplément* of the *Figaro,* September 18, 1886; later, while Symbolism was at its height, this Greek created the "École Romane" to carry out more consistently some of the principles of new poetry; and then again, after Symbolism and Romanism had yielded all they could yield, and while other poets went on merely because they had started this way, Moréas had enough energy to go his own way, frankly saying: *"J'ai abandonné le vers libre. . . . La versification traditionelle a plus de noblesse . . . mais il faut être bon ouvrier";* and he wrote his *Iphigénie,* which had the honours of the Théâtre d'Orange, and of the Comédie Française.

René Ghil, *of Belgian descent,* developed to its limits the famous Symbolist theory of the interchange of sensations, when others had not gone beyond its first possibilities, as Rimbaud and Régnier. He did this in his *Traitè du Verbe,* illustrating especially the *"audition colorée"* (in which one calls forth sensations of sound by stimulating the senses of colour, and vice-versa), under the name of *"Théorie instrumentiste."*

Vielé-Griffin, *the American,* was the one to advocate most consistently the substitution of rhythmical prose (*"les paroles qui chantent dans mon esprit"*) for versification, thus parting company with the poets who were satisfied to add

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only a few more poetical licenses to those authorised by Romanticism a hundred years ago. And how well he applied his theories!

Je leur dirai
Que rien ne pleure ici,
Et que le vent d'automne aussi
Lui qu'on croit triste est un hymne d'espoir;
Je leur dirai
Que rien n'est triste ici, matin et soir,
Sinon au loin,
Lorsque Novembre bruit aux branches
Poussant les feuilles au loin des sentes blanches.
—Elles fuient, il les relance
Jusqu'à ce qu'elles tombent lasses,
Alors il passe et rit—
Que rien n'est triste ici
Sinon au loin sur l'autre côte,
Monotone comme en sonnant la même note
Le heurt des haches brandi tout un jour,
Pesant et sourd.

The Comtesse de Noailles, *the Roumanian,* who joined the Symbolists on account of their alluring theories on music, and their subtle and vague pantheism which agreed so well with the feelings of the "Muse des jardins," was the one who rejuvenated the school at a time when public attention threatened to desert them. Before Chantecler, she sang her triumphal *Hymn to the Sun:*

Ma joie est un jardin dont vous êtes la rose,
Énorme soleil d'or, flamme en corolle éclose.

LOUIS DUMUR, SWISS

THE COMTESSE DE NOAILLES, ROUMANIAN

And so full of life is this woman *"qui s'impatiente de ne point recevoir l'univvers dans son âme"* and she challenges even death: *"Il faudra vielilir et mourir. Mais . . . jeunes hommes, sachez que, vivante, je fus le point le plus sensible de l'univers."*

Another who evolved from the agnostic and platonic mysticism of most Symbolists into a state of mind suggestive of will, action, and struggle, was *a Swiss,* Henry Spiess:

Parlons bas dans la chambre close
Où toute vie est suspendue,
. . . . . .
La pendule dit qu'il faut vivre,
Aimer, lutter, porter des coups.

And what shall we say of Maeterlinck and Verhaeren, hailing from Flanders, both winning more recognition for Symbolism outside of France than any of the *French* Symbolists,—Verlaine and Mallarmé not excluded?

Why should the native French poets have shown on this occasion so much less vitality than their brothers from other countries? The reason is easy to determine. They belonged to the "Generation of the siege," as Camille Mauclair expressed it one day; they had, in their childhood, absorbed all the sadness of the *Année Terrible,* of Sédan, of the siege of Paris, of the Commune; they were a generation of Hamlets, trying to understand some horrible reality; and, with Bourget, they reflected:

Je pense qu'aucun but ne vaut aucun effort.

When they were in their twenties, how-

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ever, they did make an effort, and succeeded at least in shaking off the fatalism and pessimism under which naturalism had crushed them; they formulated their Symbolist *dreams* of a life that would be more worthwhile. But they did not yet dare to believe in the realisation of dreams: while these men who joined them from abroad,—the Foreign Legion of French Letters,—who had not that burden of remembrances to bear, provided the impetus and faith. Now, the terrific war test, undergone by the rising generation, shows conclusively that France has recovered her confidence in *La France éternelle.*

BERNARD SHAW—MUSICIAN

BY FLORENCE BOYLSTON PELO

It is doubtless true that it is principally as a humourist that Shaw has found a public and because he draws our attention to problems,—to the infamies, abuses, and contradictions of the social order,—not only with persiflage and violence, but also with merriment. Many consider him simply as a satirical humourist and are not aware of the underlying seriousness of the man's character or of his wish to rouse a torpid public by any and all means. He himself is the most paradoxical of his paradoxes. One of his biographers states that, "He is the most moral immoralist, the gravest humourist, and the most ascetic denouncer of the ten commandments."

It is interesting to note that Shaw, widely known and generally appreciated throughout Europe as a dramatist, like Strindberg, has never been popular in France. The French consider that neither of these men is artist enough for their public. Shaw's attitude toward woman, too, is one that they cannot accept,—for they believe that he has a bad opinion of woman, considering her simply as a force of nature,—blind, stupid, and generally *malfaisante*. One of Shaw's French critics amusingly reminds us that while Aristotle may have defined man as a politcal animal, he did not pretend, the gods be thanked, that woman was an animal of the same *genre*. Marriage is Shaw's *bête noir*. When *Candida,* a play in which the theme is love, was produced in Paris it was not a success; terminating as it does in the victory of reason and the defeat of love, anyone at all familiar with the French theatre-going world would readily understand that it could not be comprehended by them. The French believe, however, that his real talent is that of an essayist and his famous prefaces, which outnumber even those of Dumas *fils* are, in their opinion, his masterpieces.

But it is not as a playwright, or an essayist, or a moralist that we are here to consider the versatile Shaw, but, as a musician. It may be a surprise to many to know that he is a musician, but it was music and painting which first attracted him rather than literary art. Mozart and Michelangelo counted for a great deal in the young man's mind and in his opinion to-day Mozart is the supreme composer. "The dream of all musicians," he says, "is to have the technique of Mozart," while it was from the latter that Shaw derived his idea of supermen and superwomen. He says, "I shall never forget climbing an enormously high, rickety framework in company with Anatole France in order to get a closer look at the Delphic Sibyl. We were close enough to touch it with our hands; and I was surprised to dis-

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cover that, instead of losing, it gained impressiveness on nearer view. The grand, set face made a tremendous impression on me. For the first time I fully realised that Michelangelo was a grand artist, and a great man as well—because his very subject is a person of genius. He never had a commonplace subject. His models are extraordinary people. They are all supermen and superwomen. Michelangelo, you see, taught me this —always to put people of genius in my works."

Some one once asked him "When did you feel inclined to write?" And he replied perversely, "I never felt inclined to write any more than I felt inclined to breathe. I felt inclined to draw—Michelangelo was my boyish ideal. I felt inclined to be a wicked baritone in an opera when I grew out of my earlier impulse toward piracy and highway robbery."

Shaw's father, it would seem, was a somewhat irresolute man who could not be wholly relied upon to nourish the life he had created. His mother was self-reliant and courageous. She was a singer and her love of music brought her in contact with many musical people. One of these, George John Vandaleur Lee, a capable teacher of music and an opera conductor, joined the Shaws in a coöperative housekeeping plan when the corn business which at that time engaged Shaw's father was on the wane. For some years this arrangement held and the boy's mind was literally steeped in music. He learned many operas by heart and both his interest and ambition were centered in music.

At fifteen his career at school came to an end, and about this time Lee, attracted to a larger field for his genius, went to London. The household was broken up, and soon after Mrs. Shaw went also to London where she became a successful teacher of singing. Shaw and his father lived in Dublin lodgings, and following his father's wish the youth took a clerkship in a land agency office which, it is said, he turned into an amateur opera house. He was desolate without the music to which he had been so long accustomed and set out at once, with characteristic energy, to learn the piano. Of this he says, "I soon acquired a terrible power of stumbling through pianoforte arrangements and vocal scores; and my reward was that I gained penetrating experiences of Victor Hugo and Schiller from Donizetti, Verdi, and Beethoven; of the Bible from Handel; of Goethe from Schumann, of Beaumarchais and Molière from Mozart and of Merimée from Bizet besides finding in Berlioz an unconscious interpreter of Edgar Allan Poe. When I was in the school boy adventure vein, I could range from Vincent Wallace to Meyerbeer; and if I felt piously and genteelly sentimental, I who could not stand the pictures of Ary Scheffer or the genteel suburban sentiment of Tennyson and Longfellow, could become quite maudlin over Mendelssohn and Gounod. And, as I searched all the music I came across for the sake of its poetic or dramatic content, and played the pages in which I found poetry or drama over and over again, whilst I never returned to those in which the music was trying to exist ornamentally for its own sake and had no real content at all, it soon followed that when I came across the consciously perfect art work of the music dramas of Wagner, I ran no risk of hopelessly misunderstanding it as the academic musicians did. Indeed I soon found that they equally misunderstood Mozart and Beethoven, though, having come to like their tunes and harmonies and to understand their mere carpentry, they pointed out what they supposed to be their merits with an erroneousness far more fatal to their unfortunate pupils than the volley of half-bricks with which they greeted Wagner (who, it must be confessed, retaliated with a volley of whole ones fearfully well aimed)."

At the age of twenty Shaw went to London, where he found considerable

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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, AFTER A PEN DRAWING BY JOSEPH SIMPSON

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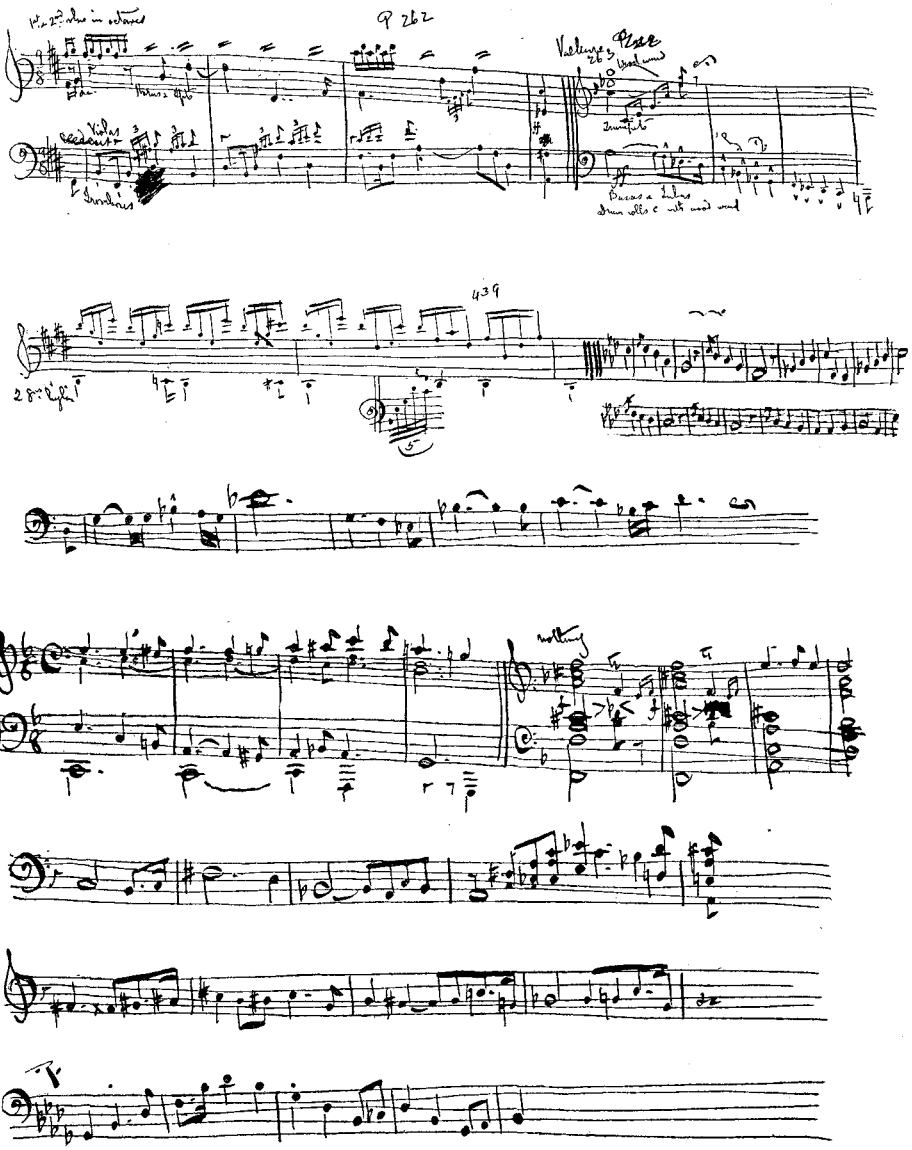

MANUSCRIPT MUSICAL SCORE IN THE AUTOGRAPH OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, PROBABLY WRITTEN ABOUT 1885

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success as an accompanist. He later became a music critic,—a post which he filled with vivacity, originality, and success.

The years 1888 to 1894 in the history of music represent the epoch of controversy over Wagner—the time when everybody was either Wagner or anti-Wagner. The academicians were immensely excited over Wagner's technique, complaining that it was chaotic and against all the rules. The protesting Shaw, ever distrustful of tradition, and at no time the one to see genius trammelled by any "laws" of art, rose in defence of this supreme artist. He stated that music might be merely decorative or dramatic, and cited that the music of Brahms and of the French and Italian operas is decorative, "a graceful, symmetrical sound-pattern which exists solely for the sake of its own grace and symmetry"—in other words, art for art's sake, which Shaw has always scorned. He further continued that it was possible to use music "to heighten the expression of human emotion" and that the aim of modern music as well as modern drama is to realise this. Mozart started a reform by a combination of both decorative and dramatic music and Wagner "completed the emancipation of the dramatic musician from the laws of pattern designing. Wagner was a tone-poet and wanted his symphonic poems to express emotions and their developments."

In 1898 Shaw returned to Wagner and wrote *The Perfect Wagnerite,* wherein for the benefit and reconciliation of the British public, he interprets, somewhat socialistically, the symbolism of Wagner's "Ring," in which, as every one knows, is clearly depicted the social and religious struggle of modern life. His unanswerable defence of the great revolutionist of modern music made him famous, and Max Nordau, the most important of the academic critics, was never heard from again. Shaw can look back now with delight and satisfaction on Wagner's ultimate triumph, as he can also on that of Rodin and of Strauss, both of whom he conspicuously championed. Indeed, in his whole career as a critic he expressed the most decided opinions against the pedantry of conventional schools of music and against all music which had method alone for its base. His efforts were directed toward freeing it from academicism and he at all times vigourously advocated the expression of the individuality of the composer. In the early London days Shaw worked some at composition, and there is extant a musical score dated June 23, 1883, for one of Shelley's poems. (Rossetti edition, Vol. III, p. 107.)

The photograph shown here is of a musical score in the autograph of Shaw, made probably about 1885, now in the collection of Edmund Brooks. Shaw, as we know, was enormously interested in Wagner's methods, and in the photograph, he has written out the various *leit-motifs* of the "Ring of the Niblungs." In the first score of this photograph we find the Sword theme of Siegfried and the Spear theme; in the second is the fire theme, and the *Mime Whine* to Siegfried; in the third the theme of Siegfried, the hero; in the fourth, Siegfried's longing for a companion or a being who would understand him, and the *Nothung,* the sword theme used when forging the sword; the fifth represents the *Sieglinde* theme; the sixth is the love theme of the Walküre; and the seventh and last the rainbow theme of Rhinegold. In the margins are various stenographic notes in the Pitman system, which when translated, are found to represent the names of these various themes.

The pen drawing of Shaw reproduced here is by Joseph Simpson. It would, in all probability, be considered an indifferent likeness by the sitter, since he asserts that Rodin is the only artist who has portrayed him as he really is, and that the bust of him by that great sculptor "is the living head of which I carry the model on my shoulders." He adds, "Portraits of my reputation are in existence, but I have never been taken in

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by my reputation, having manufactured it myself. A reputation is a mask which a man has to wear just as he has to wear a coat and trousers; it is a disguise we insist on as a point of decency. The result is that we have hardly any portraits of men and women. Nobody knows what Dickens was like or what Queen Victoria was like, though their wardrobes are on record. Many people fancy that they know their faces; but they are deceived. We know only the fashionable mask of the distinguished novelist and of the Queen. And the mask defies the camera."

There is a point of similarity between Browning and Shaw, for both men wished to be artists and musicians rather than writers, and both turned to literature as their real vocation because they possessed a natural faculty for it. Throughout his career, however, Shaw has been devoted to music, and still takes the keenest interest in it and in all its present day developments.

AMERICA AND AMERICANS IN RECENT GERMAN FICTION

BY HARVEY W. THAYER

It is now nearly a century since Germany first listened to the story-telling of James Fenimore Cooper. The spell of his genius established the conception of American life as a frontier struggle enlivened by occasional hostilities with picturesque savages,—a conception which still persists among the uninformed. German novelists soon tried their hand at American stories in the Leather-Stocking style, or presented the inchoate society of Western borderlands, often with understanding or with humour. To-day the story of frontier life, the Indian or Wild-West tale, is largely of the penny dreadful type. The gay covers with their lurid scenes brighten the windows of provincial shops and, for a few pfennige, lure the youth of Germany to a Wild-West thrill and incidentally to a curious view of America.

Yet in fiction which is to challenge the attention of the intelligent, the emphasis on wildness of scenery and adventurous or crude standards of living must inevitably grow weaker. America becomes in the course of time the scene of a developing civilisation, offering noteworthy points of contact and contrast with the old world which grow more subtle with the increasing stability of the new social order. German interest in this newer America is a natural result of a half century of emigration; indeed, it may be said that Germany has felt, through this indirect participation, a kind of proprietary interest in the great American experiment. American travellers and returning German-Americans bring, as it were, a considerable part of America with them for the convenient inspection of those who dislike an ocean voyage. Thus with the present generation of novelists we find more and more frequent glimpses of the American scene; the American traveller or the German-American, usually classified indiscriminately as American, grow increasingly prominent among the foreigners introduced into the German novel.

The temptation to derive generalisations from the views of American life thus directly or indirectly presented is obvious and in the main justified. As a rule the German novelist attributes to his American characters those qualities which he thinks peculiarly characteristic of Americans. The American characters appear, at any rate in part, as repre-

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sentatives of a class and not as individuals. As a matter of fact, only the more intimate of our acquaintances appear to us primarily as individuals, and they recede into a class precisely as our acquaintance with them diminishes. Most men of our acquaintance are simply a bundle of class characteristics, plus an indefinite amount of individuality which varies as our nearness to them; we classify thus the plumbers of our experience, the lady school teachers whom we may meet, the ward politicians with whom we may or may not have dealings. Thus it is with the incidental American in German fiction; he is first and foremost American, and may or may not have interesting human traits of his own.

Much of what might be compiled from German novels to form a composite view of American life and character, as the German novelists conceive them, is manifestly the product of limited observation or indeed of no direct observation at all. Comment on the external aspect of the American or the qualities of his spirit is often only the handiwork of the imagination aided by a current and persistent tradition. When, for example, Hugo Grob in Zahn's story, *Der andere Weg,* returns after three years in America, he has sacrificed his moustache and wears, "in accordance with American fashion," a pointed goatee; the author's experience with Americans is evidently in a certain sense symbolic rather than actual.

The legend of the American's love of money and his ruthless pursuit of it has become a conviction among Germans, held with the tenacity of a religious dogma. An absolute absorption in business which blinds to truer values and shrivels the inner life seems a natural corollary. The geography lesson in the German school is the beginning of this belief, and it is held sacred along with the unquestioned verity of the multiplication table.

In his novel *Atlantis* Hauptmann lends the authority of his name to this conception of American ideals. The hero's American experiences begin on the steamship which is bringing him hither. The contemptuous opinions of America and Americans expressed by his fellow passengers form a kind of introduction to the personal impressions after landing. The inclination not to take these comments seriously because of their source is checked by the opinions of the hero himself and the conclusions to which he comes before his visit is at an end. To him New York is possessed by a veritable insanity of greed, a "wild and shameless scuffle for gain," it is "an eternal procession, crawling, dancing, leaping after the dollar, the sacrosanct," and all amid a pandemonium of ear-splitting tumult. That the topography of New York is at times somewhat hazy, that express trains thunder over an open square without any barrier whatever, that nearly all the important and influential positions not only in New York but in the whole land are held by members of the Tammany organisation, are perhaps matters of picturesque inconsequence, from which inferences should not be drawn; but the author's general position is not left in doubt.

The most direct and comprehensive denunciation of American hypocrisy, rapacity, and turpitude is involved in the advice given by the hero to the kindly German physician at Meriden, who has spent years in America,—and it is not to be supposed that Hauptmann singles out the medical profession in America for particular reprobation. "The Americans have no use for such men as you," he says, "you can neither recommend patent medicines to them nor fasten a poor working-man to his bed with little doses, using him as a milch cow, when he could be cured in a week with quinine. You have none of the characteristics which constitute the nobility of the standard American. From the American point of view you are an utter fool, for you are ready to sacrifice yourself for any poor dog. You must go back to a land where the nobility of intellect is still the equal of any other kind of nobility. Don't stay in this gigantic commercial company, where art, science,

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and true culture are for the time being out of place." The doctor makes no effort to refute this obloquy, though apparently the words are not received without dissent, for the doctor loved America and when he put his ear to the ground he heard the subterranean music of future days. Thus the offense of to-day is palliated by the promise of to-morrow.

Rudolf Herzog, who had shown some interest in America through the Spanish war scenes of his *Hanseaten,* has devoted his latest novel, *Das grosse Heimweh,* entirely to German-American problems. His conclusions in regard to American life are similar to Hauptmann's. The general framework of the story is formed by the journey of a distinguished German scholar through the United States. He travels enflamed with the sacredness of his mission,—to arouse the Germans to self-assertion, to the preservation of the German heritage for the enrichment of American culture; he urges a close and abiding relation with the Germany overseas, and an unified political activity which shall lend weight to German efforts here and may, in case of need, be used in favour of the old Fatherland. The desired mingling or amalgamation of the German elements with the Anglo-American is suggested by a figure which is a variation of the familiar melting pot; German wine is poured into Tiffany glasses, "the marriage of the noblest with the noblest." This symbolic scene, however, in no way represents the content of the novel; for the most part the author is engaged in advertising the German wines and in finding flaws in Tiffany glasses. There are in America, the wanderer is told, only two classes, those with and those without dollars; the latter are recognised by no one and are hardly taken into account in legislation. German immigrants rejoice at first in the new freedom and equality, but later many bite their lips till they bleed at the remembrance of the land left behind. Culture is a foreign word which men here have difficulty in pronouncing; everything is at present so much more easily arranged by dollars.

Bernhard Kellermann's novel, *Der Tunnel,* a mild sensation of yesterday, presents an imaginary picture of America after the lapse of years, perhaps half a century. A stolid fancy has supplied for future days merely an exaggeration of certain supposedly characteristic aspects of New York life; conspicuous among these, the very essence of American living, are concentration on business success and a love of bigness for its own sake.

Yet there are dissentient voices. The author of the *Briefe, die ihn nicht erreichten,* for example, acknowledges an "intellectual aristocracy" in whose circles she heard no mention either of money or business. In Herzog's novel opinions are occasionally expressed which run counter to the general current of disparagement; they are quantitatively insignificant, but they do not allow the conception of American life as totally materialistic to pass unchallenged. A Harvard professor characterises the American as an idealist even in his business; and the German critic is made to nod a vigorous approval; courtesy is apparently with him a fairer jewel than consistency. In Kellermann's story even the rich are not unmindful of the poor, and the socially privileged are ready to surrender their ease to lift the downtrodden and to bear burdens which are not their own.

It may be worth noting that most nations at present regard most other nations as deficient in ideals, as composed largely of narrow-minded Philistines, shop-keepers and the like, busily engaged in cheating one another and greedily seeking to acquire temporal possessions.

Then, too, in estimating the sway of gross materialism over American living, a dividing line may be drawn between American men and American women. To the German observer the American woman is unquestionably a more interesting phenomenon than the American

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man. She is regarded as a rather anomalous product of a commercial civilisation, and considerable interest inheres in the complexity of her character. She stands aloof from the market-place and enjoys the concrete advantages of man's insensate lust for acquisition. Lack of discipline and the possession of unrestricted privilege give to the American woman interesting possibilities which are rare in Continental experience. An educational system which makes no difference between men and women may lead the woman who has no professional purpose to serve into purely capricious pathways of decorative erudition; unrestrained by practical considerations the woman may gain a superficial brilliancy of learning which covers a cluttered and untrained mind. The womanly qualities of unselfishness, devotion, and genuine sentiment are imperilled by the very independence and adoration which are hers. That neither bubble learning nor heartlessness are thought to be the inevitable results of American training is, however, amply evidenced, but it is noteworthy in how many cases German blood or the spell of European tradition have had some share in the redemption.

The heroine of Ompteda's *Der Zeremonienmeister* is, perhaps, the most flattering portrait in the German gallery of American women. In beauty of person and elegance of dress she is the typical American woman of the Continental conception, but the author has endowed her with unusual qualities of mind and heart. Even in matters of dress she is unlike many, since she attains distinction through simplicity, refinement through unadornment; there is, however, no unwomanly austerity or bluestocking indifference, she is frank in her unaffected desire to please, and her costume is the result of thought. But vanity and arrogance, the frequent concomitants of American beauty in European eyes, do not appear in the picture. The breadth of her cosmopolitan culture is often set in contrast to the limitations of ladies in the society of Dresden. One cavalry captain expresses his embarrassment in conversing with her; she has no relatives in the army to serve as starting points for harmless chatter on personalities and no matrimonial ambitions to be served by gossip of regimental or court society. Her world is not surrounded by provincial barriers; she is interested in everything,—painting, sculpture, music,—she has read everything; "knows who Dante was, while I merely know that King John translated him and that he always wore a laurel wreath." Nor is there any suspicion of superficiality about her learning or her appreciation of the beautiful; immediate response to the stimulus of allusion does not imply a mere surface readiness.

Her mother is a German-American of American birth, but to this source her cultivated tastes are in no way ascribed. Mrs. Bancroft is confessedly purely practical; she is bored in museums, and at the opera she investigates the boxes through her lorgnette, while her daughter does not turn her eyes from the stage. Yet German culture is not without its share in shaping Eva's taste. A natural and unexplained predisposition to love things of beauty has been developed by years of European travel, but to self-trained native endowment direction has been given, intensity and thoroughness have been added, through association with a young German art critic, the lover whom Eva has so unhappily misunderstood. It is, however, not simply her rare intellectual gifts which captivate the aging "Master of Ceremonies" and win him for a time to dreams of youth renewed; depth and sincerity of character, kindliness, tenderness, sympathetic insight, true womanliness,—all are hers.

Thomas Mann's *Königliche Hoheit* also has an American heroine, and of a somewhat different type. With kindly humour the novelist sets the stage for his story; it is the life of a somnolent, unprogressive principality with its stiff but not unkindly forms of intercourse between a beneficent aristocracy and a simple, curious, but contented people. Into this old-fashioned serenity comes

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Samuel N. Spoelmann, an American multi-millionaire, to drink the healing waters of the Ditlinden-Quelle. He is physically a very inconspicuous personage, inconspicuously dressed; the crowd at the station is especially disappointed at his unsmiling face, for local rumour had provided him with front teeth of gold into each one of which a diamond had been set. Spoelmann is a pathetic figure; his incalculable riches bring him neither real happiness nor surcease of pain. He finds a kind of solace in organ-playing, in collecting glass,—he possesses the rarest assemblage in the world,—and in the society of his daughter Imma. Mr. Spoelmann is in no way responsible for the unscrupulous methods by which his adventurous German grandfather founded the family fortune, but lavish gifts to Spoelmann University and other educational institutions or benevolent enterprises fail to placate a resentful American public, and European residence is on the whole more agreeable. Delphinenort, one of the grand-ducal palaces is in the course of time purchased by the American, this transaction affording considerable temporary relief to the grand-ducal coffers. Popular resentment at the sale of a crown seat is stayed by the acquisition of so splendidly taxable a resident.

The loneliness to which the unpopularity of her father's possessions has banned them, has developed in Imma a peculiarly incisive manner of speaking, a mocking superiority, which masks her real emotional nature. But Prince Klaus Heinrich, the younger brother of the reigning Grand Duke, falls under the spell of this exotic personality. She bewilders the poor fascinated prince and twines him about her finger. Of her favourite study, Algebra, he is lamentably ignorant, and he understands her allusions neither to the Adirondacks nor to a parallax, though apparently they sound something alike to him. Imma exercises a benevolent tyranny over her father; she enjoys an independence at home and assumes a freedom abroad which excite surprise in the "residence." Once this freedom sets the whole town by the ears. In her devotion to higher mathematics Imma is attending lectures at the university, and once happens to be hastening thither at noon. In front of the ducal palace she encounters a body of soldiers engaged in the interesting if unimportant spectacle of "changing the guard." An officer hoarsely shouts to her to turn back and opposes her progress with the butt of his rifle; with indignation Imma brushes it aside and continues to her destination. This lack of respect for military discipline is viewed in this happy principality with general merriment.

Imma Spoelmann is racially a very variegated human being; her grandfather, a German, had married in Bolivia, a South American who was part Indian, and her mother was a German-American who was half of English blood. Imma tells the prince that Indian blood is looked upon in America as a humiliating stain, though likely to be overlooked when present in small quantities as in her own case. But in a family whose wealth was so notorious, such matters were sure to be brought up; amid the insults which sometimes followed her on the street, she had heard the jibe that she was "coloured." It may be said in passing that the mingling of races in America, real or fancied, is a matter of considerable interest and speculation to the Germans. American characters in one of Spielhagen's novels are presented as interesting racial problems because of their negro blood.

Independence may, in certain cases, breed a kind of super-being, beyond good and evil, which cannot be judged by ordinary standards. There emerges an unsexed human, of fascinating unloveliness. This harsher conception of American womanhood is presented in Hirschfeld's story, *Der Wirt von Veladuz*. Mrs. Harryson, the daughter of an American railway king, arrives at the new mountain rival of St. Moritz. A whole retinue of servants and trunks innumerable accompany her. She is tall, commanding, of extraordi-

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nary beauty and grace, but hard, imperious, and arrogant; she even carries a dagger in a gold scabbard at her belt, and for use,—perhaps a reminder of her cow-boy descent. Restless in energy, she knows the whole world, is an intrepid mountain climber, bent on actual discovery, and has plans for an expedition to the South Pole. Despite the three rubies on her fore-finger, she is not vulgar; she has insight and artistic sense: "What beautiful house is that, that genuine old one?" she asks with reference to the old inn, now superseded by the meretricious splendour of the great hotel. But she has no heart; the "world in which she lived consisted only of nature and servants." No one exists for her except in so far as he serves her or provides diversion for her jaded spirit. She is pitilessly, brutally cruel, but without malice, she is far too imperial for that. Lucy, her daughter, is apparently a specimen of the American child, observed somewhat superficially and unsympathetically from the youth which often infest the corridors of Continental hotels. She has one supreme quality, malicious cruelty. She treats her little dog with spiteful ferocity, her over-amiable governess she beats till the blood comes, and she is actually on the point of shooting the hotel keeper with a revolver. This latter prank is regarded by her mother as an expression of her character, which should not be checked. The discipline of business competition will tame American boys, or, at any rate, convert them to another kind of savagery; society may perform a similar service for the little girls.

Absence of an aristocratic body which determines social usages tends to chaos in social conventions, when their existence or validity is at all recognised. Doctrines of freedom and equality lead to a defiance of good manners, since deference to superiors is the source of courtesy. Neglect of decorum is a besetting fault of the young, and the older world sometimes looks with irritated indulgence upon the lapses of our childhood. In Gabriele Reuter's *Episode Hopkins* two young Americans, both destined for the Church, are residing temporarily in Germany for the acquisition of the language and the general broadening of their horizons. One of them is a millionaire and the other a kind of climber, existing on his friend's generosity. They are from Boston, and the distinction between Bostonians and other Americans is emphasised. Pride of knightly English ancestry has given these young republicans a certain arrogance of bearing, and Harvard has bestowed on them, in their own view of it at least, "the highest intellectual culture and the patent of good breeding and fine manners." Quite possibly this is the only German novel calling such express attention to the "difference between this venerable institution and all other American universities." Yet drawing-room etiquette proves in Germany to be something of a stumbling-block for both. American indifference to conventions is repeatedly attested by their amazed disapproval of traditional social restrictions. It may be remarked incidentally that even in cultured Boston the young millionaire's mother does not allow him to go out at night unattended for fear of attacks by the proletariat.

The structure of German society, the conventions which govern the relationships between man and man, rest on a foundation of lingering feudalism. Germans assume that American society is still largely permeated by the spirit of that famous Declaration which began our national life; only we have accepted certain modifications in order to allow for the worship of Mammon. Gabriele Reuter's *Der Amerikaner* is an entertaining study of a young German aristocrat who has been subjected to the influence of American democracy. Fritz, "Der Amerikaner," belongs to a noble family which has long been favoured by association with exalted personages of the local court, that of the duodecimo principality of Langerode-Hirschburg-Nassenstein. The family estate, however, is weighted heavily with mortgages, and Fritz's father is facing disas-

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ter, since neither rigid probity of character nor even more rigid observance of courtly etiquette can be converted into acceptable assets. Some years before the opening of the story Fritz had retired to America because of sundry financial burdens of his own, and now he returns, bringing only the riches of his experience and an interestingly altered point of view. The latter well-nigh paralyses the family at the very moment of his arrival. A real princess, to whom Fritz's aunt had been a lady in waiting, is honouring the family with her presence at luncheon, a more inopportune time for the interposition of American democracy could hardly be imagined. Fritz is refreshingly "American" in his disregard of formalities and enchants the bored old lady by his blithe unconventionality. The narrative which amuses the princess horrifies the family. Seized by an attack of sentimental German homesickness and having no funds for the return journey, Fritz had obtained the privilege of shovelling coal on the liner, but a happy game of poker on the morning before sailing had provided a first-class ticket and a new suit of clothes. And Fritz never finds any abiding adjustment between the ancient cherished attitude of the family and the now ineradicable freedom of his own. He feels in him nothing of the nobleman who must preserve a distance between himself and the villagers, and he ridicules his brother who charges him with undermining the authority of the aristocracy by his inconsequence. His awakened business sense, his spirit of enterprise, set on foot a scheme which regenerates the finances of the family, though he himself has sometimes sentimental misgivings at this disturbance of the traditional world-aloofness; at times a clash of feelings overwhelms him, which he says is unknown in America, the discord between a desire for energetic progress and a reverence for hallowed traditions.

If neglect of traditional courtesies and ignorance of immemorial standards are characteristics of undeveloped childhood, so, too, are our lack of reserve and our tendency to boasting. Childish also is the emphasis on externals, the curiosity about one's neighbours, the love of show. Restlessness and lack of application in the accomplishment of serious tasks, especially the intellectual, are traits which the American shares with the school-boy of all times and places. The American's quest for culture is regarded as essentially naïve, though the sincerity of his thirst is sometimes admitted. Real devotion to learning, to art, as well as to social amenities, is considered as sporadic at present.

The religious life of America is to the average German a book with seven seals. The multitudinous sects, corresponding to the vagaries of individual belief and experience, are spoken of with amazement or with condescending humour. The ease with which adherents are found for a new "denomination" is illustrated in one of Seidel's stories where there is mention of a melancholy individual, abnormally fond of eel soup, who emigrates to America and founds there a "nice, little, new religion." Herzog's wanderer finds that religion is merely a matter of fashion with most Americans. This implies that change of faith is not a solemn step resulting from altered convictions; on the contrary, the crowd follows eagerly those who have the ingenuity to devise new and striking dogmas or observances, and readily forsakes the favoured sect when fashion decrees. With American women in particular, he says, religion is a pleasing variety of sport. That business ends are sought through scrupulous church attendance seems natural when once business is accepted as the one underlying, solidifying principle of society. In spite of the variety of faith and the chameleon-like changes, which would seem to challenge anything like intolerant assurance, Americans are generally credited with an unyielding orthodoxy and an active bigotry. In Spielhagen's novel referred to above, a German idealist had founded in New York a school for orphan children, but fanatic clergymen, finding his views on the Bible unsound,

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used the opportunity of a street brawl and incited the mob to destroy the institution.

In external forms of her political life America is less fantastically unique. The political affairs of the Republic are more extensively and accurately reported in the German newspapers and critical journals than the whims of religious dissent. For the politics of America affects the economic life of Europe; this shrinking of the world into economic interdependence is suggested in Kirchbach's novel of the outcast and vagabond, *Das Leben auf der Walze,* where the working classes resentfully charge the McKinley Bill with the responsibility for their woes. There is, too, a certain parity of conditions as far as governmental functions are, or seem to be, within the competence of the people, and this supplies a readier basis for understanding. Since politics is the affair of all, interest in political matters is assumed to be characteristic of all. At the same time stress is laid upon the sinister aspects of public life in America, the participation in politics for the sake of gain, the corruption in high places. That some men make politics a business, that many take their business into politics, is a natural result of a civilisation where business is the chief concern of life.

Rarely in the old world do opposites stand in such striking juxtaposition as in America; matters there have through the passing of the centuries found their relative positions by an unerring principle like that of specific gravity, while here society and its concerns are in a state of flux. The German novelist notes, with baffled effort at understanding or reconciliation, the contrasts and contradictions of American life. It is only a step from the splendour of Fifth Avenue to the squalour of the slums; it may be, in another sense, only a few months or years of struggle or luck from the tenements to the "Avenue." Similar contrasts and contradictions are found in the composite make-up of American character; nowhere does character react more directly and completely to external conditions. The environment is one of stupendous change; the chief characteristic of the external aspect of America, so far as it is subject to man's control, is its impermanence, and human qualities seem here to be peculiarly susceptible to the might of altered circumstance. In this very mutability of men and things lies, it may be, from the European point of view, the hope of our salvation, that is, ultimately a modified conformity to established standards. There is, for example, a tacit satisfaction discernible in the recorded observation that our population shows a tendency to divide into classes.

To see ourselves as other see us is commonly valued as a wholesome though supposedly unattainable experience. It may be less efficient a corrective if we know that the "others" have never really seen us and merely think they have, if they judge us from some old photograph which never did us justice. If we know their deficiencies as observers, we can discount such items of the picture as we may choose to disapprove. To look one's self squarely in the mirror is to most people a humiliating and disconcerting experience; if the mirror is convex or concave the experience may be hilariously diverting, but the distortion of the mirror may reveal through exaggeration certain defects of which we are unconscious or which we ordinarily refuse to see. And the diversion becomes wholesomely edifying. It is an experience of this sort which awaits the American who seeks a portrait of our national physiognomy in the pages of the German novel.

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ROSTER OF THE KIPLING BATTALION

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY IRVING E. MANSBACK

WAR OFFICE,

WHITEHALL, LONDON, W.

General Orders No. A.

I. On receipt of these orders the First Kipling Battalion will leave Great Britain and proceed to join the Expeditionary Force at the Front on the Continent.

II. The officers, staff and line, will be composed as in IV. of these orders.

III. The officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Kipling Regiment detailed to special duty with the Expeditionary Force will report to their respective units as in V. of these orders, this section also contains extra special appointments.

IV. Is to be found on page two (2) of these orders.

V. Is to be found on page five (5) of these orders.

VI. General composition of non-commissioned officers and men of the First Kipling Battalion.

"The spirit of these Men and the Characters they portray dominate and live in the Army now fighting at the Front to preserve King and Country."

I. E. M.

IV. *Acting Colonel*

Brig. Gen. Sir Alexander L. Corkran, V.C., D.S.O., K.C.B., Bart., detached from Headquarters.

Lieutenant Colonel

Robert Hanna Wick, D.S.O.

Majors

Sir George Cotter, D.S.O., C.I.E.

John Chinn, 2nd.

Walter Decies Corbyn, ex Captain "Gurgaon Rissala," the 141st Punjab Cavalry.

Captain Adjutant

Hogan Yale, detailed from the "White Hussars."

Captain Quartermaster

Mafflin, detailed from Indian Army.

Captain Commissary

Gadsby, detailed from Indian Army.

Chaplains

Rev. John Gillett, padre in the "Old Coll."

Rev. Arthur Bennett, Church of England.

"Junior Chaplain."

Father Victor.

Father Dennis.

Battalion Sargeant Major

"Sargeant Whatisname."

Commissary Sargeant

Matthews, detailed from Imperial Guard Battalion, Tyneside Tail Twisters.

Colour Sargeants

Terence Mulvaney, detailed from the "Auld Regiment."

Stanley Ortheris, No. 22639, detailed from B Company, "Auld Regiment."

Jock Learoyd, detailed from the "Auld Regiment."

Staff Buglers

Lew and Jakin.

"A" Company

Captain, Henry Augustus Ramsay.

First Lieutenant, Platte.

Second Lieutenant, Pluffles.

"B" Company

Captain, "Crook" O'Neil, D.S.O.

"Brother Inner Guard."

First Lieutenant, Golightly.

Second Lieutenant, Horrocks, detailed from Indian Army.

"C" Company

Captain, Yardley-Orde, detailed from Indian State Department.

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First Lieutenant, Blayne, detailed from Irregular Moguls.

Second Lieutenant, Tesser, detailed from Indian Army.

"D" Company

Captain, Tallantire, detailed from Indian State Department.

First Lieutenant, "Tick" Boileau, detailed from 45th Bengal Cavalry.

Second Lieutenant, "Tod," detailed from Punjab Infantry.

"E" Company

Captain, Carter-Deecey, of the Aurungabadis.

First Lieutenant, "The Infant," from Upper Burma.

Second Lieutenant, Nevin, detailed from the Gurkas.

"F" Company

Captain, Crandall, D.S.O.

First Lieutenant, Luttrell, detailed from Imperial Guard Battalion, Tyneside Tail Twisters.

Second Lieutenant, "Young" Everett, detailed from Sikh Infantry.

"G" Company

Captain, Reggie Burke, detailed from London Scottish.

First Lieutenant, Perowne, detailed from Egyptian Army.

Second Lieutenant, "Boy" Bayley, detailed from Imperial Guard Battalion, Tyneside Tail Twisters.

"H" Company

Captain, "Fat Sow" Duncan, D.S.O.

First Lieutenant, Verschoyle, detailed from Imperial Guard Battalion, Tyneside Tail Twisters.

Second Lieutenant, Pigeon, detailed from Imperial Guard Battalion, Tyneside Tail Twisters.

"I" Company

Captain, Dickson Quartus, of the "Old Coll."

First Lieutenant, James Loman, D.S.O., R.A.

Second Lieutenant, "orf'cer bhoy," detailed from the Auld Regiment.

"K" Company

Captain, Harrison, detailed from Imperial Guard Battalion, Tyneside Tail Twisters.

First Lieutenant, Rattray, of the "Old Coll."

Second Lieutenant, Clewer, of the "Old Coll."

"L" Company

Known as the "Old Coll." Company.

Captain, Hogan.

First Lieutenant, Swayne.

Second Lieutenant, Ansell.

"M" Company

Captain, Kidd, detailed from Imperial Guard Battalion, Tyneside Tail Twisters.

First Lieutenant, Mr. Cameron from the Public School Corps.

Second Lieutenant, Mr. Kevitt, from the Public School Corps.

Orderlies to the Acting Colonel

Pte. King, D.D., Pte. Hartopp, B.S., D.D.

Orderlies to the Lieutenant Colonel

Pte. Dormer, Pte. Conklin.

V. *To Intelligence Division General Staff, Headquarters*

In Command.

Colonel Strickland, Ex Indian Police.

Colonel Strickland, Jr., personal Assistant to C. O.

Sir Kimball O'Hara, K.C., Ex Indian Police.

Lieutenant Martyn, detailed from "White Hussars."

Corporal Copper, V.C.

Orderly to Strickland, Jr.

Imam Din, detached from Cento-Euro-Africo Protectorate Force.

Scouts

Chief Gisborne.

Assistant Mowgli.

To Royal Flying Corps

Lieutenant Brazenose, D.S.O., Wing Commander.

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Hon. Penfentenenyou, detailed from Foreign Office, Flight Commander.
Captain Brandis Allardyce, Flight Commander.
Lieutenant Percival William Williams, Flight Captain, detailed from 195th Cavalry.
Captain Purnell, detailed from General Post-Office, Flight Captain.
Captain Hodgson, detailed from General Post-Office. Flight Captain.
Lieutenant Moorshed, detailed from R. N. Flight Lieutenant.
Corporal Devlin, detailed from 195th Cavalry. Mechanic.

To Royal Engineers. Bridge Division
Colonel Finlayson, G.S.I., C.E.
Captain Hitchcock, C.E., Assistant to C. O.
Lieutenant Potiphar Gubbins, C.E.
Lieutenant Moriarty.
Peroo; Lascar rigger with Finlayson.

To Royal Artillery
Colonel Laughton G. Zigler, of Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. In charge of repair depot, at base R. F. A.
Captain Mankeltow. In command of Q Battery, Royal Field Artillery.
Captain Lord Lundie, detailed from State Department to Headquarters Royal Field Artillery.
Captain Curtiss, detached from Royal Field Artillery, Indian Army to Headquarters Royal Field Artillery.
Captain Van Zyl, detached from South African Field Artillery to Royal Field Artillery.

To Motor Car and Railway Division Attached Headquarters
Henry Salt Hinchliffe, detached R. N. to be engineer of armoured train and to repair guns and aeroplanes.
Emanuel Pyecroft, detached R. N., to be driver motor lorry containing aeroplanes and to superintend mechanics of Royal Flying Corps.
Pte. Glass, detached H.M.S. *Archimandrite,* to be driver field motor lorry.

To be Staff Motorcycle Dispatch Riders
Lieutenant Kysh.
Corporal Leggett.
Pte. Giffen, V.C.
Pte. Tomlinson.

To Army Service Corps
Sir James Hawkins, to Expeditionary Force base Commissary Depot.
Lieutenant Scott, assistant to Sir James Hawkins.

In Charge Staff Horses
Mahbub Ali.
Umr Singh.
Sikander Khan.

To be Indian Interpreters to Staff
Bukta, C.O.B.I. Jamadar, detailed from Bhil Irregular Infantry.
Rutton Singh, Sudabar, detailed from Sikh Infantry.
Hira Lal, Jamadar, detailed from Punjab Infantry.

To be Accredited Correspondents to Staff
Eustace Cleever.
Beetle.
Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan.
Daniel Dravot.
Torpenhow.

To be Nurses and Attendants at Base Hospital
Mrs. Hauksbee, nurse in chief.
William the Conqueror, assistant to chief nurse.
Mrs. Sir "Jimmy" Hawkins, nurse.
Mrs. Strickland, nurse.
Jhansi McKenna, nurse.
Mrs. Miriam Cottar, nurse.
"Prussian" Bates, M.D. Head of the "Old Coll." Surgeon-in-Chief.
Gunga Din, "bhisti."

VI

Thomas Atkins.
"The legion that was never listed."
"Service Man."
"Gentlemen of England."
"M. I."
"The Younger Nations."
"The Lost Legion."
Sikhs.
Gurkas.
Bhils.

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Punjabis.
Gippies.
Pathans.
"Fuzzy Wuzzies."
"His Majesties Jollies."
"The Broken Men."
"Flannelled fools at the wicket."
"Muddled oafs at the goals."

Tim Coolan, Mulcahy, Dan Grady, "Horse" Egan, Namgay Doola.

"But, oh, beware my country, when my country grows polite."

NOTES AND PARAGRAPHS FROM "THE TIMES"

IN REFERENCE TO THE KIPLING BATTALION

1915.

The first word we get from the front in regard to the First Kipling Battalion now in the trenches in Northern France at ——— is to the effect that the V.C. has been awarded Lce. Corporal Charlie Meers, No. 12378, for gallantry in the face of the enemy. Although severely wounded, Meers brought one of his comrades, also wounded and unable to walk and a crippled German from out of the line of fire into the trenches. He was also mainly instrumental in holding the salient of this trench during repeated attacks of the foe.

Before enlisting Meers was a clerk in the store of Peter Robinson, Oxford St. W, he was extremely quiet and unassuming and his feats come as a great surprise to his friends.

Captain C. B. Fry, D.S.O., the pioneer aviator and inventor of this city, has now completely recovered from his wounds, and for the next few weeks is going to assist the fledgling birdmen at Hendon.

Sir Christopher Tomling, C.E., is now on his way home from South America. On his arrival he will join the R. E. in the Field.

The following advertisement inserted at the time the Battalion was recruiting, has brought very generous results from the friends of the organisation:

Mrs. Captain Gadsby and G. M. Dabney, Col. J. P., M. P., will gratefully receive any contributions of money, warm clothing, blankets, tobacco and cigarettes for the rank and file of the Kipling Battalion shortly going to the Front on the Continent.

Col. Dabney, in contributing £1,500, as well as blankets, tobacco, and so forth, regrets that he cannot go with the Battalion under the command of his old friend. He states that being over seventy years he will try and work his hardest for his comrades, although he must remain at home.

Among other contributors of large amounts, we find:

Gen. Collinson, K.C.B., £1,500, tobacco, and so forth, as well as two motor ambulances for the Battalion Hospital at the Base.

Sir Michael Gregory, £1,200, comforts, and so forth. Sir Michael also volunteers his motor car, a four-cylinder Octopod, with himself as driver, to go with the Expeditionary Force. His offer was accepted.

John Wilton Sargent, of Haverstraw, New York, U. S. A., £1,000, and so forth.

There were many other contributors.

Mrs. Gadsby has asked the *Times* to express her thanks to them all.

Among the dogs donated as mascots to the Battalion we find: Tietjens, Garm, Jock, Blue Rot, "Misses de Sussa's Pup" and Vixen.

We have just been informed that Sir Arthur McTurk has recruited five hundred of his tenantry for the Second Battalion. He has had his manor house in Ireland renovated and is about to turn same over to the R. A. M. C. as a hospital and convalescent home. Sir Arthur would have gone in the command of Sir Alexander L. Corkran, only he has not recovered from the illnesses he incurred during his stay in Bengal.

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PLAIN TALES

Three and an Extra.
Mrs. Hauksbee.
Miss Yougal's Sais.
Strickland.
Rescue of Pluffles.
Pluffles.
Haunted Subalterns.
Horrocks and Tesser.
The Three Musketeers.
Stanley Otheris, No. 22639—B Co.
Terence Mulvaney.
Jock Learoyd.
The Watches of the Night.
Platte.
The Taking of Lungtungten.
Lieut. Brazenose.
The Arrest of Lieut. Golightly.
Lieut. Golightly.
His Wedded Wife.
Henry Augustus Ramsay.
In Error.
Moriarty.
A Bank Fraud.
Reggie Burke.
Tod's Amendment.
Tod.
Daughter of the Regiment.
Jhansi McKenna.
Route of the White Huzzars.
Hogan-Yale.

SOLDIERS THREE

Big Drunk Draf'
"orf'cer bhoy."
Solid Muldoom (collected dogs).
Jock, Blue Rot, Tietjens, "Misses de Sussa's Pup," Garm, Vixen.
With the Main Guard.
Capt. O'Neil.
Poor Dear Mamma.
Capt. Gadsby.
World Without.
Blayne.
Curtiss.
With Any Amazement.
Capt. Mafflin.
The Valley of the Shadow (collected chaplains).
Junior Chaplain, Rev. John Gillett, Rev. Arthur Bennett, Father Dennis, Father Victor.

UNDER THE DEODARS

Only a Subaltern.
Robert Hanna Wick.
Dormer.
Conklin.
The Man Who Would be King.
Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan, Daniel Dravot, Eustace Cleever, Beetle, Torpenhow.
Wee Willie Winkle.
Percival William Williams.
Brandis Allardyce.
Devlin.
Drums of the Fore and Aft.
Lew.
Jakin.

LIFE'S HANDICAP

Head of the District.
Yardley-Orde.
Tallantire.
Mutiny of the Mavericks.
Mulcahy, Dan Grady, Horse Egan.
Namgay Doola.
Namgay Doola.

MANY INVENTIONS

A Conference of the Powers.
Tick Boileau.
The Infant.
Nevin.
Eustace Cleever.
Garter-Deecey.
The Finest Story in the World.
Charley Meers.
In the Rukh.
Gisborne.
Mowgli.

DAY'S WORK

The Bridge Builders.
Finlayson.
Hitchcock.
Peroo.
The Tomb of his Ancestors.
John Chinn, 2nd.
Bukta.
William the Conqueror.
William the Conqueror.
Sir James Hawkins.
Mrs. "Jimmy."
Scott.
Martyn.

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Brush Wood Boy.
George Cotter.
Miriam.
Stalky and Co.
Alexander L. Corkran, Arthur McTurk, Beetle, G. M. Dabney, Col. J. P. Crandell, Duncan, Bates, Dickson Quartus, Rattray, Clewer, Hogan, Swayne, Perowne, Ansell, General Collinson, K.C.B., Rutton Singh, Everett.

KIM

Kimball O'Hara.
Mahbub Ali.

ACTIONS AND REACTIONS

With the Night Mail.
Captain Purnall.
Captain Hidgson.
C. B. Fry.
A Deal in Cotton.
Strickland, Jr.
Imam Din.
The Puzzler.
Lord Lundie.
James Loman, R.A.
Sir Christopher Tomling, C.E.
Hon. Penfentenyou.
An Error in the Fourth Demention.
John Wilton Sargent.

TRAFFICS AND DISCOVERIES

The Captive.
Laughton G. Zigler.
Van Zyl.
Captain Mankeltow.
A Sahib's War.
Walter Decies Corbyn.
Umr Singh.
Sikander Khan.
The Bonds of Discipline.
Emanuel Pyecroft.
Glass.
Lawful Occasions.
Lieut. Moorshed.
Henry Salt Hinchliffe.
Private Copper.
Copper.
Steam Tactics.
Kysh.
Sir Michael Gregory.
Leggett.
Army of a Dream.
Boy Bayley, Luttrell, Burgard, Verschoyle, Harrison, Pigeon, Kyd, Matthews, Purvus.

POEMS

Five Nations.
Sargeant Whatisname.
Departmental Ditties.
Potiphar Gubbins, C.E.
Hira Lal.
Giffen.
Tomlinson.
Gunga Din.

MESSAGE BEARERS

BY FRANCES BEERS

As from those wizard towers that cleave the sky,
Strange, sentient fingers seem to grasp with ease
The air's impalpable swift messages,
To send them forth again to us who lie
Upon the lower plane, whose untrained eye
Can never read the ether's mysteries,
Whose ear hears but the sighing of the breeze,
Though tales of life and death go flashing by;—
So does the poet from his watch-tower lean,
Through the great spaces of the whispering heaven
To catch the shouts of joy, the sobs of pain,
The cries of drowning souls,—and all they mean,
These calls of soul to soul, to him is given
To translate, and send forth to man again.

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FOR THE EDITOR'S CONFUSION

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

THERE comes a time in the life of every writer when he is assailed by an uncontrollable desire to issue advice to his struggling brothers—and sisters—of the pen. This time having arrived to me, I propose to indulge the desire. As to the value of the advice I am about to offer, I say nothing beyond stating that, while following it may not profit you, at least it will leave you no worse off. That is, you will still be young and an author.

Let us speak first of the mechanical part of writing for publication. It might be said, not altogether untruthfully, that writing for publication is at the present time almost wholly mechanical. But I am here using the word to signify the choice of materials, the preparation of the manuscript and the mailing of the same. Much depends on starting right. Therefore, it is well for the young author to begin with the assumption that editors are overbearing, weak-minded and deceitful. Of course, they are; but of late there have been issued, through the medium of journals pretending to have the interests of authors at heart, a number of articles designed to prove that the editor is not only wise and honest, but long suffering and much maligned. While these articles, if not actually written by the editors themselves, at least actuated by them, are quite ridiculous in their claims, yet they occasionally attain a plausibility calculated to deceive the inexperienced. Disregard this propaganda, by all means; cling firmly to your inherent belief, and so avoid ultimate disillusion.

The young author about to write a masterpiece should first secure a supply of paper, a bottle of ink and a pen. Keeping always before you the fact that the editor is a natural enemy, endeavour in every possible way to make his life a burden. A little serious thought will present to you numerous methods of doing this. For instance, in the matter of paper, it is well known that editors prefer a uniformly shaped sheet of about eleven inches by eight. Therefore, obtain some paper half that size, and, if it is not too difficult, write diagonally across the narrower aspect. Should you use a typewriter, this will not be practical, but inasmuch as in typewriting your manuscript you are conforming to the unjustifiable demands of the pampered editor, it is to be hoped that you will write your copy with a pen, giving full sway to any peculiarities that may exist to render your writing characteristic. It is a good plan to impress your personality on the editor, and this is but one of many methods.

There has grown up, fostered, of course, by editors, a tradition to the effect that authors should write on but one side of the paper. In the name of William Shakespeare, why? What right has an editor to inflict the added expense involved by an adherence to this ruling? Writing on but one side means that the author must use twice as much paper as if he wrote on both sides. What is to prevent the editor from, having read one side of a sheet, turning it over and reading the other? Of all the rules and regulations laid down by this overbearing autocrat, that insisting that writing shall occupy but one side of the sheet is the most unjust and tyrannical. It is absolutely indefensible. If an author desires to use both sides of a sheet of paper for his scintillant thoughts, by all means let him do so. It is his right. The first thing we shall know, editors will be actually suggesting to authors what they shall write!

Having written the story or essay or what not as directed above, the young

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author should next assemble his sheets, previously numbered, being careful to see that they are not arranged consecutively. Personally, I misplace by tens. That is, I arrange the sheets as numbered as far as nine, follow nine with eleven, and place ten after eleven. There are more complicated methods, but I find that this answers satisfactorily. The scheme of jumbling the sheets together irrespective of numbers, first shuffling them like a pack of cards, accomplishes what is intended, i.e., the confusion of the editor, but, unfortunately, hits back at the author, since, naturally, when the manuscript is returned the author wants to reread it, and in order to do so he must go to much trouble rearranging his sheets.

It is, of course, understood by the young author that no editor thoroughly reads a manuscript. Indeed, more often than not he doesn't read it at all. He carefully dog-ears the pages and drops some red ink on the first sheet in order to create the impression that he has done so, but no one but a most inexperienced author will be deceived by these time-worn tricks. In order, therefore, to prove to your own satisfaction that your manuscript has not been fairly considered, it is advisable to resort to one of several expedients. Placing a hair between, say, the fourth and fifth sheets is one method and is much used by lady authors. If on receipt of the returned manuscript the hair is in position, you know that the editor did not read your contribution, and you can thereupon write him a sarcastic note and tell him all about it. Another way is to lightly glue together the corners of certain sheets, while one author of my acquaintance invariably puts sheet number seven in upside down. These are but three of many methods invented for the confusion of editors. There are numerous others, some quite complicated. For my part, I consider simplicity advisable, and any of the methods mentioned above will be found usually satisfactory.

If convenient, fold your manuscript at least once each way when placing it in the envelope. I prefer this to rolling it. Frankly, I believe that editors approve of rolled manuscripts and protest against them merely in order to ensure receiving them. It is an easy task to iron out a rolled manuscript, and I dare say that every editor keeps an iron hot for such purpose. Above all, never submit a manuscript of any description without an accompanying letter. Don't, by any means, place the letter in the same enclosure as the manuscript, but send it separately and by an earlier or later mail. In your letter try to get in personal touch, so to speak, with the editor. Be frank and explicit; even detailed. Tell him why you have written the story or poem or essay. Tell him why you decided to give him the opportunity to purchase it. Tell him what you personally think of it. As you wrote it, your estimate will be of value to him. Introduce any little items of family history or personal experiences that seem interesting. In short, try to fix the editor's attention on yourself, try to mean more to him than just one of a hundred or so intangible contributors. *Impress yourself on the editor.* The author in Tie Siding, Nebraska, who recently enclosed a cleverly contrived little cylinder bomb in his roll of manuscript had the right idea, but, unfortunately, the mechanism failed to work on time and the explosion did not occur until the office boy was rewrapping the manuscript for return.

The question of whether to enclose stamps with your manuscript is a much-mooted one. Of course, there is much to be said in favour of sending return postage. It undoubtedly saves time, since many editors will not supply the stamps, but satisfy their consciences by writing you a rude note. On the other hand, in case your manuscript meets acceptance, you are out the value of the stamps you sent with it. I have known an editor to return a stamped and addressed envelope subsequent to accepting a story of mine, but I at once suspected his sanity and, naturally, have had no further dealings with him. Some-

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times stating in your letter that you are sending return postage, and then not doing so, works satisfactorily. In that case it seems possible to the editor that you really intended to put the stamps in, but forgot to, and quite frequently he will supply the omission. But you can't depend on his doing so. Editors are suspicious and soulless, not to say mercenary.

When your manuscript comes back to you it is advisable to write to the editor at once, while he still recalls your offering. As your future success may depend largely on the impression you manage to create by this letter, it is well to give it thought and care. Don't put too much faith in sarcasm. Editors live on it. Sarcasm is the breath of life to them. Honest abuse is generally best. Don't be too subtle. Telling an editor that he ought to be digging ditches instead of editing a magazine looks well in the letter, but they get that so often that they scarcely see it any longer. Besides, they know it as well as, if not better than, you do. Avoid the obvious. If you are a man you can offer to lick the editor, but in my experience it leads to nothing. I have offered to lick several editors, but nothing has ever come of it. However, the fact that I live at some distance from them may enter into the matter.

In choosing names to apply to the offending editor one is at once at a disadvantage, since most of the applicable epithets have been applied many, many times, and have consequently lost something of their force. In my own case, I consult a thesaurus, and find it helpful, containing as it does a number of good old Elizabethan words especially appropriate. Still, neither dictionary nor book of synonyms will wholly answer your demands, and you will have to fall back on your imagination if you are to do full justice to the subject. Try to be abusive, yet dignified. Do not allow the editor to suspect that you have lost your temper. That would please him. With practice you will be able to command a style that will make your rejection letters admired and sought after. Also, and this is vastly important to the young author, you will impress upon him your personality. And that is what counts.

In a future article I shall advise regarding Borrowing an Idea, Avoiding Plot and Knowing the Market. That is, I may do so. If I find that the desire to give advice has been appeased by the preparation of this article, I shall probably relapse to my normal condition of minding my own business.

BEAUTY

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

Sometimes, slow moving through unlovely days,
The need to look on beauty falls on me
As on the blind the anguished wish to see,
As on the dumb the urge to rage or praise;
Beauty of marble where the eyes may gaze
Till soothed to peace by white serenity,
Or canvas where one master hand sets free
Great colors that like angels blend and blaze.

O, there be many starved in this strange wise—
For this diviner food their days deny,
Knowing beyond their vision beauty stands
With pitying eyes—with tender, outstretched hands,
Eager to give to every passer-by
The loveliness that feeds a soul's demands.

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READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Religion and Theology

The Soliloquy of a Hermit. By Theodore Francis Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. Frontispiece. $1.00 net.
Religious reflections.

Sociology and Economics

American Municipal Progress. By Charles Zueblin. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A new and revised edition. A presentation of the achievements in municipal improvement during the twentieth century.

Anthracite: An Instance of Natural-Resource Monopoly. By Scott Nearing. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. $1.00 net.

A discussion of the situation in the coal industry, and a protest against private ownership of natural resources.

Who Is Insane? By Stephen Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.
Presenting some of the aspects of insanity and the problems concerned with its prevention and cure.

European War Books

The Fringes of the Fleet. By Rudyard Kipling. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 50 cents net.
A companion volume to *France at War.*

A picture of England's Auxiliary Fleet—submarines and destroyers, trawlers and mine sweepers. There are six new poems written especially for this book.

The Note Book of a Neutral. By Joseph Medill Patterson. New York: Duffield & Company.

Six articles setting forth the author's reflections on the war.

Ordeal by Battle. By Frederick Scott Oliver. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A discussion of the European situation and a plea for preparedness. The work is divided into four parts:—"The Causes of War," "The Spirit of German Policy," "The Spirit of British Policy," and "Democracy and National Service."

Over the Front in an Aeroplane, and Scenes Inside the French and Flemish Trenches By Ralph Pulitzer. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The record of a civilian's trip in a French army aeroplane.

The World Decision. By Robert Herrick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

A description and interpretation of the great events which the author witnessed while in Italy and France. A section of the book is devoted to America and what the situation means to this country.

Education

The American School. By Walter S. Hinchman. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.00 net.

In *The American Books* series. The work deals especially with the secondary school, and emphasises the need of co-operation between parents and teachers.

Being Well-Born. An Introduction to Eugenics. By Michael F. Guyer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.00 net.

A study of heredity and eugenics designed especially for parents, teachers and social workers. In the *Childhood and Youth Series.*

A History of the Family as a Social and Educational Institution. By Willystine Goodsell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A new volume in the *Text-Book Series in Education.* A study of the family from the primitive and patriarchal families to the present time. The work has an index and bibliographies.

How the French Boy Learns to Write. A Study in the Teaching of the Mother Tongue. By Rollo Walter Brown. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $1.25.

A discussion of the French methods of teaching composition.

Applied Science, Engineering

Engineering As a Career: A Series of Papers by Eminent Engineers. Edited by F. H. Newell and C. E. Drayer. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company. $1.00 net.

A collection of articles written in response to questions as to the opportunities and requisites for success in the engineering profession.

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Fine Arts

Chinese Art Motives Interpreted. By Winifred Reed Tredwell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

A discussion of the relation of Chinese life to Chinese art.

General Literature, Essays

Artists and Thinkers. By Louis William Flaccus. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.25 net.

Studies in the relations of art and philosophy. The book contains an introductory essay and seven other essays discussing the personalities, methods and art theories of Rodin, Maeterlinck, Wagner, Tolstoy, Hegel, and Nietzsche.

Legends of Gods and Ghosts. (Hawaiian Mythology.) Collected and Translated from the Hawaiian by W. D. Westervelt. Boston: Press of George H. Ellis Company. Illustrated.
Hawaiian folk-lore.

Letters From America. By Rupert Brooke. With a Preface by Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

Letters written to the *Westminster Gazette* and the *New Statesman* while the author was on a journey to the United States, Canada and the South Seas during 1913 and 1914.

The New England Conscience. With Typical Examples. By James Phinney Monroe. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

As conspicuous examples of his subject the author sketches the careers of Samuel Adams, Josiah Quincy, Abraham Lincoln, and others.

Father Payne. Anonymous. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50 net.

The story of an elderly man of means who gathers about him a group of young men for the purpose of helping them to learn to write. His talks on familiar subjects—love, hate, marriage, education, religion, science, books—form a large part of the book.

Social Studies in English Literature. By Laura Johnson Wylie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75 net.

Four essays, each tracing the relation between a certain body of literature and some aspects of the social conditions out of which it grew. The volume is one of a number published in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Vassar.

Poetry and Drama

Ad-En-Nel-La. An Indian Legendary Love Story in Verse, and Other Poems. By Ethan Allen Hurst. Kansas City: Hudson Press. Frontispiece. $1.00.

Verses dealing with the American Indians. With notes and explanations.

Children of Fancy. Poems by Ian Bernard Stoughton Holborn. New York: G. Arnold Shaw.

A collection of miscellaneous verses.

Earth and New Earth. By Cale Young Rice. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.25 net.

A collection of lyric and dramatic poetry, stimulated by the war and by travels in the Orient.

Drawn Shutters. By Beatrice Redpath. New York: The John Lane Company. $1.25 net.

Poems of Meditation.

The Evanescent City. By George Sterling, with Nine Illustrations After Photographs by Francis Bruguiere, and a Cover in Color After the Painting by Will Sparks. 75 cents.

In commemoration of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Harp of the North. By Arthur Wentworth Hewitt. Boston: C. H. Simonds Company.

A collection of miscellaneous verses.

John Ferguson: A Play in Four Acts. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

Depicting the life of the Irish peasantry.

The Masterpieces of Modern Drama. Abridged in Narrative, with Dialogue of the Great Scenes. By John Alexander Pierce. Prefaced with a Critical Essay by Brander Matthews. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Two volumes. $2.00 net each.

A collection of the best plays of the modern drama told in story form with excerpts from the dialogue. One volume contains American and English plays, and the other foreign plays.

Master Skylark, or Will Shakespeare's Ward. A Dramatisation from the Story of the Same Name by John Bennett. In Five Acts. By Edgar White Burrill. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The play depicts the scenes and customs of Shakespeare's birthplace, and introduces Shakespeare as a character.

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Melmoth the Wanderer: A Play in Five Acts. By Gustav Davidson and Joseph Koven. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

In the *American Dramatists Series.* The play depicts the evolution of a soul from a state of religious skepticism to one of faith.

My Lady's Dress. A Play in Three Acts. By Edward Knoblauch. With an Introduction by Frank Chouteau Brown. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 75 cents net.

Volume XI. in *The Drama League Series of Plays.* A play built around the tragedy and comedy that go into the making of a woman's gown.

The Nameless One. A Play in Three Acts. By Anne Cleveland Cheney. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.00 net.

A drama in blank verse with fatherhood for its theme. The scenes are laid in London and Norfolk in the Sixteenth Century.

Ode On the Opening of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, February, 1915. By George Sterling. $1.75 net.

On the Lake and Other Poems. By Elizabeth Reynolds. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Frontispiece. $1.00 net.

A collection of miscellaneous verses. The title poem was inspired by Lake Michigan.

Plays by Anton Tchekoff. Second Series. Translated with an Introduction by Edwin Björkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

This volume contains "The Bridal Crown," "The Spook Sonata," "The First Warning," and "Gustavus Vasa."

Plays by Anton Tchekoff. Second Series. Translated with an Introduction by Julius West. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

This volume contains "On the High Road," "The Proposal," "The Wedding," "The Bear," "A Tragedian in Spite of Himself," "The Anniversary," "The Three Sisters," "The Cherry Orchard."

Plays for Small Stages. By Mary Aldis. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

Five plays written for and produced by amateurs at "The Playhouse," Lake Forest, Illinois.

Rainbow Gold and Other Poems. By Muriel Kinney. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

A collection of miscellaneous verse, for the most part lyrical.

Songs of the Fields. By Francis Ledwidge. With an Introduction by Lord Dunsany. New York: Duffield & Company.

A collection of poems reflecting various phases of nature.

The Supernatural in Tragedy. By Charles E. Whitmore. Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press. $1.75.

The work aims to show in what ways the tragic writers of Greece, Italy, France and England, in both ancient and modern times, have introduced the supernatural into their works; and to discuss the dramatic and æsthetic values of their methods.

The Technique of Play Writing. By Charlton Andrews. Introduction by J. Berg Esenwein. Springfield: The Home Correspondence School. $1.50 net.

A guide to the writing and selling of plays.

Verse. By Adelaide Crapsey. Rochester: The Manas Press. $1.00 net.

A collection of posthumous poems.

Writing for Vaudeville. With Nine Complete Examples of Various Vaudeville Forms by Richard Harding Davis, Aaron Hoffman, Edgar Allan Woolf, Taylor Granville, Louis Weslyn, Arthur Denvir, and James Madison. By Brett Page. Springfield: The Home Correspondence School. $2.00 net.

A guide to the writing and selling of plays, monologues, burlesques, musical comedies, etc., for vaudeville.

Yosemite: An Ode. By George Sterling. With a Cover in Color After the Painting by H. J. Breuer and Illustrations After Photographs by W. E. Dassonville. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. 75 cents net.

Fiction

The Bottle-Fillers. By Edward Noble. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.40 net.

A story of adventure in the British Merchant Marine.

The Boy With Wings. By Berta Ruck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35 net.

A story of romance and adventure in an aeroplane.

Co-Directors. By Una L. Silberrad. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

The heroine is a pretty young woman who finds herself heiress to a business

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that needs judgment and application, and the story tells of how she carried the work to success at the same time keeping her feminine charm.

Fantômas. By Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain. New York: Brentano's. $1.35 net.

A story of crime and mystery with scenes laid in Paris. Translated from the French by Crantoun Metcalfe.

Felicity Crofton. By Marguerite Bryant. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A story of English life. The heroine assumes the blame and consequences of another's weakness.

The Gates of Wrath: A Melodrama. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents.

A fantastic story of crime and retribution.

Gertrude and I. By Adele Lewisohn. After the German of *Gertrude* by Herman Hesse. New York: The International Monthly, Inc. $1.00 net.

A love story. The characters are members of a musical coterie in Germany.

Handle With Care. By Margaret Turnbull. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.35 net.

A modern love story.

Held to Answer. By Peter Clark Macfarlane. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The problems and experiences of a railway clerk, actor and preacher. Some of the incidents of the story are said to be based on the author's own experiences as a railway clerk.

The Invasion of America. A Fact Story Based on the Inexorable Mathematics of War. By Julius W. Muller. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A plea, in story form, for an adequate army and navy.

I Pose. By Stella Benson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The whimsical love story of a gardener and a suffragette, and their adventures on a remarkable journey, one posing as a vagabond and the other as a desperate woman.

The Iron Stair: A Romance of Dartmoor. By "Rita" (Mrs. Desmond Humphreys). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

A story of love, daring and self-sacrifice.

Lawrenceville Stories: The Prodigious Hickey, The Varmint, The Tennessee Shad. By Owen Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net each.

A new, uniform edition. Stories of American school life.

Life and Gabriella. The Story of a Woman's Courage. By Ellen Glasgow. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.

The story of a Southern woman from youth to middle age, of her marriage, her life in New York, her disillusionment and her brave struggle for happiness.

The Making and Breaking of Almansur. By Clarice M. Cresswell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35 net.

An historical romance of the Moorish invasion of Spain.

Mrs. Balfame. A Novel. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.35 net.

A mystery story, built about the murder of the husband of a society leader in a small town.

A Pair of Silk Stockings. By Cyril Harcourt. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The novelisation of a play of the same name. The tale involves Mrs. Thornhill, her divorced husband, a burglar, a house party, and some silk hosiery.

Persuasive Peggy. By Maravene Thompson. New York: Fredgrick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

The amusing methods of a young wife to have her own way against all obstacles without losing her husband's love.

The Pioneers. By Katharine Susannah Prichard. New York: George H. Doran Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

A story of the hardships and triumphs of early life in Australia. The author won the five thousand dollar prize offered by Hodder and Stoughton for the best story of Australian life.

The Real Adventure. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A story of a modern married life with scenes laid in Chicago and New York.

Rose Cottingham. By Netta Syrett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

A study of a young girl's development, and a picture of the literary and social world of the late Victorian period.

Wall Street Stories. By Edwin Lefevre. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.00 net.

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Eight short stories of the comedies and tragedies of "the street." The contents are: "The Woman and Her Bonds," "The Break in Turpentine," "The Tipster," "A Philanthropic Whisper," "The Man Who Won," "The Lost Opportunity," "Pike's Peak or Bust," "A Theological Tipster."

Within the Tides. By Joseph Conrad. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.35 net.

A group of four sea tales. The titles are: "The Planter of Malata," "The Partner," "The Inn of the Two Witches," and "Because of the Dollars."

Years of Plenty. By Ivor Brown. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A tale of school and university life in England.

Juvenile

Europa's Fairy Book. Restored and Retold by Joseph Jacobs. Done Into Pictures by John D. Batten. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

A collection of fairy stories based on the folk-lore common to all the countries of Europe.

History

Fifty Years of American Idealism. The *New York Nation*, 1865-1915. Selections and Comments by Gustav Pollak. Houghton Mifflin Company.

A history of the *New York Nation* and a collection of the most important articles that have appeared in its pages. Published in commemoration of its fiftieth anniversary.

The Jews Among the Greeks and Romans. By Max Radin. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America. Illustrated.

A study of the early history of the Jews, and of the influence of the three nations upon one another. There are notes, a bibliography, and an index.

Travel and Description

Our American Wonderlands. By George Wharton James. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

Glimpses of what America offers of antiquarian, scenic, geologic and ethnologic interest.

Egypt of the Egyptians. By W. Lawrence Balls. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated.

A study of the history, characteristics and people of Egypt.

On Alpine Heights and British Crags. By George D. Abraham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 2.50 net.

A record of the author's experiences in the Dolomites and his ascents of the Swiss Alps. The book also contains an account of the latest developments of rock climbing in Lakeland, North Wales and Skye, and of the winter sports in the mountains.

Travel Sketches of Norway, Sweden, Russia, Austria, Belgium and Holland. By Grace M. Levings. Chicago: Barnard and Miller. Illustrated.

The personal record of a tour.

Biography, Geneology

An Autobiography. By Edward Livingston Trudeau. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

The author's own story of his life and of his forty years of struggle against tuberculosis.

Alcott Memoirs. Posthumously Compiled from Papers, Journals and Memoranda of the Late Dr. Frederick L. H. Willis. By E. W. L. and H. B. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

A record of the childhood and youth of Dr. Willis in his associations with the Alcott family.

The Beloved Physician: Edward Livingston Trudeau. By Stephen Chalmers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A sketch of the life and work of the founder of Saranac Lake Sanitorium. There is an introduction, "Trudeau on Optimism."

Sarah Bernhardt. An Appreciation. By Forrest Izard. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

A short sketch of Sarah Bernhardt's career and an appreciative criticism of her work.

Heroines of the Modern Stage. By Forrest Izard. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

The third volume in the *Modern Heroines Series*. Biographies of a number of prominent actresses, among them being Sarah Bernhardt, Helena Modjeska, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Fiske, Julia Marlowe, Maude Adams, and others.

The Life and Times of Tennyson. (From 1809 to 1850.) By Thomas R. Louns-

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bury. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50 net.

The material for this literary biography was drawn from the memoirs, correspondence, and critical literature of the period.

A Life of William Shakespeare. By Sidney Lee. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A revised and enlarged edition of the work first published in 1898.

My Years at the Austrian Court. By Nellie Ryan. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

An intimate account of life in the household of the Archduke Karl Stefan, a cousin of the Emperor Franz Joseph, where the author spent several years as English companion.

Pioneer Laymen of North America. By T. J. Campbell. New York: The America Press. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

Sketches of the lives and adventures of Le Moyne de Longueuil, Nicholas Perrot, Le Moyne D'Iberville, Frontenac, La Salle, Le Moyne de Bienville, Pierre Gaultier de Vérendrye and John McLoughlin.

General Works, Miscellaneous

Free Speech for Radicals. By Theodore Schroeder. Riverside, Conn: Hillacre Bookhouse. $1.50 net.

An enlarged edition of a collection of articles from various radical publications.

The Natural Method of Voice Production in Speech and Song. By Floyd S. Muckey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated.

A practical text-book, with numerous illustrations and diagrams.

Report of the Librarian of Congress and Report of the Superintendent of the Library, Library Building and Grounds. For the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1915. Washington: Government Printing Office. 40 cents.

West Point in Our Next War. The Only Way to Create and Maintain an Army. By Maxwell Van Zandt Woodhull. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

The author's views on military subjects. A plea for an adequate national defense.

The Writing on the Wall: The Nation on Trial. By Eric Fisher Wood. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

An examination of the military unpreparedness of the United States and a suggested remedy. The author advocates the adoption of the Swiss and Australian systems of universal military service.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of January and the first of February:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York (Uptown)..	The Bent Twig	Fantomas
New York (Downtown)	Pollyanna Grows Up	Police!!!
Albany, N. Y.....	Life and Gabriella	Handle With Care
Atlanta, Ga.....	Dear Enemy	Prudence of the Parsonage
Baltimore, Md.....	Felix O'Day	Michael O'Halloran
Birmingham, Ala.....	Life and Gabriella	Dear Enemy
Boston, Mass.....	Felix O'Day	The Research Magnificent
Boston, Mass.....	Dear Enemy	The Bent Twig
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Life and Gabriello	Mr. Marx's Secret
Chicago, Ill.....	Michael O'Halloran	Dear Enemy
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Then I'll Come Back to You	The Promise
Cleveland, O.....	Clipped Wings	Mildew Manse
Dallas, Tex.....	Felix O'Day	The Freelands
Denver, Colo.....	Michael O'Halloran	Pollyanna
Des Moines, Ia.....	Prudence of the Parsonage	Dear Enemy
Detroit, Mich.....	Clipped Wings	Beltane the Smith
Indianapolis, Ind.....	The Bent Twig	The Gray Dawn
Los Angeles, Cal.....	Homo Sapiens	Dear Enemy
Memphis, Tenn.....	Felix O'Day	The Story of Julia Page
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Gray Dawn	Dear Enemy
New Orleans, La.....	Dear Enemy	Contrary Mary
Norfolk, Va.....	The Money Master	Wood and Stone
Omaha, Neb.....	Then I'll Come Back to You	Prudence of the Parsonage
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Mr. Marx's Secret	Felix O'Day
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Michael O'Halloran	Mr. Marx's Secret
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Life and Gabriella	Felix O'Day
Portland, Me.....	Dear Enemy	Felix O'Day
Providence, R. I.....	Beltane the Smith	Torchy, Private Secretary.
Richmond, Va.....	Life and Gabriella	A Man's Reach
Rochester, N. Y.....	Life and Gabriella	Michael O'Halloran
St. Louis, Mo.....	Pollyanna	Dear Enemy
St. Louis, Mo.....	Dear Enemy	Michael O'Halloran
St. Paul, Minn.....	Dear Enemy	Michael O'Halloran
San Antonio, Tex.....	The Fortunes of Gavin	Inside the Lines
San Francisco, Cal....	Dear Enemy	The Story of Julia Page
San Francisco, Cal....	Dear Enemy	The Research Magnificent
Seattle, Wash.....	The Rim of the Desert	Then I'll Come back to You
Spokane, Wash.....	Then I'll Come back to You	Michael O'Halloran
Toledo, Ohio.....	Dear Enemy	Felix O'Day
Toronto, Ont.....	Beltane the Smith	Michael O'Halloran
Waco, Tex.....	"K"	Beltane the Smith
Washington, D. C.....	Prudence of the Parsonage	The Lost Prince
Washington, D. C.....	The Story of Julia Page	The Money Master
Worcester, Mass.....	Then I'll Come Back to You	Life and Gabriella

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Life and Gabriella	Felicity Crofton	Clipped Wings	Research Magnificent
Around Old Chester	Jaffery	My Unknown Chum	Felicity Crofton
Clipped Wings	Mildew Manse	Persuasive Peggy	Rich Man, Poor Man
Justice	Michael O'Halloran	Then I'll Come Back to You	Felix O'Day
"K"	Dear Enemy	Clipped Wings	Life and Gabriella
Michael O'Halloran	Clipped Wings	Prudence of the Parsonage	Mr. Bingle
Life and Gabriella	Dear Enemy	Clipped Wings	The Yellow Dove
Beltane the Smith	Felix O'Day	Mr. Marx's Secret	Felicity Crofton
Dear Enemy	Prudence of the Parsonage	Michael O'Halloran	Research Magnificent
Pollyanna	Life and Gabriella	"K"	Mr. Marx's Secret
The Gray Dawn	Mr. Marx's Secret	Felix O'Day	Dick Devereux
Dear Enemy	The Story of Julia Page	Then I'll Come Back to You	The Bent Twig
The Heart of the Sunset	Clipped Wings	These Twain	Then I'll Come Back to You
Pollyanna Grows Up	A Far Country	Jerusalem	Steve Yeager
"K"	Clipped Wings	Still Jim	Life and Gabriella
Felix O'Day	Mr. Marx's Secret	"K"	Prudence of the Parsonage
Felix O'Day	The Stranger's Wedding	Life and Gabriella	Prudence of the Parsonage
The Gray Dawn	Duke Jones	Felix O'Day	Research Magnificent
The Lovable Meddler	The Lost Prince	Shadows of Flames	Making Money
Clipped Wings	A Far Country	Mr. Bingle	Beltane the Smith
Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day	Beltane the Smith	Eltham House
Clipped Wings	Making Money	Michael O'Halloran	The Man of Iron
A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up	Felix O'Day	The Freelands
Michael O'Halloran	Dear Enemy	Life and Gabriella	The Story of Julia Page
"K"	Dear Enemy	Felix O'Day	A Far Country
Hempfield	Mr. Marx's Secret	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Song of the Lark
Michael O'Halloran	The Gray Dawn	Beltane the Smith	A Far Country
Eltham House	These Twain	Dear Enemy	Persuasive Peggy
Clipped Wings	"Me"	Michael O'Halloran	The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck
Felix O'Day	Clipped Wings	Pollyanna Grows Up	Thankful's Inheritance
Then I'll Come Back to You	Michael O'Halloran	The Lost Prince	Prudence of the Parsonage
The Story of Julia Page	The Genius	Pollyanna Grows Up	Around Old Chester
Beltane the Smith	The Money Master	These Twain	The Bent Twig
The Song of the Lark	Jaffery	Open Market	Police!!!
Mr. Marx's Secret	The Stranger's Wedding	The Gray Dawn	The Genius
These Twain	Something New	The Lost Prince	The Star Rover
The Gray Dawn	The Story of Julia Page	Dear Enemy	Mr. Marx's Secret
A Far Country	Beltane the Smith	"K"	Rainbow Trail
The Lost Prince	Thankful's Inheritance	The Gray Dawn	A Far Country
The Lost Prince	The Money Master	A Far Country	The Story of Julia Page
The Story of Julia Page	The Fortunes of Garin	The Heart of the Sunset	Mr. Bingle
The Bent Twig	The Heart of the Sunset	The Money Master	The Story of Julia Page
The Promise	Generation Between	Fantomas	Lost Prince
Mr. Marx's Secret	The Bent Twig	Dear Enemy	The Man Trail

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Pentecost of Calamity. Wister.
The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke.
My Year of the Great War. Palmer.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
The Life of John Hay. Thayer.
The Hilltop on the Marne. Aldrich.
When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
Ordeal by Battle. Oliver.
"Speaking of Operations——" Cobb.
Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
The Story of a Pioneer. Shaw.
The Notebook of an Attache. Wood.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 118 and 119) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Dear Enemy. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.30	191
2. Michael O'Halloran. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	133
3. Felix O'Day. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.35	129
4. Life and Gabriella. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	106
5. Clipped Wings. Hughes. (Harper.) $1.35	87
6. Beltane the Smith. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.50	71

THE BOOK BEHIND THE BARS
BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

What books appeal most to the "shut ins," the men and women incarcerated in our great prisons? Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," embodying as it does the story of Jean Valjean's redemption, is naturally a favourite, as it always has been, and probably always will be. But how about the attitude of the unfortunate of society toward other, later, more ephemeral authors? How does the taste of the man or woman behind the bars compare with the taste of the reading public at large. Miss Grace Isabel Colbron has made a close study of this subject and has written about it in an article that is to appear in the April issue of THE BOOKMAN.

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